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ART. I.—1. *The Works of Francis Bacon, of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, and Lord High Chancellor of England*, collected and edited by JAMES SPEDDING, M. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, ROBERT LESLIE ELLIS, M. A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge ; and DOUGLAS DENON HEATH, Barrister-at-Law, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Vol. XI., being vol. I. of the Literary and Professional Works. Boston : Brown and Taggard. 1860.

2. *Franz Baco Von Verulam* Die Real-philosophie und ihr Zeitalter. Von Kuno Fischer, Leipzig. 1856.
3. *Oeuvres de Bacon Traduction Revue Corrigée et précédée d'une introduction*, par M. F. RIAUX. Paris : Charpentier.
4. *Examen de la Philosophie de Bacon*. Ouvrage posthume du Comte Joseph de Maistre. Lyons : 1852.

It may be truly said of Bacon that he has taught more to reason and think, and contributed more to human happiness, than any other writer of modern times. Those who believe the worst of what has been alleged against his moral character and find most errors in his philosophy, can hardly deny this. He had great faith himself in the verdict of posterity. In all his works there is evidence of the proud consciousness that he is addressing, not only

the people of his own country and age, but of all countries, and all future ages. Amid his greatest misfortunes he found consolation in this. Those of his contemporaries who admired him most thought he was too sanguine in regard to his fame. The few who were capable of appreciating such a man, had indeed an exalted opinion of his genius ; and they gave him full credit for all the learning he possessed, great and multifarious as it was. Nor do they seem to have doubted that his writings would endure. But they evidently had no idea of the wonderful intellectual activity which they were destined to produce. In this respect their influence was undervalued by the author himself, certain as he felt that they were immortal.

It is not the less true, however, that the Baconian philosophy gets credit for much more than it has accomplished. Both its advantages and its errors are greatly exaggerated ; but the latter much more than the former. After making all due allowance for excessive praise and depreciation, sufficient remains in the works of Bacon to entitle them to the first rank among the noblest similar productions of the human mind. Those who appreciate them most highly should be satisfied with assigning them this position, without claiming for them an originality which they do not possess. It is not necessary to rob Aristotle, Plato, Socrates, or any of the ancient philosophers of the smallest of their rightful honors in order to prove that the great English Chancellor was a master-spirit, a true philosopher, and, in spite of his vices, a benefactor of mankind. Yet, as we shall see in the course of our remarks such is done, and to a much greater extent than even the most intelligent classes are generally aware of.

The times in which he lived afforded no opportunities or facilities for mental culture and development which Bacon did not possess to the fullest extent. His father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, had held the great Seal of England during the first twenty years of the reign of Elizabeth, and retained that high position until his death. He was the nephew of the Lord Treasurer, Burleigh, and the grandson of Sir Anthony Cook, tutor to King Edward the Sixth. Anne, his mother, was one of the most learned and accomplished ladies of her time. She wrote Greek with facility and elegance, and spoke and wrote Latin with fluency and taste. Strype tells us, in his "Life of Archbishop Parker," that she corresponded in Greek with Bishop Jewel, and translated his *Apologia*

from the Latin so correctly that neither he nor the Archbishop could suggest an alteration. And we find that she was equally familiar with such of the modern languages as had yet possessed a literature. There is still extant in the British Museum a series of sermons on free will which she translated from the Tuscan of Bernardo Ochino, a Roman Catholic priest, who had become a Socinian, and who was equally proscribed at Rome, at Geneva and at Wittenberg. In this she evinced a liberality of thought and feeling, as well as scholarship, which, there is every reason to believe, had its effect on the future Chancellor. Still more learned was young Bacon's aunt, Mildred, the wife of Lord Burleigh, who, in the opinion of Roger Ascham, was the best female Greek scholar in England, with the sole exception of Lady Jane Grey. Lady Killifrew, another aunt, wrote Latin poems, several of which are still preserved, and more than one of which elicited the praise of Milton.

With such a mother and such aunts to superintend his education, it is hardly strange that even Elizabeth was delighted to converse with him when a mere boy, frequently calling him her Young Lord Keeper. There is abundant evidence that he fully availed himself of all these advantages. Basil Montagu informs us that when a child, while his companions were diverting themselves near his father's house in St. James's Park, he repaired to a brick conduit in the neighborhood to discover the cause of a singular echo. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1573, when he was only thirteen years old—having been born at York House in the Strand, London, January 22, 1560—three centuries ago. One who was in the habit of attending almost daily at court, and who was regarded as a favorite of the Queen, the son of the Lord Keeper and the nephew of the Lord Treasurer, might well expect to be treated with attention and consideration by the professors. The head-master at Trinity was Dr. John Whitgift, who took personal charge of young Bacon, and not long after became Archbishop of Canterbury. There is no reason to doubt, independently of his early promotion, that he did his best not only to forward his education, but also to render college life agreeable to him. The former was no difficult task—it would have been more difficult to prevent the young student from making rapid proficiency. But although Whitgift meant well he was too morose, bigotted, and tyrannical to impress a youth like Bacon with any very elevated

idea of the system of teaching then in use in the University. We have proof of this in various forms ; but it is sufficient that he could not be induced to remain longer than three years. At the end of this period he left somewhat abruptly, and did not conceal his contempt for the general plan of education ; which, in the opinion of Whitgift, was the best that could have been adopted. Before his departure he wrote several satirical pieces in Latin verse on the philosophy of Aristotle, or rather on the manner in which it was taught in the University ; nor did he scruple to question the superior wisdom of the great Stagirite himself.

Although none of these verses are now extant, they are regarded by several biographers and critics as evidence that while the author was still at college he formed the plan of the inductive system, which was destined to produce so complete a revolution in the intellectual world. There can be no doubt but the idea occurred to him at a very early age. To this he bears testimony himself both directly and indirectly. Thus, in his letter to Father Fulgentio, written in 1626, he says :—“I recollect that forty years ago I composed a small juvenile work on these matters, which truly, with a mighty confidence and with a sounding title, I called ‘Temporis Partus Maximus.’” But he was only eighteen when he left college. This, surely, was early enough to conceive so great a work as the *Novum Organum* ; and the circumstances seem to show that it was not conceived earlier. At the age of sixteen he visited Paris, and travelled through the greater part of France. Nor was the journey a fruitless one. He took notes during his travels ; and on returning to Paris, where he remained for some months under the care of Sir Amias Paulet, Elizabeth’s ambassador at the French court, who intrusted him with an important mission to the Queen, he wrote the tract entitled “Notes on the State of Europe,” which, although embodying a good deal of interesting information, and evincing considerable familiarity with statistics in their relation to political economy and diplomacy, contains nothing which is strictly scientific. But it is certain that it was while he resided in France he first studied the art of deciphering, and invented one very ingenious cipher himself. We have no authentic account of any invention or discovery made by him prior to this time.

He was still engaged in investigating the art of deciphering when, in February, 1580, in his twentieth year, he heard of the

death of his father and immediately returned to England. The event seemed to grieve him much ; but there were those even among his nearest kinsmen who alleged that his grief was more selfish than filial, that he mourned not so much for having lost a kind and affectionate parent, as for having no suitable provision left for himself. Be this as it may, it was not to science he turned his attention after his return from France. He proceeded at once to exercise all the influence he possessed to procure an appointment of some kind which would enable him, as he himself was wont to express it, "to live to think." No one could have pressed his suit more earnestly. A refusal of the bluntest kind would not discourage him from trying again and again. Even when rebuked in a manner that most persons would consider offensive, his letters would be as submissive and as full of compliments as ever. What seems strange is, that although they were his own relatives, *i. e.* Lord Burleigh and Sir Robert Cecil—his uncle and cousin—the Prime Minister and the Chief Secretary—who had all the government patronage in their hands, his applications were in vain. Wearied with making fruitless entreaties in language, which, in spite of its beauty and eloquence, would have been derogatory to a person of much less distinction than the son of the late Lord Chancellor, he turned his attention to the law ; not that he had any taste for its dry technicalities ; but that he was ambitious to realize, if possible, the hope which the Queen seemed to encourage when, in compliment to his father, she called him her Young Lord Keeper. But having once resolved to become a lawyer, he was not the person to shrink from the amount of study which seemed essential to success. The best proof of this is to be found in the fact that he had studied little more than two years when he began to rise very rapidly in business, having more clients than any other man of his age and professional experience. And no sooner was he able to adduce any rational proof of his legal attainments, than he resumed his applications, or rather his humble entreaties to Lord Burleigh, but with no better effect than before ; although his request was by no means an extravagant one, since he merely desired to be called to the inner bar. Far from complying, however, Lord Burleigh rebuked him sharply for his vanity and want of respect for his betters. But as usual Bacon took all in good part, and instead of showing any resentment, thanked the Lord Treasurer for his "friendly admonition," and expressed a hope that he would profit by it.

Biographers differ much from each other as to the motives of Burleigh and the Cecils in thus persistently refusing to grant their learned and brilliant young kinsman any favors. Some maintain that they opposed his wishes only for his good, lest that getting into office too early in life, or without the necessary qualifications and experience, he should prove incapable of discharging his duties, and thereby be precluded from ever attaining the high position in which they believed his talents and acquirements would soon enable them to place him with honor to themselves as well as to him. Such was the opinion of Bazil Montagu among others. But Bacon, himself, took a very different view of the matter. In a letter written to Sir George Villiers many years after, he speaks thus plainly :—"And in this dedication of yourself to the public, I recommend unto you principally, that which I think was never done *since I was born*, and which, because it is not done, hath bred almost a wilderness and solitude in the king's service : which is, that you countenance and encourage, and advance able men in all kinds, degrees and professions. *For in the time of the Cecils, the father and the son, able men were, by design and of purpose, suppressed.*

But it is well to bear in mind that it was difficult to influence Elizabeth in favor of any one whom she did not consider fully qualified. Of this we have sufficient proof in the letters of the Earl of Essex, who, while in highest favor with the queen, did all in his power to elevate Bacon. After repeated efforts of this character on the part of the former, her majesty made the characteristic reply that "Bacon had a great wit and much learning ; but in law sheweth it to the uttermost of his knowledge, *and is not deep.*" Whether this was her own independent opinion, or whether she was led to it by Burleigh, Cecil, and Coke, may be doubted. At any rate it was not confined to her and them, but was shared by many, who seem to have had no motive to depreciate Bacon. They admitted that his learning was almost boundless in all things except law, which they thought he was too speculative to master in such a manner as was necessary to secure distinction either at the bar or on the bench. It had been well for the world, and the cause of science—especially for the honor of literature—that all who had the power of promoting him continued of the same opinion. This would have been the case if for no other reason than that his duties, as an advocate and judge,

necessarily drew his attention from what nature had intended him for, that is, the investigation and illustration of her own laws. It is ever to be deplored that the want of having any provision made for him forced him to become a lawyer, since this was the cause of the shame and disgrace, which, in spite of his imperishable renown as a philosopher, are inseparable from his name.

However much we admire his gigantic intellect, and however grateful we feel for the vast benefits he has conferred upon mankind, we cannot deny that he sold justice to the highest bidder, frequently taking bribes from both plaintiff and defendant. Had he never been convicted or punished for these crimes, had he never confessed himself that he was guilty, had none of his contemporaries placed the facts and the circumstances on record, his letters, which are still extant, would render the hypothesis of his innocence impossible. And apart from the systematic bribery from which he derived a large revenue, it is beyond question that he was one of the last of his countrymen to put a prisoner to the torture in order to force him to give evidence against himself. The case of the old clergyman, Peacham, is, unfortunately, but too familiar to the world. He was accused of treason on account of some passages in a sermon found in his study, but which he denied to have written. Whether he wrote it or not, it was certain that it had never been preached, nor did it appear that he had any intention of preaching it. The most unscrupulous lawyers, acting as crown prosecutors, had their doubts as to whether the charge could be sustained against the accused on such grounds. Bacon being a man of superior learning and willing to do anything in his power to please the government, was employed to remove those doubts, and he readily undertook the task. Few judges of any age behaved with more rudeness and cruelty to prisoners on trial for their lives than Coke. Yet in this case he held out for a long time in favor of justice and humanity; even after Bacon had brought over to his own opinion the three other presiding judges of the Queen's Bench, he still continued to oppose the application of the rack. His conduct, on this occasion, goes far to make amends for all the wrong he had ever done, scarcely excepting his treatment of Raleigh. His reply to one of Bacon's arguments, against Peacham, has much in it of that heroic and noble independence of spirit which reminds one of the reply of Agememnon to Achilles, when the latter threatened to leave if his

wishes were not complied with. In one passage the language of Homer and that of Coke are identical, though it does not appear that the latter had any very familiar acquaintance with Greek—we mean the passage in which the remark occurs, that if the young prosecutor was strong, he should remember that it was God who had given him strength.

*εἰ μάλα καρτερός ἐσσι, θεός ἀνον σοι τόγ' εδωκεν.**

Nor did the honest, though hasty judge, confine himself to language so gentle as this. In his indignation he did not hesitate to admit, in plain terms, that Bacon and his apparent motives were anything but agreeable to him; thus again recalling “the king of men” where he exclaims, thou art most hateful to me (*εχθρός δέ μοι εσσι*). But no one having power could offend Bacon. He never openly showed resentment to those higher in office, or possessed of more influence than himself; nor did he take the least offence in the present case. In his letter to the king, written a day or two after having been thus rebuked, or, perhaps, the same day, he says: “I am not wholly out of hope that my Lord Coke himself, when I have in some dark manner put him in doubt that he shall be left alone, will not be singular.”

He was not mistaken in this. Coke finally gave a reluctant assent to the decision of his brethren, and the unfortunate old clergyman was put to the rack. Bacon, in person, sought to wring a confession from him while undergoing the horrible infliction; but did so in vain. Not a shade of guilt would he acknowledge. The prosecutor felt disappointed at this, and wrote to the king to complain that “Peacham hath a dumb devil.” All did not save him, however, from conviction. He was duly sentenced to be beheaded, but public opinion was so much outraged by the whole proceedings, in spite of the secrecy in which they were shrouded, that the government did not venture to carry the sentence into execution. There was, however, no liberty for the wretched old man. He was forced to languish in jail until he died.

It was about the same time that Bacon prosecuted Oliver St. John, before the Star Chamber, for maintaining that the king had no right to levy benevolences. A conviction was obtained as a matter of course, and the champion of constitutional liberty and the rights of man was sentenced to pay a fine of five thousand

pounds sterling, and be imprisoned during the king's pleasure. It is painful to observe that it was during the intervals between these scandalous proceedings, Bacon was engaged "in reducing and re-compiling the laws of England." Nay, more, it was after he had written his best essays, including that on Judicature, in which he says:—"Judges ought to remember that their office is 'jus dicere,' and not 'jus dare,' to interpret law, and not to make law, or give law. * * Cursed (saith the law) is he that removeth the landmark. The mislayer of a mere stone is to blame; but it is the unjust judge that is the capital remover of landmarks when he defineth amiss of lands and property. One foul sentence doth more hurt than many foul examples; for these do but corrupt the stream, the other corrupteth the fountain. * * In causes of life and death judges ought, as far as the case permitteth in justice, to remember mercy, and to cast a severe eye upon the example, but a merciful eye upon the person," &c.

Here we are reminded of the gallant and generous Essex, the only true friend, except Ben Johnson, ever Bacon had. At the risk of offending the Queen, while her chief favorite, he would on all occasions, in and out of season, urge the claims of Bacon in compliance with the most earnest wishes and importunities of the latter. Failing in obtaining office for him, he presented him a valuable estate. In short, no brother could have exerted himself more zealously for another brother. This is evident from Bacon's own letters; but it is equally evident from the same that, when the day of adversity came, Essex experienced the basest ingratitude in return. It was worse than this. One may be ungrateful to his friend—make no return for his favors when the smallest kindness would be of service—and yet scorn to become his enemy. But not content with doing all in his power, both by his talents and influence, to convict Essex of high treason, and lead him to the scaffold, he undertook to libel his memory, writing an elaborate pamphlet to show what a horrible and base traitor his late friend was, and how well he deserved his fate! Public opinion was not so much vitiated even in these corrupt times, but that conduct like this excited indignation. Bacon felt that he had brought odium on himself; and no one being more ambitious of popularity, he wrote and published, in the form of a letter, a pamphlet, in vindication of his conduct towards Essex. The substance of this is, that he merely did his duty in the first instance as crown

prosecutor, after he had failed to obtain pardon for his friend, and that, in regard to the paper which he wrote after Essex's death, he did little more than transcribe the thoughts and views of others on the subject. As the Queen was now dead and several others who had taken an active part in the prosecution, it was impossible to disprove this. The public understood the fact; so that the vindication proved a failure. Were it even true that he wrote nothing against his late friend but what had been dictated to him, this would not exculpate him from the charge of seeking to destroy his reputation with posterity, as he had already destroyed his life. It was only admitting in effect that he would have written or said anything he was told by those who happened to be in power, and from whom he expected preferment. It were strange, indeed, if such an apology had proved satisfactory, since the man who is actuated by personal resentment for some injury, real or imaginary, is much less to blame when he injures a former friend than one who suffers himself to be made a tool to carry out the resentment of others. There is no reason to suppose that Bacon felt any ill-will towards Essex. He was not a person to cherish malice even against those who sought to injure him. He was as cold in hatred as he was in love, and it does not appear that he ever loved any one; how, then, could he have felt so much incensed against one who had always proved a brother to him? The truth is, that he was so inordinately ambitious of station and wealth, that he would have done almost anything to secure them. His own relatives knew this well—so did Elizabeth—and this, after all is, perhaps, the true secret of the little success he had in seeking office while they continued in power. Indeed, in nothing does the character of Elizabeth appear to greater advantage than in her persistent refusal to elevate Bacon. She had no doubt, as we have seen already, of his superior learning and brilliant talents. She was always ready to acknowledge that her late Lord Keeper had claims on her gratitude; but though satisfied that his son possessed a much greater intellect than himself, she was evidently afraid to trust the former.

It had been well had James I. been of the same mind; for then the unfortunate Peacham would not have been tortured by Bacon; neither could the philosopher have been convicted of gross and corrupt bribery; he could not have sold patents for inventions never made, allowing valuable monopolies to those who had no

right to them, but who were willing to give him an interest in their dishonest and oppressive dealings. It is melancholy to contemplate a man of so mighty an intellect guilty of all this ; but his conduct was, if possible, more degrading still when his crimes were brought to light. His adulation to the king—to all whom he thought could render him any service—while crouching in the dust to each—including those who heartily despised his meanness—has scarcely a parallel in its grossness. When first accused, he is full of confidence, declaring himself as “ innocent as any one born on St. Innocent’s day.” But in one week he is all contrition, patriotism, and loyalty. In a long letter to the king, he says : “ But as I can offer to your majesty’s compassion little arising from myself to move you, except it be my extreme misery, which I have truly laid open, so looking up to your majesty yourself, I should think I had committed Cain’s fault if I should despair ; your majesty is a king whose heart is as unscrutinizable for secret motives of goodness as for depth of wisdom. You are, creator-like, factive, and not destructive ; you are a prince in whom I have ever noted an aversion against anything that savored of a hard heart, as on the other, your princely eye was wont to meet with any motion that was made on the relieving part. * * * Help me, dear sovereign lord and master, and pity me so far as I, that have borne a bag, be not now, in my age, forced in effect to bear a wallet ; nor I, that desire to live to study, may not be driven to study to live.”

This was strange language to address to one who had not the courage, manliness, filial affection or gallantry to raise a hand, or make the least effort to save his mother’s head—that of the beautiful Queen of Scots, grown grey in captivity and sorrow—from the block. He who would not interfere for his own mother, condemned to death, in defiance of all law, lest he might render himself unpopular with her enemies, was not likely to assume much responsibility on behalf of his fallen Chancellor. True, he was but half a king when, instead of insisting on the liberation of his mother, on learning that she was condemned to death by Elizabeth, he contented himself with causing prayers to be offered up for her conversion “from the errors of Popery.” We say that he was but half a king ; because, had he been a full royal sovereign, it would have been almost impossible for him, according to Bacon, to have acted otherwise than nobly. In the essay entitled “ Of a King,” he

says: "A king is a mortal god on earth, unto whom the living God hath lent his own name as a great honor; but withal told him he should die like a man, lest he should be proud and flatter himself that God hath, with his name, imparted unto him his nature also." The essay which opens thus, ends with the following sentence, which is quite in keeping with the rest: "He, then, that honoreth not him (the king,) is next an atheist, wanting the fear of God in his heart." In dedicating his "Instauration" to the same monarch, he uses similar language: "There remains to me but to make one request worthy of your majesty, and very especially relating to my subject, namely, that resembling Solomon, as you do in most respects, in the gravity of your decisions, the peacefulness of your reign, the expansion of your heart, and lastly, in the noble variety of books you have composed," &c.* But it was not alone the king he addressed in this style. His humiliating conduct towards Buckingham, after he had done all he could in private to injure him, seems almost incredible even to those who have no doubt of the meannesses which we have already noted. We are told, on the authority of Sir Anthony Weldon, that as soon as he found that Buckingham had heard of his interference against him, he immediately repaired to that nobleman's house, and was, on two successive days, suffered to remain in an anti-chamber, among the common servants, seated on an old wooden box, with the great Seal of England by his side; and that when at length he was admitted, he flung himself on the floor, kissed the favorite's feet and vowed never to rise until he was forgiven. No one despised such as this more than Buckingham, nor did he try to conceal the fact.

* He is still more grossly adulatory, if possible, in the dedication of his work on the "Advancement of Learning," as may be seen from the following passages:—"Leaving aside the other parts of your virtue and fortune, I have been touched, yea, and possessed with an extreme wonder at those your virtues and faculties which the philosophers call intellectual; the largeness of your capacity, the faithfulness of your memory, the swiftness of your apprehension, the penetration of your judgment, and the facility and order of your elocution. ** And as the Scripture saith of the wisest king, 'That his heart was as the sands of the sea; which, though it be one of the largest bodies, yet it consisteth of the smallest and finest portions, so hath God given your majesty a composition of understanding admirable, being able to compass and comprehend the greatest matters, and nevertheless to touch and apprehend the least, whereas it should seem an impossibility in nature for the same instrument to make itself fit for great and small works. As for your gift of speech, I call to mind what

Before accepting the apology of Bacon, he satirically asked him whether, if he happened to fall into disgrace like Essex and Southampton, he would not bring his talents and influence to bear on him as he had on them; and be it observed that Southampton, who was not only the friend of Essex, but also the friend and patron of Shakespeare, had but a narrow escape from the block. He was condemned at the same time with Essex, but the queen spared his life. He was still a prisoner in the Tower when Elizabeth died, but he was immediately set at liberty by James, who expressed his regret in common with many of his courtiers that he had suffered so much, since there was now scarcely a doubt of his innocence. Bacon, who had hitherto thought that Elizabeth had been too merciful in sparing the neck of so wicked an offender, now joined the rest in congratulating him on his liberation; for he did not know but a reaction would take place which would enable him to avenge himself. At any rate, he resolved to be on the safe side if possible, and accordingly wrote a letter to Southampton, in which he tells him how much delighted he would be to visit him at his own house, but that he feared he might not be welcome. "Yet," says he, "it is as true as a thing that God knoweth, that this great change hath wrought in me no other change towards your lordship than this, that I may safely be that to you now, which I was truly before."

Were any further proof necessary to show that Bacon cared little what he did, or what means he adopted, provided he could thereby increase his power and wealth,* it would be found in the

Cornelius Tacitus saith of Augustus Caesar: 'Augusto profluens et quae principem diceret eloquentia fuit.' * * But your majesty's manner of speech is indeed prince-like, flowing as from a fountain, and yet streaming and branching itself into nature's order, full of facility and felicity, imitating none, and *inimitable by any*. * * For I am well assured, that this which I shall say, is no amplification at all, but a positive and measured truth; which is, that there hath not been, *since Christ's time*, any king or temporal monarch which has been so learned in *all literature and erudition divine and human*. * * And the more, because there is met in your majesty a rare conjunction as well of divine and sacred literature, as of profane and human; so as your majesty standeth invested of that triplicity which, in great veneration, was ascribed to the ancient Hermes, the power and fortune of a king, the knowledge and illumination of a priest, and the learning and universality of a philosopher."

* He always acted too literally on the ironical precept of Horace:—

Rem

Si possis recte : si non quoiquaque modo rem.

motives which he acknowledged to have chiefly actuated him in seeking for a wife. First, he tried to make his fortune by courting a rich widow of the name of Hatton, whose reputation was anything but enviable. It was even suspected that she had caused the death of her husband. Be this as it may, her own friends regarded her as a disgrace and refused to associate with her. Possibly Bacon was ignorant of all this. At all events, he did his best to secure her hand, or rather her money ; and seeing that he was not successful himself, he engaged the services of his friend Essex, some of whose letters to the lady's mother are still extant. "If," wrote the Earl, "my faith be anything, I protest, if I had one as near me as she is to you, I had rather match her with him, than with men of far greater titles."

But all to no purpose ; the lady, though very willing to marry, as she proved not long after, would not have him on any account. He made more than one other similar attempt, and finally began to pay his attentions to an Alderman's daughter. In order to render himself acceptable to her, he begged his cousin, Robert Cecil, "if it might please his good lordship" to use his interest in his behalf, so that he might be honored with some title. Several hundred had been knighted by the king only a few weeks previously ; but it so happened that he had resolved to dub a hundred more, and at the suggestion of Cecil, Bacon was included among the number, receiving the title of Sir Francis. Alderman Barnham and his daughter were satisfied with this, and soon after the latter became Lady Bacon. It seems that her fortune did not prove as large as report had represented it. It is certain, however, that they did not live very happily together. It was well known that they quarreled almost constantly, and their quarrels were deemed sufficiently serious by Bacon to be alluded to in plain terms in his will.

Were the character we have thus briefly and imperfectly sketched that of an ordinary man, or an ordinary author, it had been as well not to have noticed its darker shades ; but as that of one of the greatest philosophers, if not the very greatest, which the modern world has produced, it possesses a painful interest as a commentary on the imperfection of human nature, even in its highest intellectual development. The vices to which we have alluded, include those of the gravest kind that can be laid to the charge of man, with perhaps the sole exception of wilful mur-

der, or assassination ; yet the injury they have done, or ever can do society, fall into insignificance, when compared to the benefits conferred on mankind by the *Novum Organum* alone. It is but fair to remember, also, that Bacon is not the only great man who has grievously erred. There is reason to believe that even Plato, who is called the Divine, was guilty of grave errors, if not of crimes. Aristotle has been suspected by his warmest admirers, and those best competent to examine his history, of having advised Alexander to the commission of some of his most reprehensible excesses. The character of Cicero is anything but spotless ; he had more weaknesses, not to give them a harsher name, than perhaps any other public man of his time. It is beyond question that Demosthenes permitted himself to be influenced by bribes. His guilt, in connection with the golden cup of Harpalus, the faithless officer of Alexander, is as well attested as any crime laid to the charge of Bacon.* If Seneca was not as vicious as his pupil Nero, we know that he was unscrupulous enough to attempt a justification of incest and matricide, when the tyrant was notoriously guilty of both. Sallust was expelled from the Roman senate for infamous conduct ; and, perhaps, no Roman governor, even under the auspices of the worst tyrants, was more cruel and oppressive in his exactions during his government of Numidia. Many other great names might be added ;† but how few remember

* When Harpalus betrayed and robbed his master, he sought an asylum in Athens. The question very properly arose whether protection should be afforded the traitor thief. Demosthenes was consulted as usual. He declared, without hesitation, that to harbor so infamous a person would bring disgrace on the republic. A day was appointed for a formal decision. In the meantime, Harpalus found occasion to show "the Prince of orators" a portion of the precious store of which he had robbed his master. Demosthenes, struck with the beauty of a massive golden cup, took it in his hand and asked what was its weight. "To you it shall weigh twenty talents," was the reply. The cup was sent to the orator's house, with twenty talents in money. Next day, when the cause came to be heard, Demosthenes appeared with his throat muffled up, and making signs that he had lost his voice !

† It is related of Voltaire, that having been treated by Pope as an intimate friend, while residing in London, he called one day as usual, and finding the poet was from home, he proceeded to levy black mail on his aged mother. He told her he "should be very sorry, indeed, to do anything to displease her—but really it was very hard to live in London—that he had a severe lampoon, upon her which he was going to publish, but that if she gave him as much

the worst faults of those mentioned, some of them quite as bad as the worst of Bacon's. They are as little thought of in a depreciating spirit as the spots on the sun.

Even in his own time Bacon was regarded in this light by those best capable of forming a correct opinion. The same hand that paid so fine a tribute to the worth of Shakespeare, has placed on record a similar tribute to the genius of Bacon. It is almost needless to remark, that we allude to Ben Johnson ; whose high privilege it was to be personally and familiarly acquainted both with the author of *Hamlet* and the author of the *Norum Organum*. If for no other reason than this, we might well feel interested in the opinion of "Old Ben" on any subject ; but he has written nothing nobler in poetry or prose, than his protest in defence of the fallen Chancellor. "My conceit," he says, "towards his person was never increased toward him by his place or honors ; but I have, and do, reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever by his work, one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration that had been in many ages. In his adversity, I prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest."* With the exception of the last sentence, it cannot be said that there is much exaggeration in this, though the character which Montesquieu has drawn of Cicero is much nearer the truth as applied to Bacon, i. e., "*Un beau génie, mais une âme souvent commune.*"

money as would pay a week's board and lodging, he would suppress it." The simple-hearted old lady, though first indignant at such base ingratitude, gave the bribe to the amount required, promising never to mention the subject. Soon after the author of the *Henriade* came short again, and had recourse to the same experiment. But this time Pope happened to come in, and finding his mother in tears, he insisted on knowing the cause. Voltaire was so much taken by surprise, that he had not the presence of mind to run, until the enraged poet struck him on the face ; and in trying to make off, when thus brought to his senses, he tumbled over a chair and nearly broke his neck !

* The character given of him by Addison, nearly a century later, is equally favorable. "The chief defect," he says, "of Bacon, is an excess of that virtue which covereth a multitude of sins." How different from the estimate of Macaulay !

But the works of Bacon are of much more importance than his character ; and it is pleasant to observe that we are soon to have a full reprint of the latest and best English edition. Only one volume of the American edition has yet been issued—that whose title is given at the head of our article. But this is sufficient to indicate the character of the whole, with regard to the style in which it is being gotten up, and which is a model of taste and neatness. The typography, paper, and binding are worthy of the intellectual treasures for which they form so prepossessing a dress. Those of our readers who have seen the fine edition of Carlyle's Works, recently reprinted by the same spirited American publishers, will be able to form an idea of the beautiful form in which we are to have all the multifarious productions known to have emanated from the great English Chancellor. The series is to be complete in fifteen duodecimo volumes. As we have the English edition before us, of which the American is to be an exact reprint, what we shall say of the former, so far as the order and arrangement of the contents are concerned, will apply equally to the latter.

It is an interesting proof of the high importance attached by the literary and learned men of England to the works of Bacon, that it has been deemed necessary for three *savans* to join their labors in order to do them justice—each taking charge of that department for which his education, tastes and talents had qualified him, and each a fellow of the same University and College in which the author was educated. When the task was undertaken by these gentlemen, the English public felt confident that the result would be satisfactory ; for although there was no lack of editions of Bacon's works, there were scarcely any of them which did not deal in exaggeration either of praise or censure, but generally the former. As an instance, we may mention the edition by Bazil Montagu, in sixteen volumes, first published in 1825. In this no evidence, however strong, is held to be credible, if it is against the author of the *Novum Organum*. According to Mr. Montagu, he was much more sinned against than sinning : the allegations in regard to the bribes, as well as the charges about the torture of Peacham, the ingratitude and treachery towards Essex and Southampton, were all calumnies, the results of envy and jealousy. True, the editor could not deny that Bacon himself had fully confessed his guilt, and subsequently admitted the justness of the sentence passed upon him by the House of Lords. But all

this was done on the part of the philosopher to please the king to whom he was so loyal and faithful * It is in a similar spirit the Montagu edition estimates the value of Bacon's works, making them superior to all others, ancient and modern. No doubt he was sincere in all ; and was actuated by generous motives. But there is no use in trying to disprove what generation after generation, for nearly three hundred years, has felt to be but too true. Such is calculated to do more harm than good. And the same is true of making claims which cannot be maintained. Bacon has no need to plume himself in borrowed feathers, or to pretend that he discovered what had been discovered before he was born. What he has really done for literature and science, and for the development of the human mind is enough to render him immortal. To attempt to add to this is to injure rather than to serve his fame.

In the present edition no such afforts are made. The truth of history is fully accepted in reference to the author's character ; nor are the errors of his philosophy denied. On the contrary, they are candidly pointed out ; while, what is intrinsically good and valuable, is analyzed, so that any intelligent reader can appreciate it as it deserves. Scarcely any two editors, whether English, French, or German, give the productions of Bacon in the same order. One gives them according to the relation which the subjects bear to each other ; another presents the different drafts of the same works side by side, while a third prefers the order in which they were composed. In the edition under consideration, the *Novum Organum* occupies the first place in the philosophical part of the series ; and it is followed by the "De Augmentis ;"

* Most of the French critics deal with the great Chancellor in a spirit equally generous. The following passage will serve as an example, and it presents views very different from those of the best English critics of the present day, since ten to one of the latter, while second to none in their admiration of Bacon's genius, make no effort to conceal his guilt ; but on the contrary regard it as fully established :—

" La sévérité dans les jugemens est une chose si facile ! N'y avait-il pas pourtant plus d'un motif capable d' expliquer la démarche de Bacon ? Qui ne sait l' empire que de tout temps, dans les gouvernements d' autrefois, le monarque exercait sur les principaux dignitaires de la couronne ? Et comment faire un crime à Bacon, fils d'un grand seigneur, élevé lui-même et ayant passé la plus grande partie de sa vie dans l' atmosphère des cours, de n'avoir été ni Epictète, ni Zénon, et de s' être 'laissé séduire par le désir de plaire à

although it is pretty certain that the original order was the reverse of this. Both the author's letters and prefaces show that the "De Augmentis Scientiarum" was the first part of the great "Instauration." This, however, is not of much importance, and Mr. Spedding assigns a reason for it which is plausible, if not altogether satisfactory. He tells us that, inasmuch as all the parts of the *Instauration* were incomplete and more or less abortive, the best way is to give "*the Distributio Operis*, setting forth the perfect work, as he conceived it in his mind, and then the series of imperfect and irregular efforts which he made to execute it, in the order in which they were made." It is highly interesting to compare these different drafts with each other ; exhibiting, as they do, the successive additions and improvements made both in ideas and style before the author was satisfied. There is, however, one objection to them ; at first sight they are likely to confuse the reader. Thus, for example, the well known axium with which the *Norum Organum* opens, is also the beginning of two other separate productions—"Homo Naturae minister et enterpres, tantum facit aut intelligit, quantum de naturae ordine re vel mente observabit, ipse interim naturae legibus obsessus."

Had Bacon been a poor man it would seem evident that he must have made overtures to several publishers before he got any one to publish for him. In several instances he alters not only his style, but also his opinions and sentiments. On one occasion he employs the disguise of antiquity, as in "De Sapientia Veterum;" on another he puts his ideas in the form of a speech addressed to a party of philosophers, as in the "Redargutio Philosophiarum," a considerable portion of which afterwards appears in the first book of the *Norum Organum*. It seems, from a memorandum-

son souverain ? Il seroit injuste de juger avec nos idées modernes ceux qui prirent part à ces vieux démolés du parlement et du roi ; et même à la distance où nous sommes de cette époque, nous pouvons apercevoir les secrets motifs qui amenèrent la chute du grand chancelier, et qui étaient, avec l'envie qu'il excite toujours une haute fortune, le désir de faire subir indirectement un échec au favori de Jacques, le duc de Buckingham. Rawley, le chapelain, l'ami, le commensal, le biographe de Bacon et l'éditeur de la pulpart de ses œuvres ; Rawley, qui l'avait vu de près plus que personne, qui était très-capable de l'apprécier, et qui paraît avoir toujours conservé de lui un souvenir rempli d'affection et de vénération ; Rawley a dit hautement que la condamnation de Bacon fut l'ouvrage de l'envie." *Oeuvres de Bacon*, Par. M. F. Riaux. Première série, p. xvii.

book found by Mr. Spedding, that in July, 1608, he made some preparations to have his works printed in France. For these reasons many think that his *Cogitata et Visa* must have been one of his latest efforts, since far from seeking a disguise in this he commences it thus, "Franciscus Bacon sic cognavit," &c. "Franciscus Bacon so thought and deemed that for posterity to know his thoughts was of concern *to them*;" and every paragraph in the whole production begins with the same three words. This, taken in connection with the first axiom of the *Novum Organum* already referred to, reminds the reader of Lucretius, of the similar tone of noble self-confidence in which the philosopher-poet discourses on the nature of things.

Nam tibi de summa coeli ratione Deumque
Disserrere incipiam et rerum primordia pandam ;
Unde omneis natura eret res, aucta, ataque ;*

but there is this difference in favor of Bacon, that while the author of *De Rerum Natura* scoffs at religion, the author of the *Novum Organum*, whatever may be his faults besides, always upholds it. In the whole course of his writings there is not a single word that could be regarded as a sneer at Christianity; and it may be questioned whether even the author of "Iudibras" had a richer fund of wit than Bacon. Far from seeking to turn religion into ridicule, like Voltaire, Bayle, and certain other writers of the same school, no clergyman could be fonder of quoting Scripture. It is true, indeed, that sometimes his quotations from the sacred volume are not very appropriate; as for example, when he makes use of them to prove that James the First is equal, if not superior, to Solomon; that the hearts of kings are inscrutable; that kings themselves are mortal gods; representatives on earth of the Almighty, &c. This can hardly be called piety; indeed, to the thoughtful reader it is more like blasphemy. Still it is done with so much apparent reverence for the Scriptures, that it does little if any harm. As to his philosophy we have not deemed it necessary to occupy much space with it. We have already spoken of it in general terms as possessing inestimable value. It is, essentially, the philosophy of utility and progress—the philosophy, whose chief characteristic is *fruit*. Hence, it is called *new* in contradistinction to the ancient philosophy which disdained to

* *De Rerum Natura*, Lib. 1, 49.

be useful. Plato thought it well to study the properties of numbers, but not because they were calculated to serve some of the purposes of ordinary life, but as a means of habituating the mind to the contemplation of pure truth.* We are told that the same philosopher paid much attention to geometry and held the science in great esteem until his disciple, Archytas, framed powerful machines on mathematical principles. This, according to Plutarch, he denounced as vulgar, declaring that the use of geometry was to discipline the mind, not to minister to the base wants of the body. "Shall we set down astronomy," says Socrates, "among the subjects of study?" "I think so;" answers Glaucon, "to know something about the seasons, about the months and the years, is of use for military purposes as well as for agriculture and manufacture." "It amuses me," says the sage, "to see how afraid some are lest the common herd of people should accuse you of recommending useless studies." Still more decided, if possible, was the opposition of Seneca to the application of philosophy to utilitarian purposes. "In my own time," he says, "there have been inventions of this sort—transparent windows, tubes for diffusing warmth equally through all parts of a building, short hand, which has been carried to such perfection that a writer can keep pace with the most rapid speaker. But the invention of such things is drudgery for the lowest of slaves: philosophy lies deeper. It is not her office to teach men how to use their hands. The object of her lessons is to show how to form the soul—*Non est, inquam instrumentorum ad uses necessarios opifex.*" In another place the same philosopher exclaims, "We shall next be told that the first shoemaker was a philosopher." According to him, philosophy should be used only so far as it tends "to raise the mind above low things, to separate it from the body," &c.† Even Archimedes was half ashamed of those inventions which proved so formidable to the enemies of his country. But these very facts show that the ancients were not ignorant of the inductive system, which, according to the common opinion, was not known until Bacon discovered it. He made no such claim himself; nor would any one who understands his works, or has any knowledge of logic, not to mention philosophy. The inductive system is in fact more ancient than the *ooyavov* of Aristotle, in relation to which Bacon's is called the *Novum Organum*—nay, it is quite as ancient as Noah's

* *Plato's Republic*, book 7.

† *Seneca Nat. Quaest. Praef. Lib. 3.*

Ark. Bacon was not even the first that analyzed it. Aristotle was fully aware of the difference between syllogistic and inductive reasoning ; or what is the same thing, between induction and deduction. Let those who doubt this refer to the last chapter of his *Posterior Analytics*, in which he actually gives the history of the inductive process, showing, at the same time, how absurd it is to suppose that any other system could lead to the discovery of a new principle. What Bacon has done is to analyze the system *better than any one else*, and point out what it is capable of. By this means he gave it an importance and dignity which it had never possessed before. In a word, he taught those capable of thinking how they could make the best use of their reasoning faculties. Is there not sufficient glory in this without the addition of anything that does not belong to it? If it be asked, more particularly, What has Bacon's philosophy accomplished, the answer may be given as follows :—"It has lengthened life ; it has mitigated pain ; it has extinguished diseases ; it has increased the fertility of the soil ; it has given new securities to the mariner ; it has furnished new arms to the warrior ; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form unknown to our fathers ; it has guided the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth ; it has lighted up the night with the splendor of the day ; it has extended the range of the human vision ; it has multiplied the power of the human muscles ; it has accelerated motion ; it has annihilated distance ; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence and friendly offices, all despatch of business ; it has enabled man to descend to the depths of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land on cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean in ships which sail against the wind. These are but a part of its fruits. For it is a philosophy which never rests, and which is never perfect. Its law is progress. A point which yesterday was invisible, is its goal to-day, and will be its starting point to-morrow."*

* The most eminent savans of Continental Europe fully recognize this. Le nom de Bacon, says M. Riaux, inscrit par d'Alembert en tête de son célèbre *Discours Préliminaire*, en fait comme le patron philosophique de cette grande entreprise. On y suivit sa division des connaissances humaines, on essaya de l'inspirer de son esprit; on laissa dans l'ombre le rôle potentiel qu'il avait joué ; aux yeux de la France du XVIII^e siècle, et de l'Europe, qui était son

The mistake is, to suppose that it is Bacon's *rules*, that have accomplished all this ; it has been accomplished, because he has, as it were, aroused the human mind by showing that *deeds* are better than *words*, fruitfulness better than barrenness. He proclaimed, in effect, that he had discovered a gold mine ; and gave directions to show how the gold could be procured with most facility and in largest quantities ; but did not force any one to be guided by them any further than they thought proper. Perhaps none followed them exactly. Some tried one way, some another, and the total amount procured was greater than any other mine ever furnished. He might say, "Search this or that way." The miners might try their own way and get abundance ; but would their gratitude be anything the less due to him who let them know where the treasure lay, and showed them that they had only to use some exertion to avail themselves of it ? Assuming that none of them followed his particular plan—nay, assuming that they found it to be erroneous in many particulars, but at the same time were able to get enough for all their wants, whereas few of them had any before, ought they not still regard, as a benefactor, the person who called their attention to it ? Thus, in substance, the general rule of Bacon's system is to make a complete collection of facts, and to extract science from these facts. In commenting on this, Mr. Ellis, one of the editors of the new edition, very forcibly and justly remarks : "In truth, it is a design which cannot be completed, there being no limit to the 'phenomena universi,' which are potentially, if not actually, cognizable ; and it is to be observed, that even if all the facts known at any instant, could be collected and systematized (and even this is plainly impossible,) yet, still Bacon's aim would not be obtained. * * Every day brings new facts to light, not less entitled than those previously known, to find a place in a complete description of the phenomena of the universe."*

These, be it observed, are the comments of the philosophic editor, than whom, perhaps, no other English critic, of the present day, is better qualified to give a correct view of the Baconian system.

fidele écho, Bacon fut représenté comme le précurseur de la philosophia du jour. On se fait de sa gloire une sorte de drapeau ; et peu à peu l'homme dont la vaste intelligence avait embrassé toutes les sciences, et dont la firm raison s'était toujours dérobée aux jugements exclusifs, se trouva rapproché à la taille d'un chef de secte.—*Ouvres de Bacon*, Tome I, p. ii.

* Vol. 1, of London Edition, p. 76.

It is evident, in all his criticisms, that he has carefully studied the ancient, as well as the modern systems. Mr. Spedding is not quite so well versed in philosophy as Mr. Ellis, but he is fully his equal in liberality, candor, and general intelligence. The former illustrates the Baconian system by supposing two men, James and John, to be employed in deciphering a manuscript in an unknown character. James, a clever, practical man, proceeds by guessing one word after another, so as to make sense, and so arrives at a series of discoveries, each of which confirms the other. John, who is a scrupulous Baconian, says : " You are not going the right way to work. You will never be able to decipher the manuscript in this way." He advises him to write the recurrences of characters and make lists of them. " In the meantime," he says, " I will undertake, upon a consideration of the general laws of language, to tell you by the comparative frequency of their recurrence, what parts of speech most of them are." And so he promises that they will be able to decipher and read the whole book. James, who represents the scientific discoverers, who have not followed the Baconian plan, would, probably, reply : " But, my good John, I have interpreted a great part of the book. Read it, with my interpretation, and you will see that it proves itself. As for your plan, it will not do at any rate, to *begin* with, for you do not know the language of our book, nor whether it declines its substances by terminations or by particles, and consequently you know nothing of the frequency of its particles—you cannot apply any language to it yet. When I have made out the general structure of the language, and the leading purport of the writing, your method may serve to determine the meaning of a few outstanding terms, or the rules of its grammar and etymology in detail ; but, in the meantime, I shall try to divine the meaning of the rest of the book in the way which has succeeded so well hitherto."

To many, it will seem something like heresy, to say that even among the moderns, Bacon was not the first to teach and practice the inductive system. Ramus had been before him at the good work, and well did he suffer for it. He was a contemporary of Montaigne, Charron, and De Thou. It was he who founded the mathematical chair in the Royal College of Paris, thereby conferring on science the greatest honor it had yet received in the modern world. He adopted, as a motto, the well

known notice to students, placed by Plato over the renowned Academy,* warning them that none, ignorant of science, were admitted ; and, at the same time, he attacked the syllogistic system of Aristotle with so much zeal and vigor, that his life was sacrificed as a due reparation to the insulted glory of the Stagirite. His assassins were no others than professors and scholars of the University of Paris ; and, not content with murdering him, they had his bloody corpse dragged to the gates of all the colleges. It should be borne in mind, also, that the great intellectual activity which led to the Reformation, had its effect on the times of Bacon. No one was more opposed to the Aristotelian system than Luther. He loudly proclaimed that it was inconsistent with Christianity ; and Bucer, Zwingle, and Calvin, held similar views. Nor was it alone in France and Germany the new opinions prevailed ; before Bacon was born the Scottish Universities had discarded the Aristotelian philosophy for that of Ramus. We might add many similar facts to show that the old system had been broken up before Bacon wrote a line. But this detracts nothing from the glory of the great English philosopher, who reduced the chaos to a system, proclaiming† his mission in such words as the following : "Theditor instaurationem philosophiae ejusmodi quæ nihil *inanis* aut *abstracti* habeat quaeque vitæ humanae *conditiones* in mellius provebat ;" even although it be added that there was a good deal of scientific knowledge possessed by his contemporaries, of which he was ignorant. The editors of the new edition of his works have the good sense to admit this, or rather they have not been so thoughtless as to deny it, since no man that has ever lived knew all that was known in his time. In almost every book of the scientific works Mr. Ellis points out Baconian errors which an intelligent schoolboy of the present day would hardly fall into. It is proper to observe, at the same time, that they are not of much value—they are, indeed, little more than as the chaff is to the wheat, in comparison with the immense amount of true utilitarian knowledge through which, so to speak, they are so thinly scattered. Those that are most remarkable and interesting have been carefully collected by Mr. Spedding ; and, as they are compressed into a com-

* αὐτες ὡμέτρησος ἵστορος.

† *Vide Hommes Illustres* by Brantome. Tom. ii.

paratively narrow space, we transcribe the passage in which they are given :

" Though he paid great attention to astronomy, discussed carefully the methods in which it ought to be studied, constructed for the satisfaction of his own mind an elaborate theory of the heavens, and listened eagerly for the news from the stars brought by Galileo's telescope, he appears to have been utterly ignorant of the discoveries which had just been made by Kepler's calculations. Though he complained, in 1623, of the want of compendious methods for facilitating arithmetical computations, especially with regard to the doctrine of Series, and fully recognized the importance of them as an aid to physical inquiries ; he does not say a word about Napier's Logarithms, which had been published only nine years before, and reprinted more than once in the interval. He complained that no considerable advance had been made in geometry beyond Euclid, without taking any notice of what had been done by Archimedes and Apollonius. He saw the importance of determining, accurately, the specific gravities of different substances, and attempted himself to form a table of them by a rude process of his own, without knowing of the more scientific, though still imperfect methods, previously employed by Archimedes, Ghetaldus, and Porta. He speaks of the *εὐρηκα* of Archimedes, in a manner which implies that he did not clearly apprehend either the nature of the problem to be solved, or the principles upon which the solution depended. In reviewing the progress of Mechanics, he makes no mention of Archimedes himself, or of Stevinus, Galileo, Guldinus, or Ghetaldus. He makes no allusion to the theory of Equilibrium. He observes that a ball of one pound weight will fall nearly as fast, through the air, as a ball of two, without alluding to the theory of the acceleration of falling bodies, which had been made known by Galileo more than thirty years before. He proposes an inquiry with regard to the lever,—namely, whether in a balance with arms of different length, but equal weight, the distance from the fulcrum has any effect upon the inclination—though the theory of the lever was as well understood in his own time as it is now. In making an experiment of his own, to ascertain the cause of the motion of a wind-mill, he overlooks an obvious circumstance which makes the experiment inconclusive, and an equally obvious variation of the same experiment which would have shown him that his theory was false. He speaks of the poles of the earth as fixed, in a manner which seems to imply that he was not acquainted with the precession of the equinoxes ; and in another place of the north pole being above, and the south pole below, as a reason why, in our hemisphere, the north winds predominate over the south." Vol. iii., p. 511-12.

There are smatterers in science at the present day who affect to sneer at Bacon on account of such mistakes or oversights as those contained in the above extract ; whereas, had they taken the trouble to examine his writings, they would have found that scarcely a discovery has been made since his time which he had not indicated in one form or other. Newton generally gets the

credit of having discovered the principles of attraction, but in point of fact he has only demonstrated what Bacon had described in plain terms in his *Novum Organum*. "It should be inquired," says the philosopher, writing nearly half a century before Newton was born, "whether there be not a kind of magnetic force which operates *between the earth and heavy bodies, between the moon and the ocean, and between the planets respectively*. It must either be that weighty substances are *forced towards the earth*, or that they *are mutually attracted*; and in this last case it is evident that the nearer falling bodies approach to the earth the more strongly they are attracted. It might be tried whether a pendulum of the same weight *might go quicker on the top* of a mountain than at the bottom of a mine. If the force of the weight diminishes on the mountain and increases in the mine, it would appear that the earth has a true attraction." We might fill pages with passages equally prophetic of other discoveries. Nor did Bacon content himself with teaching others how to make discoveries. More than twenty years prior to the publication of the *Novum Organum* he presented the Earl of Essex with a thermometer, which he had just invented, and which he speaks of in his writings as *Vitrum Kalendare*. He formed pneumatic machines with his own hands while he held the Great Seal of England, by which he proved the elasticity of the air. At the same time he was not the first discoverer among the moderns; who, after all, had perhaps made as great discoveries and inventions before his time, as have been made since. Suffice it to mention, the art of printing, the mariner's compass, plate engraving, oil painting, gunpowder, and the discovery of America by Columbus.

But had Bacon never written the *Novum Organum*, undoubtedly his greatest work—that which may be called the scaffold by which experimental philosophy has been built—had he written nothing but his "Essays," and his "Advancement of Learning," he would be justly entitled to be ranked among the benefactors of mankind. As for his Essays they are familiar to all who read the best English classics; but truly excellent as they are, replete with instruction, and abounding in all the beauties that can adorn language without rendering it gaudy, it may be doubted whether they have done as much good as the other productions just mentioned. At any rate the latter are less known; and therefore we shall make two or three extracts from them to show that they ought to be universally known and studied; for

they are such as lose none of their value by the fluctuations of time. In speaking, in his *Advancement of Learning*, of the uses of knowledge, and disproving the notion that the learned are slothful, he says :—

" For let a man look into the errors of Clement the Seventh, so lively described by Guicceardine, who served under him, or into the errors of Cicero, painted out by his own pencil in his epistles to Atticus, and he will fly apace from being irresolute. Let him look into the errors of Phocion, and he will beware how he be obstinate or inflexible. Let him but read the fable of Ixion, and it will hold him from being vaporous or imaginative. Let him look into the errors of Cato the second, and he will never be one of the Antipodes, to tread opposite to the present world.

" And for the conceit, that learning should dispose men to leisure and privateness, and make men slothful ; it were a strange thing if that, which accustometh the mind to perpetual motion and agitation, should induce slothfulness ; whereas contrariwise it may be truly affirmed, that no kind of men love business for itself, but those that are learned ; for other persons *love it for profit, as an hireling that loves the work for the wages* ; or for honor, as because it beareth them up in the eyes of men, and refreshes their reputation which otherwise would wear ; or because it putteth them in mind of their fortune, and giveth them occasion to pleasure and displeasure, or because it exerciseth some faculty wherein they take pride, and so entertaineth them in good humour and pleasing conceits toward themselves ; or because it advanceth any other ends. So that, as it is said of untrue valours, that some men's valours are in the eyes of them that look on ; so such men's industries are in the eyes of others, or at least in regard of their own designments : only learned men love business, as *an action according to nature*, as agreeable to health of mind, as exercise is to health of body, taking pleasure in the *action itself, and not in the purchase* : so that of all men they are the most indefatigable, if it be towards any business which can hold or detain their mind."

In defending learned men from shabbiness of conduct, and want of self-respect, he seems as if he had his own vices in view. At all events, his remarks on the subject are forcible.

" But this consequence doth often deceive men, for which I do refer them over to that which was said by Themistocles, arrogantly and uncivilly being applied to himself out of his own mouth ; but, being applied to the general state of this question, pertinently and justly ; when, being invited to touch a lute, he said, ' he could not fiddle,' but he could make a small town a great 'state.' So, no doubt, many may be well seen in the passages of government and policy, which are to seek in little and punctual occasions. I refer them also to that which Plato said of his master Socrates, whom he compared to the gallipots of apothecaries, which, on the outside, had apes, and owls, and antiquities, but contained, within, sovereign and precious liquors and confections ; acknowledging that to an external report he was not without superficial lev-

ties and deformities, but was inwardly replenished with excellent virtues and powers."

It is still more likely that he had his own servility in mind in trying to show that there is nothing reprehensible in one's going even on his knees to honor those possessed of power or fortune :

" Not that I can tax or condemn the milderation or application of learned men to men in fortune. For the answer was good that Diogenes made to one that asked him in mockery, ' How it came to pass that philosophers were the followers of rich men, and not rich men of philosophers.' He answered soberly and yet sharply, ' Because the one sort knew what they had need of, and the other did not.' And of the like nature was the answer which Aristippus made when having a petition to Dionysius, and no ear given to him, he fell down at his feet; whereupon Dionysius staid and gave him the hearing, and granted it; and afterward some person, tender on the behalf of philosophy, reproved Aristippus that he could offer the profession of philosophy such an indignity, as for a private suit to fall at a tyrant's feet; but he answered. ' It was not his fault, but it was the fault of Dionysius that had his ears in his feet.' * * These and the like applications and *stooping to points of necessity and convenience* cannot be disallowed; for though they may have some outward baseness, yet in a judgment truly made, they are to be accounted submissions to the occasion, and not to the person."

But were everything quoted that is remarkable, interesting and instructive in Bacon's works, the amount that would be left would be slight indeed. Turn to what volume we may, we find passages at almost every page which, like the following, deserve to be printed in letters of gold :

" So certainly, if a man meditate much upon the universal frame of nature, the earth with men upon it, (the divineness of souls except,) will not seem much other than an ant-hill, where, as some ants carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all to-and-fro a little heap of dust. It taketh away or mitigateth the fear of death, or adverse fortune ; which is, one of the greatest impediments of virtue and imperfections of manners. For if a man's mind be deeply seasoned with the consideration of immortality and the corruptible nature of things, he will easily conceive, with Epictetus, who went forth one day and saw a woman weeping for her pitcher of earth that was broken ; and went forth the next day, and saw a woman weeping for her son that was dead ; and thereupon said, ' Heri vidi fragilem frangit, hodie vidi mortalem mori.'

The versatility of Bacon's genius is astonishing. He is not alone the father of experimental philosophy. As a moralist he is more profound and impressive, as well as more cheerful and attractive, than Seneca ; as an historian, he had no equal in his own

time ; and, as a wit, he was surpassed only by the great Shakespeare. One who was so often elected to Parliament, who was specially employed as a lawyer in the most important cases, public and private, who was in turn Queen's Counsel Extraordinary, Solicitor-General, and Attorney-General, and finally Lord High Chancellor, must necessarily have possessed oratorical abilities of a high order. His literary style has been compared to that of Burke, which it fully equals in purity and splendor of diction ; while in wit and humor it will lose nothing by a comparison with that of Swift. No other prose writings of modern times contain more of the true sublime than those of Bacon. There is often sublimity in his expressions, altogether independently of his philosophical views. We could cite instances even where his opinions are most erroneous ; for, according to Longinus, who is scarcely inferior to Aristotle himself as a critic, scrupulous accuracy is rather adverse than favorable to the sublime.* In the *Norum Organum* we have specimens of all the varieties of the author's style ; it is there all the peculiarities of his extraordinary mind are found in the highest perfection, though of all his works, save those on law, it is perhaps the least read, save among the favored few. Most of the aphorisms are as remarkable for beauty of expression and subtlety of observation as they are for wisdom and depth of thought. Those relating to the *idola* have been domesticated, so to speak, in the literature of every civilized country. If only for what it has done, this work, above all others, should be a universal favorite ; but independently of its intrinsic worth, every page of it sparkles with wit. No one who has read it carefully and intelligently can wonder that Cowley, in one of his finest poems, has compared Bacon to Moses standing on Mount Pisgah. Alas ! that the great mind that produced it should have descended so low ; though with the exception of a little flattery to the great, to be found in the dedications already alluded to, there is certainly nothing low or mean in his writings ; and be it remembered, that after all, it is with the latter, not with their author, the world has to do. Supposing we knew nothing of the authorship of the *Norum Organum*, would the work be anything the less valuable on this account ? No one can tell

*Ἔγω δ' οἶδα μέν, ὡς αἱ ὑπερμεθεῖς φύσεις ἥκιστα παθαραι (τὸ γαρ ἐν ὀωντὶ ἀκριβέσ κινδυντος σμικρότητο), ἐν δὲ τοῖς μεγέθεοιν, ὁσπερ ἐν τοῖς ἄγαν ὀλεστοῖς, εἴναι τι χρηματι ὀαρολιγωρεμενον.—Περι υφους. Sect. 33.

who discovered the art of printing. But that detracts nothing from its value for all it has done for the human mind, and it would be the same had the discoverer been a malefactor of the worst kind. It is much more our duty, therefore, to thank the Messrs. Brown & Taggart, of Boston, for thus reprinting, in the finest style, the best edition of Bacon's works ever published—an edition that contains a considerable amount of valuable matter to be found in no other series—than to say a harsh word of the imperfections of one who has created so great a revolution in the mode of thinking of all nations—who has overthrown such a multitude of prejudices, and conjured up in their stead thoughts and opinions that are almost daily producing fruits which border on the miraculous. We should rather say, as Bolingbroke did of the great Duke of Marlborough : "He was so great a man, I have forgotten his vices."

ART. II.—1. *El Fureidis*. By the Author of the "Lamplighter," and "Mabel Vaughan." Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1860.
2. *Beulah*. By AUGUSTA J. EVANS. New York. Derby & Jackson. 1860.

MISS MULOCH, in her work entitled "A Woman's Thoughts about Women," after speaking of the relative merits of the sexes as artists, writes as follows : "In literature we own no such boundaries ; there, we meet men on level ground—and, shall I say it ?—we do often beat them in their own fields. We are acute and accurate historians, clear explainers of science, especially successful in imaginative works, and within the last year Aurora Leigh has proved that we can write as great a poem as any man among them all."

While we very readily admit a portion of this assertion, we cannot accept it *in toto*. In literature, women have rarely excelled men in the higher branches. As historians, they are (in spite of Miss Muloch's assertion to the contrary) vastly inferior to men. Creatures of impulse and feeling, their views are always marked by prejudice on either the one side or the other. They are not calm and dispassionate chroniclers of bygone ages. Neither do their works bear the impress of that patient and toilsome study

and research that are indispensable to historians. A woman follows her impulses to whatever conclusions they may lead her, and few, very few, can justly be considered "acute and accurate historians." There have been few histories from the pens of men that have not been distorted and rendered unreliable by prejudice and passion. Even Macaulay was not free from this infirmity. Men are calmer, more cautious, and harder to convince, except by a clear and conclusive course of reasoning, than women. The latter hastily jump at conclusions; and these conclusions are oftener the result of mere feeling than of study and a careful investigation of facts. For instance, what woman has ever done justice to the character and motives of Henry VIII?

In science, women are as much out of their element as in history. As a general thing, their scientific knowledge is cramped and imperfect, and their views so far from being "clear," generally mislead and perplex. What woman can compare with the giant Humboldt, or the quaint Hugh Miller? What female mind has ever given birth to theories such as those of Newton and Franklin? Or what female has ever trod the intricate maze of mathematics with the facility of Laplace, or our own Courtenay? Even in medicine, in which branch of the sciences it is admitted that women have shown the most talent, what woman has been able to cope with Jenner, or queer old Nathan Chapman? If we turn to astronomy, what woman has swept the midnight skies with space-penetrating glasses, and given to science new worlds or startling theories? In philosophy and in metaphysics, women must be content to bow before the superiority of such minds as Kant, Ritcher, Cousin, and Hamilton. The claim to superiority, both in history and in science, is then merely an opinion of Miss Muloch, and as such entitled to little or no consideration, when unaccompanied by proof.

In imaginative literature, however, we are willing to award to woman the praise that she has so well won; begging leave, however, to state, that we do not believe that "*Aurora Leigh*" is in any respect worthy of being compared with either of Homer's immortal lays, or yet with Virgil's glowing story of the Trojan Hero, or (coming down to more modern times) with either the *Divina Comedia*, or the heaven-inspired *Paradise Lost*. That it is a grand and noble poem—by far the most remarkable of the nineteenth century, we cheerfully admit. But may we be permitted

to ask what other living or dead poetess can compare, at all, favorably with any of "the grand Old Masters?"

In imaginative works woman has, we admit, been remarkably successful; in novel writing particularly, has her success been evinced. She is a softer, a gentler, and a more winning delineator of romance, than man. There is always a keen and delicate insight into the characters of the personages of her story, which is but seldom seen in the works of a man. She is more successful in the development of her characters. She has a keener and a quicker insight into nature, and is more alive to beauty and harmony than the other sex. She, in most instances, is more successful in awakening the interest, and in seizing upon the affections of her readers, than man. Her books inculcate a higher and more refined sense of truth, than those of male writers. In fine, a talented woman generally manages to throw into her writings all that is good, beautiful, true, and noble in herself. Who, then, can wonder at her success?

It is a truth, sadly attested by the history of the times in which we live, that literature, like human society, is growing more degenerate every year. At the present day, the great mass of the reading matter of the public is composed of the most worthless and enervating effusions of the many would-be-authors, whose names fill the annals of the literature of the 19th century. The country is flooded with books, pamphlets, and newspapers, which only pander to a vitiated taste, and choke the growth of a sound, healthy literature, as the tares choke the wheat in its growth. "Sensation" stories are now all the rage. Genuine merit is passed over for something more suited to the popular taste. Nine out of every ten, (nay, we may say ninety-nine out of every hundred) persons prefer the stories of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., to the noble productions of Miss Muloch and George Elliott. "The Hidden Hand" and "The Gunmaker of Moscow," are by far more universally read than "John Halifax," and "The Mill on the Floss." Even the great Bulwer is voted a bore, while Emmerson Bennet is considered charming. "What will He Do with It?" is considered tame when compared with "Clara Moreland." A good book is growing more of a rarity every day. This is no exaggerated picture. It is, unfortunately, but too true. It is plainly evident that a reform is needed. But how it is to be brought about, is another question which we will not, on the present occasion, attempt to answer.

The books that now lie before us, though by no means perfect, we consider exceptions to the general class of the literature of the present day. The names of the authors would secure for them a favorable and flattering reception. The first on the list, or rather the first that we shall notice, is from the pen of the talented authoress of "The Lamplighter." The scene of the story is laid in Syria and Asia Minor, but principally in the former country. In attempting an Oriental story, the writer entered upon a dangerous portion of romance. Many have attempted to portray eastern life and manners, but their efforts have been cold and lifeless. The author of "El Fureidis" has, been singularly fortunate in her attempt. With only the works of others for her guide, she has succeeded in presenting a series of charming and life-like pictures. She has carried us from Beyrouth to Mount Lebanon—thence to Baalbec and Damascus, and thence into the midst of the Bedouian deserts, with the ease and grace of an experienced and accomplished traveller. While these pictures are not faultless, they possess much true merit of their own. The characters of the book are in many respects quite vividly and delicately portrayed.

Robert Meredith, is a young and wealthy Englishman, travelling in the Holy Land. He is a large, handsome, splendid-looking man—learned, and rather skeptical. His experience, previous to his introduction to the reader, seems to have rendered him slightly misanthropic. He is very fastidious, and exquisitely sensitive. As proud and as haughty as Lucifer; yet, withal, dignified and courteous. Distant and reserved; with no sympathy for the pursuits of other men, the world called him odd; and, indeed, he is truly so. This character seems to us to be rather overdrawn. Meredith is rather too proud. For one so cool and philosophic, he often shows too large an amount of feeling. Sometimes he evinces a degree of romance that is very much out of keeping with the rest of his nature, and from his grand and lofty height he occasionally descends to a love-sick and mere school-boy strain. These are defects in this otherwise finely drawn portraiture which will hardly fail to attract the attention of the critical reader. Abdoul, an Arab boy, is the next character introduced to us. It is drawn in brilliant colors. The son of the Sheik Zanadeen, Abdoul, is a prince among his Bedouian tribe. He is introduced as the guide of Meredith. Proud, fierce, vindictive, Abdoul is a

splendid Arab. There is, however, too much of the ideal and too little of the real about him. He is rather too learned, and too much of a refined gentleman to be a truthful picture of a modern Bedouin—an unsophisticated son of the desert. The authoress has allowed her fancy to lead her astray from her guide books, and has given us a graphic picture of the Arab of romance.

Havilah, is the daughter of M. Trefoil, and a Greek lady. She is the heroine of the romance, and a sweet and touching picture of her is presented to us. The beauty of Havilah was of the classical Grecian order, slightly blended with the modern European. But it is the pure and gentle nature of the young girl that will be admired most. Deeply imbued with a spirit of fervent piety, a calm and gentle holiness seems to shed itself over Havilah's entire nature. What we object to in this character is the want of consistency in the various stages of her appearance. In one instance she is represented as a simple, artless young girl; in another she exhibits a deep insight into human nature, and the ways and wisdom of the world. She possesses too much of the wisdom that can only be attained by experience such as she has never had. And, above all, for one so young, she understands too thoroughly the heart and its passions.

Father Lapierre, the village missionary, is the next character brought forward. In our estimation, this is decidedly the best supported character in the book. "He was a rare and noble object, that vigorous old man. The fire of his eagle eye, which had once glowed with all the vehemence of an ambitious youth, was subdued, not quenched, by the gentle influences of a holy and chastened old age. The lofty brow, once marked by the storms of life and furrowed by its cares, had long since been smoothed by the gentle hand of patience, and had become the placid seat of elevated thoughts and purposes all divine. The features, once regular and fair, had gained in benignity what they had lost in symmetry of outline, and shaded as they were by the long, white beard, reminded one of the mellow beauty of autumn, dimly discerned amid winter's snows. His iron frame, too, how grand and imposing it was; his step, how firm and elastic; his senses, how quick and discriminating—all telling of a sound, original constitution, which hardship and exposure had but served to confirm and invigorate. He must have been an awe-inspiring man once, before humility cast her mantle over his earth-born pride; but

now, fear gave place to love, in the presence of one whose physical power, whose mental energy, whose intellectual greatness, were all softened and sanctified by a childlike simplicity of spirit." —pp. 53-54. The authoress makes Father Lapierre an exception to the *genus homo*. She presents him to us as one whose passions and impulses have all departed, and who is now all that man should be, but, alas, is not. Man may learn to check and control his nature, but not to be as pure and as guileless as Father Lapierre, who is unmoved and unassailed by any of

"The thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to."

Nevertheless the character is boldly [drawn, and well sustained. The next is Monsieur Trefoil. By birth he was an American. A great portion of his life had been spent in France, where he gained the title of Monsieur. He is the father of Havilah, and is a fine impersonation of frank and generous manliness. M. Trefoil's life had been one severe and untiring struggle with the world. Trials and hardships, the most painful and severe, had fallen to his lot. In spite of this, he is represented at middle life, as innocent, as unsuspecting, and as ignorant of the world as he was when he first entered it. At the opening of the story M. Trefoil is represented as the wealthy and thriving proprietor of a large silk factory in the village of El Fureidis. There are many things to admire about him. His generosity, his independance, and his noble tenderness for his wife and child, are excellently portrayed. Ianthe, or, as she is called, "the Mother Ianthe," was a Grecian. She was the wife of M. Trefoil. She, too, possessed that spiritual and angelic beauty which characterized Havilah. "Nothing could exceed the elevated, the almost unearthly sanctity which marked the countenance, the manner, and even the voice of the slender, shadow-like woman, the marble pallor of whose face seemed enhanced by the brilliancy of her dark, lustrous eyes, and whose black, wavy hair drooped over her sunken cheek as if it were a mourning badge—a token of the decay of her early bloom." —p. 50. There is something very sweet and touching in this character. It is a beautiful embodiment of the sacred name of *Mother*. Mustapha Osman, is a genial whole-souled Turk ; a merchant of Damascus. This character is inferior to the others ; but still is drawn with considerable skill. Maysunah, his daughter, is a

fair and drooping maiden, just hovering on the verge of the spirit land. Over the picture that she has drawn of her, the authoress throws a ray of tender, sad, and beautiful sunshine, which steals into the reader's heart and lightens his soul ere he perceives that it is there. The other characters are in general well and forcibly drawn. Indeed, the coloring, the artistic grouping, and the lights and shades of the beautiful pictures of "*El Fureidis*," are almost perfect.

As the story opens, the sun is setting over the Eastern land, and casts his mellow rays over a graceful little barque which is ploughing the blue waters of the Mediterranean, bearing the Englishman, Meredith, to Beyrouth. The scene is gracefully described, and we are sorry that our limits forbid our transcribing it here. After a night's repose, Meredith sets out for the interior, accompanied by the Arab boy, Abdoul; and after a long and fatiguing journey through a wild and rugged country, arrives at the village of El Fureidis, on the slopes of Mount Lebanon, just as Father Lapierre is celebrating the evening worship at the village chapel. Meredith becomes the guest of Father Lapierre, and is seized with a severe illness. After his recovery he becomes M. Trefoil's guest. The outline of the household life of the proprietor of the silk factory, is well and tastefully executed. After being in El Fureidis a short time, Meredith determines to remain longer, and, accordingly, Abdoul is granted permission to visit his tribe; but, before he goes, he pledges himself to be back at a certain time. His parting with Havilah is very well sketched, and we take the liberty of transcribing a portion of it.

"As Abdoul is about to depart he seeks Havilah, to bid her adieu. As she enters, he is standing midway between the places reserved for the guests of the master of the house, and for visitors of inferior rank. Modesty forbidding him to occupy the former, and pride keeping him from the latter."

"Most kind and encouraging was her reception of the Sheik's son, whom Ayib was already acknowledging by stretching out his graceful head for the youth's caress. "You have come at last, Abdoul," she exclaimed, holding out her hand, over which the Arab boy bowed low, not presuming to touch it. "I feared you had forgotten Havilah."

"When the night wanderer on the mountains forgets to watch for the morning star, then will Abdoul forget Havilah," was the grave reply spoken in a tone of mingled sweetness and reproach.

"Then why have you stayed away so long? Ayib and I have sought in vain for the eagle's nest on the mountain, and the white asphodels and blue-

eyed campanulas have faded long ago in my mother's China vase. Can Abdoul have learned to feel himself a stranger in the Mother Ianthe's home? Can he doubt that Havilah is his friend?"

"The child of the free air has longed to pursue the mountain birds, and gather the flowers that grow on the topmost crags. He has thought, in the lonely night, of the orange trees beside the fountain, and his soul has pined for the touch of the healing hand. Does Havilah remember the day when the vile Turk struck the Arab boy to the ground, and they brought him bleeding hither?" The fire of mingled emotions flashed in the Ishmaelite's eye as he thus spoke, and flinging back the sleeve of his embroidered jacket he displayed a scar which stretched from his elbow to his wrist, gazed at it for a moment, then changing from a tone of wild excitement to a gentle and subdued utterance, said eloquently, at the same time gazing with grateful tenderness in Havilah's face: "Yes, the wound was deep, and its healing slow; but the arm should be gladly bared once more to the sabre; if the boy might call back the long, sunny days when Ianthe poured the balm on his wound, and his heart was comforted, and the rose of Lebanon smiled on him, and he felt no pain."

"Those were happy days," said Havilah, "When Ianthe's little daughter found a pleasant playmate in Sheik Zanadeen's son. But he has become a man since then; he rides proudly upon his white mare, and hunts with his good falcon. Ianthe's garden is not broad enough for him now that he has spread his wings, else why comes he not hither?"

"Sheik Zanadeen's son has not been his own master," replied the youth; "he has been in the service of the Frank; and whom Abdoul serves, he serves. He comes now to say farewell. To-morrow he departs for the desert. Will Havilah think, when he is far away, of him who is unworthy to kiss the soil on which she treads?"

"Havilah will not forget to pray to her God for the playmate of her childhood, when he is guiding the Englishman through distant lands."

"The Englishman remains in El Fureidis," said the Arab slowly, and with emphasis, at the same time fixing on Havilah an eye whose keenness scanned every line of her countenance.

"Apparently it satisfied him, for the scrutinizing frown passed away from his face when she replied with apparent indifference to his announcements, 'Why, then, hasten, Abdoul hence?'"

"To pursue the desert winds, to chase the fleet gazelle, to spur the khadhere across the soft sands which are as cushions to her feet. Abdoul has been absent too long. The old man sits in the door of his tent, and longs for his son's embrace. In the morning he says, 'Inshallah, but he will come to day'; in the evening he sighs, 'Allah, alas why comes he not?' The arrow of the desert hears the sigh which comes to him on the night breeze, and he must speed him from the bow."

"May the blessing of Heaven go with you," said Havilah, with feeling. "May you find Sheik Zanadeen and your little brothers well; may your coming bring joy to the old chief's heart; and when his eyes are satisfied with the presence of his son, may some kind errand send you once more to El Fureidis."

"The youth bowed low, touching his head, lips, and heart, in the same expressive and dignified manner that had marked his demeanor more than once during the interview, then answered :

"When the husbandman puts his sickle to the yellow corn, and the olive trees drop their ripe fruits into the laps of the maidens, Abdoul will return to guide the Frank into Southern lands ; meanwhile, Allah protect this house, and send his gentlest breezes to blow on the Mother Ianthe."

"My mother," said Havilah, "would gladly give a parting blessing to him whom she used fondly to call the son of her adoption ; but she has been weary, and now she sleeps."

"Say to her," said the boy with enthusiasm, "that Abdoul loves her image, and bears it with him in his heart—that he hears her voice when the turtle-dove coos to its mate, and feels the soft pressure of her hand on his head, when the south wind blows from Araby. For Havilah, Abdoul, has brought this casket of sweets, and bids it whisper what he fain would say." As he spoke, he produced from amid the voluminous folds of his silken abayah an exquisite little casket of sandal wood, inlaid with pearl,—a master-piece of Damascene taste and skill,—and gracefully bending on one knee, he laid it on the step at her feet. * * * * pp. 65, 66.

The incidents of the stay of Meredith in El Fureidis, are interesting. The visits to the Maronite Convent—to the Emir's palace—and the mountain rambles will not fail to please the reader. Meredith's heart is won by the beauty and accomplishments of Havilah. He confides his love to her father, and the Mother Ianthe is commissioned to acquaint her daughter with it. In the interview between the mother and child, the authoress has betrayed some inconsistency. Havilah's whole nature is changed. She is not at all the same creature that we have seen in the preceding portion of the story. She is now a calm, clear discerner of the most intricate and subtle mysteries of the human heart. She is made to know too much ; to feel too much. Meredith is rejected and he departs from the village. In depicting the feelings of Meredith after his rejection, the authoress evinces a stiffness and want of ease which is not seen elsewhere. Meredith is made to appear rather awkward ; and the proud, haughty and learned Englishman does some things that are very silly. After a protracted absence, Meredith returns to El Fureidis. His arrival is opportune. The Mother Ianthe has died during his absence, and M. Trefoil is completely crushed by the blow. By his promptness and energy Meredith saves the village from destruction by the huge masses of water which have been formed by the melted snows.

At the invitation of Mustapha Osman, M. Trefoil, Havilah,

Meredith, and Father Lapierre visit Damascus. Here the author has excited our admiration and surprise. It is difficult to conceive how one, whose information has been gained only from books, can present such life-like pictures of the far-famed City of the Caliphs. On their return from Damascus, M. Trefoil and his party are persuaded to visit the encampment of Sheik Zanadeen, Abdoul's father. The author now presents to us an excellent picture of Bedouin life. Here is given the *chef d'œuvre* of the book. On the last night of their stay in the Bedouin camp, Havilah, whose fears are excited by Abdoul's jealousy of Meredith, cannot sleep, but spends the night in watching. At last she sees a figure cautiously approaching Meredith's tent ; and leaving her own and following it rapidly, she reaches the tent just in time to catch the arm of Abdoul, as he aims a blow at the sleeping Englishman. Wrenching the dagger from him, and leading him to an open space in the centre of the encampment, she reproaches him for his baseness. Meredith, who has been awakened by the noise in his tent, comes out unperceived by Hayilah or Abdoul, and stands behind them watching them. The ensuing scene is finely executed and is decidedly the most vivid in the entire story. Humbled and abashed, Abdoul tries to defend himself, by charging Havilah with loving the Englishman. She confesses it, and vindicates her love. At last Abdoul retires conquered, and as he goes off, Meredith joins Havilah. Then, in the boundless desert, with the wild fantastic tents of the Arabs on all sides of them, and the gray dawn just lighting up the scene, they are betrothed. Shortly after their return to El Fureidis, Meredith and Havilah are married, and prepare to leave for England. Just before the vessel sails, Abdoul comes on board, and in a brief and touching interview, takes leave of Havilah. Soon after, the vessel speeds out to sea.

The book is finished, and we close it with a sigh. While it is, as we have already observed, far from being perfect, while it contains faults, which the authoress would have done well to have avoided, it contains numerous beauties, probably more than any other recent American book by a female author ; and it has won, no doubt, some thousands of new admirers for the writer.

But a short time ago the public were agreeably surprised by the appearance of a new star in the literary firmament. A new work, entitled "Beulah," was given to the world ; and it has met with

well deserved success. The author, it appears, is Miss Augusta J. Evans, a young lady of the South—a native of Alabama, we believe. The scene of the story is laid in a Southern city—Mobile is, doubtless, the place. Miss Evans has committed an error in neglecting to give the name of the city, as only those who are acquainted with it can determine it. Others are left to the sometimes unpleasant task of guessing at it. We are introduced to an orphan asylum, one of the many of such institutions of which the South may well be proud, and to which she owes so much. Sitting upon the steps of the asylum are three girls—mere children—one a dark, languishing, Italian beauty—Claudia ; the other, a little cherub, with a face like one of those that Raphael has made more lovely by his magic pencil, Lilly ; the third, the heroine of the book, Beulah. "At a first casual glance one thought her homely, nay, decidedly ugly : yet, to the curious physiognomist, this face presented greater attractions than either of the others. * * * A pair of large grey eyes, set beneath an overhanging forehead—a boldly projecting forehead, broad and smooth, a very large but finely cut mouth, an irreproachable nose of the order furthest removed from aquiline, and heavy, black eyebrows, which, instead of arching, stretched straight across and nearly met. There was not a vestige of color in her cheeks ; face, neck, and hands wore a sickly pallor, and a mass of rippling jetty hair, drawn smoothly over the temples, rendered this marble-like whiteness more apparent." p. 8.

In the opening of the story there is an awkwardness and want of skill, which is plainly and painfully evident in the prim and precise manner in which the children converse. That sweet and artless recklessness which is so charming in children, is wanting in these. All speak with the most commendable correctness and precision, as if they were declaiming before an audience of critics ; and the reader cannot refrain from an expression of approval, such as "well done," when they have finished. Lilly is Beulah's sister, and is sure of winning a place in the reader's heart. She is taken by a Mrs. Grayson, with Claudia, and adopted.

Another character is now introduced, Eugene Graham, the boy lover of Beulah. After Lilly's departure from the asylum, Beulah enters the family of a Mrs. Martin, as a nurse. Her lot is very hard. Here she exhibits, for the first time, that wonderful self-control, and that stern and inflexible will which characterize her throughout

the book. Dr. Hartwell, the hero of the story, is now brought forward. A model of manly beauty, but cold and cynical; his naturally warm nature frozen by the bitter experience he has been subjected to. Calm and passionless, learned and proud, he is a being that we wonder at, while we admire. He seems to be something above mankind in general. It seems to us that the character is a little overdrawn. Certain it is, that in many points it is weakly supported. Some little inconsistency is also betrayed in various stages of the story. After the death of her sister Lilly (an event which greatly mars the plot), Beulah is adopted by Dr. Hartwell, and educated by him. Eugene Graham is sent to Europe, and Claudia is withdrawn from the stage. New actors, however, take their places. Mrs. Chilton, Pauline, Cornelia Graham, and Clara Saunders are well-drawn characters. After a long and not untroubled school life, Beulah bears off the highest honors of her school. The great lesson of the work is now commenced. It is to teach that women, in the exercise of their independent and self-relying powers, are happier than at any other time. Beulah, rather than live dependent upon Dr. Hartwell's bounty, embraces a life of toil and hardship. She obtains a situation as teacher in one of the public schools. Dr. Hartwell, offended at this, absents himself from the city.

Clara Saunders, a sweet, winning, artless creature, is now Beulah's only companion. The contrast between the two is very great. Clara is mild, gentle and amiable; clinging to others rather than depending upon herself. Beulah, is a grand embodiment of the authoress' idea of what a woman should be. Noble, independent, high-souled, and self-reliant, conscious of her own superiority, she trusts to herself in everything. Most persons call her stubborn—and, it seems, that she is a little too much so. But her stubbornness has its charm, and will win the respect of every reader. She was rather too sensitive, also; and if we may be allowed to say it, a little too self-conceited. Be this as it may, the character is in many respects the creation of romance. There are few, very few Beulah's in the world, and the picture drawn of her is hardly true to nature. Miss Evans has gone too much to extremes with her heroine. Yet the character evinces much skill in its conception, and this is especially shown in the development of it. In the woman, we see the same attributes that we admired, or disapproved in the girl, matured by time. This is the

most difficult task of the novelist, and Miss Evans has been very successful in it. Dr. Hartwell, too, is in some respects an excellent character ; it is, however, greatly marred in some instances by inconsistencies. In some portions of the story the Doctor plays his part with a wonderful ease, and in others he seems tired of it, and anxious to do what he is charged with, as quickly as possible. He is also a sad specimen of the unhappy wreck of many a heart that has sought truth, but found it not, upon the shores of infidelity.

The yellow fever breaks out and sweeps away hundreds from the city. The description of the prevalence of the fever is not overdrawn—it is truthful and striking. Beulah's noble conduct has frequently been that of others of her sex. The cities of the South, that have been visited by the fearful pestilence, have given to the world hundreds of noble women, whose devotion and heroism is strikingly portrayed in this portion of the life of Beulah. The struggle of Beulah with poverty, and with the fearful unbelief that had begun to seize upon her soul, is finely portrayed. The eager inquiries of a powerful mind, haunted by doubts and fears—the painful search for truth—the wanderings amid the beautiful, but dangerous mazes of French and German philosophy, are strikingly illustrated. For one so young, Miss Evans evinces a wonderful knowledge of some of the most intricate and difficult questions that have ever employed the human intellect. Nor does this knowledge appear to be cramped or confined, like that of most young writers. Miss Evans is evidently a hard and patient student. While in many instances she has, we think, adopted a wrong view of the questions she brings forward ; she discusses them fairly, clearly and forcibly. She evidently misunderstands Cousin. She accuses him of pantheism. It is hard to reconcile this gross theory with his refined psychology. The idea that "God manifests himself in the universe," and stamps there the attributes of his being, is both beautiful and truthful. Cousin, however, nowhere maintains that He is exhausted in the act. This is directly opposed to his entire theory. Miss Evans has not done Butler justice. She evidently understands and appreciates him, but she spends so much time on the opposite side, that his powerful and eloquent refutations of the theories of the philosophers are passed by with a mere notice. We are not disposed to accept the charge brought against Miss Evans by certain critics—that she

seeks to make a learned display of her knowledge. The questions discussed by her, are those which present themselves to every thinker, and especially to the young—they are brought forward by an ardent and anxious thinker, and ably and modestly discussed.

Eugene Graham returns home, and is indeed a different person from the boy. The authoress has not succeeded in the development of this character. Beulah and Pauline are the only successful developments presented to us. Clara Saunders is separated from Beulah, and the latter and Mrs. Williams, the ex-matron of the asylum, commence housekeeping. Here, Miss Evans sketches with a bold hand. The death of Cornelia Graham is vividly portrayed. Ah, it is a sad truth, that the inconsistencies of professing Christians make more infidels than all the books that have ever been written. A new character is now introduced : Reginald Lindsay. But this fine character is made to occupy a second place, and to play a minor part.

Beulah has by this time won fame and distinction, as an authoress, and also many friends. Dr. Hartwell, who has loved her from her childhood, addresses her, and is rejected. He goes off to the Orient. He is absent several years, and during that time Beulah discovers that she loves him. Reginald Lindsay addresses her, but he is also rejected. He consoles himself by going to Congress. In the meantime, Mrs. Williams dies, and Beulah gives up her house, and goes to board at Dr. Asbury's. Here we would remark that the character of Mrs. Asbury does Miss Evans great credit. Beulah's infidelity is conquered. Her proud intellect is humbled, and, with the heart of a little child, she clings confidingly to the Word Made Flesh. This triumph of Christianity, is beautifully and forcibly portrayed, and reflects much credit upon the genius of the authoress. Beulah fondly cherishes the hope that her guardian will one day return, and "on his wandering way, daily and nightly pours a mourner's prayers." At last, one stormy evening, sick with care, and with "hope deferred," she seeks comfort in music. The author has exquisitely described this scene, and we transcribe it for our reader's benefit :

"She opened the desk, and taking out a key left her room, and slowly ascended to the third story. Charon crept up the steps after her. She unlocked the apartment which Mrs. Asbury had given to her charge sometime before, and raising one of the windows, looped back the heavy blue curtains, which

gave a sombre hue to all within. From this elevated position she could see the stormy, sullen waters of the bay breaking against the wharves, and hear their hoarse mutterings as they rocked themselves to rest after the scourging of the tempest. Grey clouds hung low, and scudded northward; everything looked dull and gloomy. She turned from the window and glanced around the room. It was at all times a painful pleasure to come here, and now, particularly, the interior impressed her sadly. Here were the paintings and statues she had long been so familiar with, and here, too, the melodeon, which at rare intervals she opened. The house was very quiet; not a sound came up from below; she raised the lid of the instrument and played a plaintive prelude. Echoes, seven or eight years old, suddenly fell on her ears; she had not heard one note of this air since she left Dr. Hartwell's roof. It was a favorite song of his—a German hymn he had taught her—and now, after seven years, she sang it. It was a melancholy air, and as her trembling voice rolled through the house, she seemed to live the old days over again. But the words died away on her lips; she had overestimated her strength; she could not sing it. The marble images around her, like the ghosts of the past, looked mutely down at her grief. She could not weep; her eyes were dry, and there was an intolerable weight on her heart. Just before her stood the Niobe, rigid and woeful; she put her hands over her eyes and dropped her face on the melodeon. Gloom and despair crouched at her side, their gaunt hands tugging at the anchor of hope. The wind rose and howled round the corners of the house; how fierce it might be on trackless seas, driving lonely barques down to ruin, and strewing the main with ghastly, upturned faces. She shuddered and groaned. It was a dark hour of trial and she struggled desperately with the phantoms that clustered about her. Then there came other sounds; Charon's shrill, frantic bark and whine of delight. For years she had not heard that peculiar bark, and started up in wonder. On the threshold stood a tall form, with a straw hat drawn down over the features, but Charon's paws were on his shoulders, and his whine of delight ceased not. He fell down at his master's feet and caressed them. Beulah looked an instant, and sprang into the doorway, holding out her arms, with a wild, joyful cry:

"Come at last. Oh! thank God. Come at last." Her face was radiant, her eyes burned, her glowing lips parted.

"Leaning against the door, with his arms crossed over his broad chest, Dr. Hartwell stood, silently regarding her. She came close to him, and her extended arms trembled, still he did not move, did not speak.

"Oh, I knew you would come; and, thank God, now you are here. Come home at last!"

"She looked up at him so eagerly; but he said nothing. She stood an instant irresolute, then threw her arms around his neck, and laid her head on his bosom, clinging closely to him. He did not return the embrace, but looked down at the beaming face and sighed; then he put his hand softly on her head, and smoothed the rippling hair. A brilliant smile broke over her features as she felt the remembered touch of his fingers on her forehead, and she repeated, in the low tones of deep gladness:

"I knew you would come; oh, sir, I knew you would come back to me."

"How did you know it, child?" he said, for the first time.

"Her heart leaped wildly at the sound of the loved voice she had so longed to hear, and she answered, tremblingly :

"Because, for weary years, I have hoped for your return. Oh! only God knows how fervently I prayed, and he has heard me."

"She felt his strong frame quiver; he folded his arms about her, clasped her to his heart with a force that almost suffocated her, and bending his head, kissed her passionately."—pp. 498, 499.

Beulah and Dr. Hartwell are married, and the tried and tempest-tossed heart of the former finds happiness and rest. The work is undoubtedly one of great originality and power. Its faults and its beauties we have faithfully endeavored to point out, while we have not for an instant sought to rob the fair authoress of any of her well-earned praise. Miss Evans has achieved a success of which we are heartily glad. While she possesses many of the faults of a novelist, she also possesses much true and sterling merit. We congratulate her upon her success, and we trust that it will encourage and stimulate her to new exertions. Two such books as we have thus glanced at, appearing so nearly at the same time, proves that the vitiated character of our literature is not for want of able writers, and the liberal support that has been given "El Fureidis" and "Beulah" encourages the hope, that the long-expected and anxiously wished for literary reform is about to work itself.

ART. III.—1. *Os Lusiadas.* Polo original antigo agora novamente impress. Lisboa.

2. *Os Lusiadas*—nova edição correcta, e dada á luz, por D. JOZE MARIA DE SOUZA. Botelho. Madrid.

3. *Les Lusiades, ou les Portugais*, Poème en dis chants, avec des notes par J. B. MILLÉ. Paris.

4. The *Lusiad*, translated into English verse by Sir RICHARD FAN-SHAW. London.

THERE is no fact less disputed than that every civilized nation has its golden age—that in which it produces the best intellectual fruit of which its genius is capable. Those who disagree with each other, on almost all other subjects, yield a ready assent to this. But there are few to whom it occurs that this high development has much more to do with the age of the world than with that of any particular nation; or, perhaps, it would be more

correct to say that it is more influenced by the growth of a civilization. The civilizations of remote antiquity have not left us sufficient books to enable us to judge, with any accuracy, as to the periods of their greatest progress ; but their different styles of architecture and sculpture, seem to confirm the theory by themselves. Much that is curious and interesting could be written on this branch of the subject, passing from Egypt to Assyria, from Assyria to Hindostan, from Hindostan to China, from China to Mexico and Peru, and from Mexico and Peru to Greece, noting the architectural monuments of each, and comparing all with each other, according as they exhibit more or less resemblance. But the Christian civilization will be sufficient for our purpose ; since we merely desire to remark in passing, that almost all countries, of modern Europe, have produced their greatest thinkers about the same time—that is, from the middle of the sixteenth century to the middle of the seventeenth.

It is very justly said that the age of gold in England was that of Elizabeth and James the First—the age of Shakespeare, Spenser, Beaumont, Fletcher and Bacon ; but if we turn to the other countries of Europe, we shall find that they could boast of their greatest intellects about the same time. Thus, Portugal had her Camoens, the subject of the present article, just forty years before England had her Shakespeare, and twenty before she had her Spenser. Even Milton belonged to the middle of the seventeenth century. Then, turning to Spain, we see that she produced her Quevedo, Lope de Vega, Cervantez and Calderon, within the same period. Passing over the Pyranees into France, we find Corneille, Molière, Racine and Boileau. In Italy, Dante forms an exception ; he is peculiar in this as in everything but his humanity, having flourished in the beginning of the fourteenth century ; but Tasso, Ariosto, and Michael Angelo, belonged to the golden age. Nor is it alone in works of imagination that we find this simultaneous fertility of intellect in the different countries of Europe ; since it is to the same period we owe such men as Kepler, Tycho Brahe, Copernicus, Galileo, Des Cartes, and Machiaveli. In short, the only country in Europe that has not produced its greatest men in or about the time of Shakespeare and Bacon, is Germany ; for it was not until the eighteenth century she could boast of a Cloppstock, Weiland, Lessing, Schiller, or Goethe.

But to Portugal belongs the honor of having produced the first

epic poet of modern times. In point of priority, at least Ariosto and Tasso, as well as Milton and Voltaire, must yield the palm to the author of the *Lusiad*. And although Camoens is little read in the English language, not one of the other great poets mentioned has been more translated. There are five Latin translations of the *Lusiad*, six Italian, eight German, nine Spanish, three modern Greek, but only two English—as many as there are in the Russian ; and Mr. Adamson tells us, in his biography of the poet, that there is at least one Hebrew translation of it and two Persian. But ours contains not only the fewest of all modern languages, but also the worst. And here we have the secret of the neglect with which Camoens has hitherto been treated in England and America. He has been *traduced*, not *translated*. No other poet, ancient or modern, has fared worse in English hands. It is not, indeed, the true Iliad we have in Pope's translation, which is little better than a paraphrase ; but it is enriched with the most beautiful idioms of all the languages of Europe, and its versification is elegant and harmonious, approaching, in these respects, the wonderful original itself. Pope makes amends, in this way, for his want of fidelity ; but neither Fanshaw nor Mickle had the genius to do so in the case of the *Lusiad*. Both failed, because they were incompetent. Camoens appears to as little advantage in their versions, as would the Appolo Belvedere broken in pieces, and then patched together by unskilful hands. The public have no taste for works of this kind ; they will not buy them, but rather come to the conclusion that the original is not what it is represented to be. Many great authors have fallen into disrepute in this way ; and those competent to translate them correctly are apt to shrink from the task when they see what prejudices they have to contend against, and bear in mind the failure of those who had already made the attempt.

The first English translation of the *Lusiad* is that of Sir Richard Fanshaw, written during the usurpation of Cromwell. We have abundant evidence that Fanshaw was an accomplished scholar, and a skilful diplomatist. Probably none of his cotemporaries had a more familiar acquaintance with the Portuguese, "the eldest daughter of the Latin." But more than this was necessary. No one can translate a great poem who is not a poet himself. Fanshaw was, indeed, capable of writing agreeable verses ; but the poetic spirit he did not possess. Add to this the fact, that

as his biographer tells us, the *Lusiad* "fell with other of his manuscripts, during the unsettled times of our anarchy, into unskilful hands, and was printed and published without his consent or knowledge, and before he could give it his last finishing stroke," and it will not seem strange that it has many imperfections. Yet, it is better upon the whole, than the mere recent translation of Mickle—it contains fewer interpolations, alterations and omissions. This, however, is not high praise, since no translator has ever taken more liberties with his author than Mickle. On visiting Lisbon, soon after his version was published, he received every mark of consideration from the citizens ; but he had scarcely left, after a brief visit, when he was indignantly denounced as a mutilator of the national epic, and as the enemy, rather than the friend, of their beloved Camoens, of whom they are proud to say :

Vertere fas ; aequare nefas, aequabilis uni
Est sibi ; par nemo, nemo secundus erit.

Nor was he altogether guiltless of the charges thus preferred ; although no translator has praised his author more highly, or taken more pains to explain away all adverse criticism. But it was not for the admiration either of Camoens or the *Lusiad* he undertook the task from first. Of this we have sufficient evidence in his own language. He gives us to understand, plainly enough, that he regarded the whole affair in a utilitarian, or business point of view. The East India Company had begun to flourish ; it had already an immense dominion. The *Lusiad* being the epic poem of commerce, and having reference to the same Eastern empire, it was very properly deemed a suitable offering to that powerful oligarchy. Accordingly it was recommended by the translator ; and, not content with this, he wrote an elaborate defence of a chartered company possessing exclusive rights, accompanying it with a brief, but rather depreciating history of the Portuguese dominion in Asia. What he thought did not suit English ideas, was omitted in the poem, and its place was filled with what was likely to please the East India Company. To guard, as best he could, against the consequences of liberties so glaring, not to say discreditable, he says, among other similar things in his Dissertation, "Nor let the critic, if he finds the meaning of Camoens in some instances altered, *imagine that he has found a blunder*. It

was not to gratify the dull few, whose greatest pleasure in reading a translation is to see what the author exactly says ; it was to give a poem that might live, in the English language, which was the ambition of the translator." As well might a fourth-rate sculptor have attempted to make an English lion of the Jupiter of Phideas. But there were not many in England at the time, even among the critics, who had any knowledge of Portuguese. Upon the other hand, all had heard of the *Lusiad* as a great poem ; so that the grossest errors in the translation were likely to be passed over ; nay, praised, on the supposition that they were peculiarities of the author, which, for aught they knew, were regarded by those who understood the language, as positive beauties. At any rate, Mr. Mickle made no scruple to render the *Lusiad*, not anything like what it was in the original, but what it ought to have been, according to his own notions.

It were easy to give instances of alterations, additions and omissions in proof of this ; for they are to be met with, to a greater or less extent, in every canto throughout the work. But we must confine ourselves to one or two ; and those which first met our view, occur in the eighth and ninth cantos. In the original *Gama*, the Achilles of the *Lusiad* is made to seize on Hindoo merchants, as hostages, on the coast of Malabar, in order that the Portuguese, detained on the shores, might be released. The wives and children of the former entreat the native authorities to give the strangers their liberty ; and their petitions are heard by the Zamorim. But with the view of obviating similar detentions or arrests, on the part of the natives, *Gama*, in sailing from Calicut, retains some of the hostages, setting the rest at liberty. All this forms a highly interesting episode in the poem. It affords the author an opportunity of drawing a vivid and powerful sketch of the domestic affections. The anguish of the wives and children on the shore, at the prospect of seeing their husbands and fathers carried off, as they thought, into captivity, and the silent, manly grief of the latter, are portrayed with a masterly hand ; and although the whole picture is perfectly original, it reminds one of Homer more than any other passage to be found in a modern poet ; except what has been partly, if not wholly, borrowed. The Hindoos, pacing up and down the deck, without uttering a word, show that they do not feel the less for having swarthy faces, and the

eloquence imparted by the poet to this silence, is scarcely surpassed by that of Chryses in the first book of the Iliad, when, on failing to procure the release of his daughter from Agamemnon, he walks pensively along the shore.* Nor is this the only similarity between the two passages ; for Camoens, as well as Homer, makes his verse flow mournfully, so that it may correspond with the grief of the captives. But, almost incredible though it may appear, not a line of this appears in Mr. Mickle's translation. He deliberately suppresses the whole scene, and entirely alters the conclusion of the canto. Nor is he satisfied with this. The first seventeen stanzas of the succeeding poem are set aside in a similar manner, and in their stead we have nearly three hundred lines of Mickle's own, in which he gets up a battle between the natives and the Portuguese, causing the latter to destroy a large flotilla belonging to the former, and finally to bombard the city, about a century before gunpowder had ever been used in the art of war !

In other places he entirely alters the management of the poem. There is scarcely a finer episode in Homer or Virgil than the tale of Adamaston, the terrible spectre of the Cape, of which we shall presently speak more particularly. In the original, the frightful apparition is made to tell his own story ; but this did not please Mr. Mickle, who makes the King of Melinda tell it for him, as if some French translator of Shakespeare had put the words of the ghost in Hamlet into the mouth of Polonius !

The faults of Fanshaw are of a different character. He does not possess so much poetical ability as Mickle ; or rather he does not so well understand the knack of rhyme. Fanshaw was much better acquainted with the literature of Italy than with that of Portugal ; and he confounded the idioms of the former with those of the latter. The effect of this is often ludicrous ; for when Camoens is most serious and profound, the translator is apt to introduce a metaphor or comparison which is much more suitable for a farce than an epic. An instance or two, which are as many as we can give, will illustrate our meaning. Thus, Camoens says in sweetest numbers, and in tones of becoming gravity :

e o Sol ardente,
“ Queimava entam os deoses que Typheo,
Co’ o temor grande em peixes converteo.”

*βῆ δ' ἀκέων παρὰ Σίνα πολυφλοιόθοιο Σαλασσῆς. v. 34.

which is turned almost into burlesque, as follows :

“ ‘Twas in that month when *Sol the fishes fryes,*
To which fear’d Brontes turn’d two deities.”

There are few finer passages in the Lusiad than that in which Gama is made to describe a battle he has had with the Caffres. In the original, the description is lively and cheerful, but dignified ; but in the translation it degenerates into vulgarity. We transcribe a few lines, giving the original at the bottom of the page, so that those who understand Portuguese may be able to judge for themselves.*

“ A cloud of arrows and sharp stones they rain,
And hail upon us *without any stint* ;
Nor were these uttered to the air in vain,
For in this leg I there received a dint.
But we, as prickt with smart and with disdain
Made them a ready answer, so in print
That (I believe in earnest) with our raps
We made their heads as crimson as their caps.”

It is to Fanshaw the English reader must turn, however, for the best idea his language affords of the plan and character of the Lusiad. If he fails to reproduce the beauties of the original, it is not to gratify any oligarchy. He honestly does his best to do justice to his author, although he partly admits himself, in his dedication of the first edition to the Earl of Stafford, that his work is more English than Portuguese. He offers it to his lordship as a “treasure-trove which,” he says, “as to the second life, or rather being, it hath from me in the English tongue, is so truly a native of Yorkshire and holding of your lordship, that from the hour I began it to the end thereof, I slept not once out of these walls.” Certainly it was being rather than life he imparted to his version ; but, at the same time, it was sufficient to create such admiration for the Lusiad in the great and critical mind of Dr. Johnson, as to

* Da espessa nuvem settas e pedradas,
Chovem sobre nosoutros sem medida.
E nam foram as vento em vam deitadas,
Que esta perna trouxe, en de alli ferida.
Mas nos como pessoas magoadas
A respozta lhes denos tam crescida,
Que em mais que nos barretes se suspeita,
Que a cor vermatha levam desta feita.”

induce him to form the intention of translating it. Boswell tells us that he went so far as to render the two first cantos into English prose, preparatory to forming them into couplets, similar to those of his "Vanity of Human Wishes;" but that the labor and time required by his Dictionary and Lives of the Poets, forced him to relinquish the task; not, however, without strongly advising Goldsmith to undertake it, and offering him all possible assistance. Goldsmith had every disposition to gratify his illustrious friend, and actually commenced the translation. But he had already entered into arrangements with the booksellers for the translation of Buffon, and the compilation of his histories of England, Greece, and Rome; and his necessities left him no choice but to proceed with the latter, and defer his version of the Lusiad to another time—a time, unfortunately for the fame of Camoens and the cause of classic literature, never to arrive. Had the poem been lost a century since, and that we had not now a vestige of it left, from which we could form an estimate of its merits, the fact that it was so much admired, not only by Johnson and Goldsmith, but also by Milton, Pope, and Dryden, might well be regarded as satisfactory proof that it was a noble performance. But even Mickle gives sufficient of the beauties of the original to show this. Before we give any specimens, however, of the passages in which he has taken least liberties with the text, we will here take a brief glance at the machinery of the poem.

The action opens with a view of the Portuguese fleet in a prosperous gale, on the coast of Ethiopia. The deities of classical mythology are represented as in council, deliberating on the fate of the fleet, on which the fate of the eastern world depends. Meantime the crews, weary with struggling against the winds, long for a friendly harbor, where they might be able to rest, and get fresh provisions, if not money to send to their wives and children, who mourned at home for their absence, and the dangers to which they were exposed. The gods having fully discussed the probable results of an eastern empire, established by a western people, Jupiter, as president, declares that the Lusians shall be successful—a decision considerably influenced, if not brought about, by the eloquent pleadings of Venus, who assumes the office of protectress of the Portuguese; Mars interests himself in the same cause, and his chief duty is to prevent Jupiter, by fre-

quent intercessions, from altering his mind. On the opposite side we have Bacchus, as the evil demon of Mohamadanism, who, foreseeing the danger of his own empire and religion, does all in his power to destroy the fleet, and by means similar to those adopted by Juno against Æneas, he is on the point of succeeding, when the son of Maia leads the fleet into a safe harbor at Mozambique. Here they engage in battle with the natives, and on gaining the victory, they take a Moorish pilot on board, who tries to induce them to enter another harbor, in which their destruction would have been inevitable ; but they receive timely warning of the danger from celestial Venus. In all this the Lusiad resembles the Iliad and Æneid, especially the latter, without borrowing from either. As Virgil makes Æneas relate to Dido the cause of his voyage, the destruction of Troy, and blends the history of Rome up to his own time, with his narrative ; so does Camoens make Gama relate to the King of Melinda all that is interesting in the history of Portugal, including the circumstances which led to the expedition on which he was now embarked. The evil demon pursues the fleet everywhere. While crossing the Indian Ocean, he implores Neptune to raise one of his worst tempests. Nor does the god of the sea refuse ; but just as shipwreck begins to seem inevitable, Venus is introduced, under the appearance of the star bearing her name. She calls on her nymphs to still the tempest, as Juno calls on Eolus in the Æneid, the former, as well as the latter, promising marriage as the reward of compliance :

“ Thus every nymph her various lover chides ;
The silent winds are fettered by their brides ;
And to the goddess of celestial loves
Mild as her look and gentle as her doves,
In flowery beds are brought.”

While returning to Europe, after Gama had accomplished his purpose, the fleet is pursued by the demon the same as it was in its way to India ; and as there would be too much sameness in finding safe harbors again, Venus is made to form the celebrated Floating Island—a sort of Marine Paradise, intended to reward her heroes. The poet has been censured for this ; but it contains nothing more lascivious than is to be found in any of the other great poets, whether of ancient or modern times, not excepting Milton. After the goddess of the ocean gives her hand, and commits her empire to Gama, she conducts him to her palace, as Dido

does Æneas in similar circumstances ; but not an indelicate word is used by the former more than the latter. And be it observed, that it is to this enchanted island, or as it is more generally called the Island of Bliss, we are indebted for Tasso's enchanted gardens of Armida, the description of which forms one of the most delightful episodes of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*. But a much nobler fiction is that of the Spirit of the Cape, already referred to. In the original this is truly Homeric. Even in the diluted translation of Mickle, it rises to the true sublime. The poet uses great art in preparing the reader for the terribly startling incident which is to happen. The first intimation of the spectre is given thus :—

Beneath the glistening wave the god of day
 Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
 When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
 And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head
 A black cloud hovered ; nor appeared from far
 The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star ;
 So deep a gloom the louring vapor cast,
 Transfixt with awe the bravest stood agast,
 Meanwhile a hollow bursting roar resounds,
 As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds, &c.

Nothing in Homer is better calculated to fill the imagination than this. The description of the spectre, which follows, possesses an air of reality that excites horror—a feeling not a little increased, when the monster speaks and utters his awful predictions, until interrupted by Gama. No translation could do justice to this, a fact which it is particularly necessary to bear in mind in reading the following version.

I spoke, when rising through the darken'd air,
 Appall'd we saw an hideous phantom glare ;
 High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd,
 And thwart our way with sullen aspect lowr'd :
 An earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,
 Erect uprose his hairs of wither'd red ;
 Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
 Sharp and disjoin'd, his gnashing teeth's blue rows ;
 His haggard beard flow'd quivering on the wind,
 Revenge and horror in his mien combined ;
 His clouded front, by withering lightnings scared,
 The inward anguish of his soul declared.
 His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves
 Shot livid fires ; far echoing o'er the waves
 His voice resounded, as the cavern'd shore
 With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.

There is grandeur in every stage of the fiction. The daring tone in which the phantom is interrogated and questioned by Gama, is stamped with the genuine spirit of the heroic age.

What art thou, horrid form, that ridest the air?
By heaven's eternal light, stern fiend, declare!

All the incidents are perfectly in character and consistent with each other. There is no mingling of the terrible and ludicrous ; and finally we are told, that when the monster vanished—

The frightened billows gave a rolling swell,
And distant far prolong'd the dismal swell ;
Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud dispersing leaves the sky.

There is wonderful variety in the Lusiad ; undoubtedly more than in any other modern epic—nay more than there is in the *Aeneid*, and quite as much as there is in the *Iliad*. To, perhaps, not a few this will seem exaggeration ; but it is not the less strictly true. There would be no need for proof were the poem known in its true form. Since this cannot be until there is a new translation, a few explanatory facts are necessary. In the first place it is admitted on all hands, in every civilized country, that the genius of Camoens is of the highest order. It is equally known that a more enthusiastic patriot never lived, and that even among poets there has been no warmer admirer of the gentler sex, or one more susceptible of the gentle passion. Besides the literatures of Greece and Rome, with which his mind was deeply imbued, he knew all that was worth knowing in the literature of modern Italy—namely, the works of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and a few others. He admired the beauties of nature, and was fond of adventure ; and what he thought and felt, he did not shrink from expressing. He recognized no patron like either Virgil or Tasso ; he preferred to be poor and wretched rather than be a parasite. It was for no king or great lord that he tuned his lyre ; but for the glory of his country and for immortality, the noblest motives which can actuate the human mind. If he offers up the incense of praise, it is to beauty and virtue ; not to wealth and power ; and if he has complaints to make, it is the former, not the latter, he addresses ; as, for example, in that beautiful passage in the seventh canto, tolerably well rendered by Mickle, thus :—

Ye gentle nymphs of Tago's rosy bowers,
 Ah, see what letter'd patron-lords are yours !
 Dull as the herds that graze their flowery dales,
 To them in vain the injured muse bewails :
 No fostering care their barbarous hands bestow,
 Though to the muse their fairest fame they owe.
 Ah, cold may prove the future priest of fame
 Taught by my fate : Yet will I not disclaim
 Your smiles, ye muses of Mondego's shade,
 Be still my dearest joy your happy aid !
 And hear my vow ; Nor king, nor loftiest peer
Shall e'er from me the song of flattery hear ;
Nor crafty tyrant, who in office reigns,
Smiles on his king, and binds the land in chains ;
 His king's worst foe : Nor he whose raging ire,
 And gaging wants, to shape his course, conspire ;
 True to the clamours of the blinded crowd,
 Their changeful Proteus, insolent and loud.

With similar independence and love of truth he interweaves the history of his country with the narrative of the Lusiad, bestowing, indeed, full praise where praise is deserved, but equally ready to censure where censure is deserved. Nor does he spare the king more than the beggar. In describing the reign of Don John and Queen Leonora, he says :—

The burning fever of domestic rage,
 Now widely raved and marked the barbarous age ;
 Through every rank the headlong fury ran,
 And first red slaughter in the court began.
 Of spousal vows, and widow'd bed defiled,
 Loud fame the beauteous Leonore reviled,
 The adulterous noble in her presence bled,
 And torn with wounds, his numerous friends lay dead.

* * * * *

All holy ties the frantic transport braved,
 Nor sacred priesthood, nor the altar saved ;
 Thrown from a tower, like Hector's son of yore,
 The mitred head was dashed with brains and gore,
 Ghastly with scenes of death and mangled limbs,
 And black with clotted blood each pavement swims.

There is a melancholy pleasure in turning from the character of Leanora, to the tragic story of Ignez de Castro, as given in the form of an episode—a story which has afforded a subject for more

tragedies than any other to be found in modern history.* It is to this deeply pathetic episode in the Lusiad, we owe the beautiful tale of Olinda, as related by Tasso in his *Gerusalemme*. Thus, in Camoens, we have, here an allegory, or series of allegories ; there an historical sketch ; now a description, and anon a portraiture of manners and customs ; we turn from a description of a tempest to a picture of an Eastern landscape, which in turn is succeeded by one of female beauty and loveliness. In order to afford sufficient scope for all this variety, without violating the rules of epic poetry, the fleet is made to afford views of Asia, Africa, and America, as well as Europe ; so that the reader never wearies, always certain as he is that not more than a half dozen stanzas lie between him and some novelty that is to be found nowhere else. Every time the fleet enters a harbor, or even approaches the coast, people, unlike any ever met with before, present themselves and are described accordingly. Each of these descriptions has beauties peculiar to itself. The following extract, from the fourth book, will serve as a specimen :—

“ Here, various monsters of the wild were seen,
And birds of plumage, azure, scarlet, green :
Here, various herbs, and flowers of various bloom ;
There black as night the forest's horrid gloom,
Whose shaggy brakes, by human step untrod,
Darken'd the glaring lion's dread abode.
Here, as the monarch fix'd his wondering eyes,
Two hoary fathers from the streams arise ;
Their aspect rustic, yet a reverend grace
Appear'd majestic on their wrinkled face ;
Their tawny beards uncomb'd and sweepy long
Adown their knees in shaggy ringlets hung ;
From every lock the crystal drops distill,
And bathe their limbs as in a trickling rill ;
Gray wreaths of flowers, of fruitage, and of boughs,
Nameless in Europe, crown'd their furrow'd brows.
Bent o'er his staff, more silver'd o'er with years,
Worn with a longer way, the one appears,
Who now flow beckoning with his wither'd hand,
As now advanced before the king they stand.”

* Don Pedro, eldest son of King Alfonso the Fourth, had married Inez, a young and beautiful Castilian lady, unknown to his father. The secret was not discovered until she had three beautiful children ; when the nobles,

That a man like Camoens should have been persecuted and forced to drag out a miserable existence in the native country that he loved so well, is not strange. Such has ever been the fate of great thinkers, too proud of their divine gifts to fawn upon, or flatter the great. If Tasso suffered and wept, it was not for such noble independence as that which forms the most striking trait in the character of Camoens. The circumstances in which the two great epic poets were placed, in the commencement of their careers, had, however, a remarkable similarity. Camoens, as well as Tasso, was honored with court favor soon after he left the University of Coimbra, where he was educated. The author of the Lusiad, as well as the author of the Gerusalemme, was not only of an affectionate nature, but he aspired to love the highest and best in the land. To this dangerous ambition he added a tendency to satire. Neither was to be tolerated at the Royal court of Lisbon, and, accordingly, the too daring poet was banished. It was in vain he sought to move the hearts of the authors of his exile by sonnets and elegies, which, had he written nothing else, would have proved him a poet of no ordinary genius. The first effusion in which he laments his banishment, concludes as follows :

" Ye waves, transport the tears which now I weep,
Ye winds, upon your breezes waft my sighs
To where my long lost hopes of comfort sleep,
Where ye have borne the soul of her I prize."

jealous of the Spanish family of De Castro, revealed it to the king. Don Pedro was immediately sent for; but on being questioned he denied that there was any ground for the report. A conspiracy was at once formed against the life of the lady, in which the king joined. Taking three of his counsellors with him, he surprised Inez in her concealment while her husband was absent hunting. Suspecting his intent, she approached, pale and trembling, leading by the hand her three beautiful children; and throwing herself at his feet, implored for mercy. Her youth and loveliness, and the sight of his own grandchildren clinging to her for protection, softened his heart and he left without accomplishing his design. But being reproached by his companions with want of resolution, he bid themselves perform the deed; and in a few minutes her voice was silenced for ever. The rage of Don Pedro, on finding his unacknowledged wife a gory corpse before him, knew no bounds; and the terrible vengeance he executed on all the conspirators, save his father, gained him the title of Pedro the Cruel. An episode, for which Camoens had such materials as these, might well be supposed to possess a deep and touching pathos.

It would be needless, even if we had time and space for the task, to detail the adventures and misfortunes that chequered the life of Camoens, since there are few who take any interest in the struggles of genius, who are not already familiar with them. If what he has written were as well known as what he has suffered, perhaps no other epic poet—not excepting Milton—would be more read both in England and America. It will, therefore, be sufficient for our present purpose, to glance at an incident or two in his life, which show that in age, as well as in youth, he had just cause of complaint against the country whose greatest glory is to have produced such a man. The cause of his leaving Portugal is fully explained by himself, in a letter to a friend, which is still preserved in the Royal Library, at Lisbon. "When," he says, "I left that country, like one bound for another world, I sent all the hopes which, till then, I had nourished, to be hanged, with a cryer going before them, for utterers of false coin. I freed myself from these home thoughts, that there might not remain in me one stone upon another. The last words which I uttered were those of Scipio : *"Ingrata patria non possidebis ossa mea.* For, without an offence which could subject me to purgatory for three days, I have endured three thousand from ill tongues, worse intentions, and malignant wills, occasioned by pure envy." Though banished from court, he entertained no resentment against either the king or his ministers. Don John III. was just preparing an expedition against Africa ; and the poet joined it and distinguished himself in several battles, especially in a naval engagement with the Moors, in the Straits of Gibraltar, in which he lost his right eye, while attempting to board one of the enemy's vessels. The fame he had acquired in this way caused him to obtain permission to return to Lisbon, but only to be banished a second time for a renewal of his attentions to his beloved Donna Catharina. Nor was he less a soldier in India than in his native country, or in the Mediterranean.

But it is needless to follow him in the various expeditions in which he engaged and fought with his usual bravery. Nor is it necessary to notice his successful efforts in time of peace, to earn an independent livelihood. Suffice it to say that, however well he was prospering in India by his industry, always devoting his leisure hours to the great work of his life, he still yearned for his beloved Portugal ; and, in 1569, after an absence of sixteen

years, he returned to Lisbon. The King was so well pleased with his poem, that he gave him a pension, but though it was scarcely sufficient to procure him the necessaries of life, it was soon taken from him. So wretched a state was he in now, while the fame of the *Lusiad* had already extended to every part of Europe, that a faithful black servant, whom he had brought from Java, had to beg a morsel of bread for him after nightfall, through the streets of Lisbon. Finally, he had to take refuge in a charity hospital, where, according to Josepe Indio, a friar, who belonged to the institution, "he died without a shroud to cover him, after having triumphed in the East Indies, and sailed 5,500 leagues." It is worthy of remark, that Portugal has never been the same since. The poet himself felt that the once proud and generous spirit of the nation had passed away. In writing to his old friend Don Francisco de Almeyda, only one week before his death, he says : "The world shall witness how dearly I have loved my country. I have returned not merely to die in her bosom, but *to die with her!*"*

Such has been the fate of a man whom the greatest geniuses the world has produced, since his time, have been proud to honor. Tasso, who did not disdain to copy after so great a master in his *Gerusalemme Liberata*, addressed one of the noblest sonnets to be found in any language, to the hero of the *Lusiad*. The conclusion of which is but poorly rendered into English, as follows :

" Farther than thou didst sail his deathless song,
Shall bear the dazzling splendor of thy name ;
And under many a sky thy actions crown,
While time and fame together glide along."

Although Voltaire liked no one that wrote in favor of Christianity, and was jealous of the fame of Camoens, on account of the inferiority of his own *Henriade*, intended for an epic, he could not deny that the *Lusiad* was full of grandeur and sublimity. He says, of the episode of Ignes, that " We cannot find even in Virgil, the most correct and pathetic author of antiquity, an incident more touching or more perfectly described." The same critic concludes his description of the Spirit of the Cape with the admis-

* Veran todos que fuy tan aficionado a mi patria que, no solo bolvi para morir en ella, mas para morir con ella.

sion, "I believe that such a fiction would be thought noble and proper in all ages, and in all nations." This is high praise from one who, like Voltaire, scoffed at everything that contained any tinge of religion. The author of the *Henriade* is greatly amused because Gama, in a storm, addresses his prayers to Christ; but it is Venus who comes to his relief. In another part of his well known essay on the *Lusiad*, he says: "Bacchus et la Vierge Marie se trouverant tout naturellement ensemble." Montesquieu, a much honester critic, and one whose judgment was much less warped by prejudices, remarks, in his *Spirit of Laws*, that the *Lusiad* "combines the charms of the *Odysse* with the magnificence of the *Aeneid*."^{*} Nor is it alone the great thinkers of Southern Europe, who, besides the illustrious English authors already referred to, are thus enthusiastic in their admiration of Camoens. The Germans are more so, if possible. Frederick Schlegel, in his *History of Literature*, declares him superior to Tasso or Ariosto. "Uniformity appears," says that eminent critic, "to be well nigh inseparable from poetry that is essentially lyric; there is rather considerable beauty in the soft, elegiac tones which apostrophize those charms that appeal to the senses. The epic poet, on the other hand, must be more copious and varied. He must embrace a world of circumstances, the spirit of the past and present, *of his nation and of nature*. He must be skilled to touch each chord of human passion; his strain must not be monotonous. *In this epic richness, Camoens is far superior to Tasso*: in the grand heroic of the former, there are passages whose tender delicacy yields not to Tasso's choicest lines; his lay, though warmed by southern fancy, often breathes a loving plaint of sorrow, whilst the rapturous inspiration of the gentle passion elevates his verse to the dignity of a romantic epic. He blends the picturesque fulness of Ariosto with the musical enchantment of Tasso, and superadds the *earnest grandeur of that genuine heroic element* which Tasso longed for, but never attained. After what has been said, it may seem

* "Les Portugais naviguant sur l'océan Atlantique découvrirent la point la plus méridionale de l'Afrique; ils virent une vaste mer; elle porta aux Indes Orientales; leurs perils sur cette mer, et la deconverte de Mozambique, de Melinde, et de Calecut ont été chanté par le Camoens, dont le poème fait sentir quelque chose des charmes de l'*Odyssee*, et de la magnificence de l'*Enéide*." *Esprit du Loi*, Tome xxi, c. 21.

almost superfluous to add, that of those three great epic bards of the moderns—Ariosto, Camoens, Tasso—the palm of excellence is, in my estimation, due to the second.”*

No competent judge who has examined the poem, even through the medium of a good translation, such as the Germans, French, and Italians possess in their respective languages, can deny this, or indeed will have any disposition to do so. Is it not to be regretted, then, that we have not a good translation in English? Of no other great work can the same be said. No other modern language contains more or better translations than the English. In short the *Lusiad* is the only great production of human genius that has survived the ravages of time, or that may be found in any other dialect, of which the Anglo-Saxon does not possess a reliable version. Nor does this exception exist because English poets are incapable of doing justice to Camoens. There is no such obstacle in the way; nor has there been for the last century. The real cause is, that the subject of the *Lusiad* is the Discovery of India, and the establishment of an Eastern empire by Portuguese—an empire which has since become British. It is not strange that the English should not have any great relish for a poem which, however noble, grand and interesting in itself, gives all the glory of European conquest and civilization in India to the enterprising spirit, intelligence, and bravery of a people, whose language is still spoken throughout the whole of Hindostan, and to a much larger extent than their own. Our British kinsmen are as liberal and cosmopolitan in feeling as any other people in the world; but we should assume them to be more than human, did we expect them to admire, as its intrinsic merits deserve, a poem, every line of which is more or less suggestive of a comparison, by no means flattering, between Portuguese and British domination in the East. But it is otherwise with the people of this country, who have no prejudices in regard to India more than the Germans or Italians, but much less than the French, and who read more of the best English books than the English themselves.

Why, then, not have an American translation? Our poets are fully competent to do justice, not only to the great epic, but also

* Schlegel's Hist. of Literature, pp. 254-255.

to the author's lyrics, of which it has been truly said, that they possess "all the graceful and charming simplicity of the Grecian muse." Lord Strangford's bald, unmusical translation, is all we possess of those canzons, canzonets, madrigals and sonnets, which, in addition to their native sweetness, beauty and pathos, are enriched with the happiest fancies of Anacreon, Dante and Petrarch. A faithful version of each would undoubtedly be well received. Either Bryant or Longfellow could render the *Lusiad* so as to vindicate the fame of Camoens as a true epic poet ; while the author of "Woodman spare that Tree" could secure for the *chansons* an American popularity second only to his own songs.

ART. IV.—1. *Constitutional History of England*. By HENRY HAL-LAM. New York. 1851.

2. *History of England*. By DAVID HUME. Boston. 1857.

THE History of England, until the period of the American Revolution, is the history of our own ancestors. Authentic American history begins with the discovery and early settlement of our country, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. How dark would be the past, had we no historical records from beyond the seas, to tell us what, and who our ancestors were, and by what steps they had become the civilized, and in many instances, the learned and polished men who founded the American nation. Unlike the history of all other countries, which emerge from darkness and dim twilight into day, that of America at once opens into full light in a period of civilization. The arts of printing and of navigation, coeval with the downfall of a system which had held mankind in moral, as well as civil bondage, had dawned upon the world before the Western Continent opened its broad expanse as a new theatre for enterprise or ambition, and an asylum for those who had become wearied with religious intolerance and persecution.

Our annals do not lead us back to an obscure period and savage lineage ; but leaving the great-hearted, enlightened men, who feared not to encounter the hardships of a wilderness, and the ferocity of savage foes, to work with their hands and their heads to cultivate the soil, and to establish wise laws, we will go

to their and our fatherland and learn who were our British ancestors, and what, at a remote period, was the condition of the people from whom we claim descent. We cannot detach our views of England, from some consideration of the other portions of Great Britain. Scotland and Ireland, now integral parts of the British Empire, have ever, in their annals, been inseparably interwoven with English history.

The traveller, in Britain, meets with occasional relics of Roman architecture—in ancient walls and fortifications—enough to tell the story of Roman conquest, and yet so few and insignificant as to attest the fact, that Britain was to Rome but a trifling acquisition. Indeed, it appears that we have little reason to be proud of the character which the British barbarians maintained among the cultivated Byzantines and the polished Franks, who, according to ancient historians, regarded them with a kind of superstitious terror, as scarcely human in their characteristics. It is believed that St. Paul visited Britain, and introduced Christianity among the Druidical worshippers of the sanguinary Woden. On the conquest of this island, by the Anglo-Saxons, the name *England* first appears in history. Intercourse with other nations, civilization, and the spread of Christianity, followed in the train of this conquest.

In the ninth century, another branch of the Teutonic race, from the north of Europe, came down upon the coast of England, and fierce conflicts of the Danes and Anglo-Saxons were continued for a long course of time ; the latter suffering from their invaders the same outrages which, in former ages, their race had inflicted upon the conquered Celts. But the Danes and Anglo-Saxons, in England, at length became one people ; learning and religion began to revive ; then came the battle of Hastings, the crowning event of the Norman conquest, destined to change the manners, language, customs and laws of England. Scott, in his *Ivanhoe*, takes the period of Richard I., "affording," as he says, "a striking contrast betwixt the Saxons, by whom the soil was cultivated, and the Normans, who still reigned in it as conquerors, reluctant to mix with the vanquished, or acknowledge themselves of the same stock." In the first page of this brilliant work, we find an explanation of the internal state of England at this period, which gives a graphic picture of Saxon and Norman life, and in the dialogue of the Saxon Gurth, the swine herd of the Norman

Cedric, with the jester Wambo, the smothered hatred of the conquered for their masters, is expressed with the peculiar power of Scott.

For nearly two centuries the English seemed no longer to exist as a nation, so entirely were they subjugated by their powerful and oppressive masters. "The talents and virtues of the first six French kings," says Macaulay, "were a curse to England. The follies and vices of the seventh were her salvation." King John, a weak and vacillating monarch, being defeated abroad, was compelled at home to yield to his barons and sign a bill of rights, the *Magna Charta*, which has ever since been regarded as the bulwark of English liberty. "Here," says Macaulay, "commences the history of the English nation." The distinctions of races now began to disappear. For a long time it had been considered by the proud Norman a disgrace to be called an Englishman, but a century later the descendants of these men were proud to be called English.

It is not our purpose to dwell upon English history previous to the reign of the Stuarts; we shall briefly pass over the events which preceded the period of the seventeenth century. The brilliant reign of Elizabeth, the last of the Tudors, marks a distinguished epoch in the annals of the world. Great lights shone forth in the horizon of letters—English literature, at this period, assumed a dignity and importance which no succeeding age has eclipsed. The character of the great queen stands out in bold relief;—a sovereign who governed at home, and made her kingdom powerful abroad. It was the age of Spenser, Shakespeare, and "rare Ben Johnson," of good Roger Ascham, the "gallant Sir Philip Sydney," the learned and philosophical Hooker, and of the suggestive Beaumont and Fletcher—the two latter immortalized by the impulse given by their writings to the genius of others. To Sir Walter Raleigh, distinguished alike in literature and enterprise, our "Old Dominion" State owes its name, given "in honor of the Virgin Queen," and its origin as a colony. Lady Elizabeth Carew (or Carey) termed, in 1613, a "learned, virtuous, and truly noble lady," wrote tragedies in imitation of the Greek poets. The great queen, herself, was learned, and wrote well, both prose and poetry; in verses upon "my own feelings," she touchingly alludes to the restraint she is ever obliged to exercise over her emotions. "Some gentler passions slide into my mind,"

"I am soft and made of melting snow." The lion-hearted queen, "the woman-king," as Elizabeth has been called, had yet a woman's heart, and was moved by "gentler passions"—yet the circumstances of her condition turned the "melting snow" to ice, and the "gentler passions" became lost when absorbed by the indomitable obstinacy and ambition of her nature.

The translation of the Bible, which had been attempted by Wickliffe, was continued by Tindale, Miles Coverdale, John Rogers and Cranmer. Henry VIII. directed that the Bible should be read in every parish church in England, commanding the bishops to take care to see that this order was observed in their several jurisdictions. To James I., weak and contemptible though he was in many respects, belongs the honor of directing the great work of translating our present English Bible, which, under the charge of many of the most learned men of both the Scotch and English church, was carried forward to a most successful termination. Dr. Adam Clarke says: "They have not only made a standard translation, but have made this translation the standard of our language."

As we enter the seventeenth century, let us pause to consider the view presented by the kingdom so long governed by Elizabeth, with a strong and firm grasp, and seek to detect the latent causes of the civil wars and revolutions which distinguish the annals of her successors, the unfortunate Stuarts. It is not solely to the folly and imbecility of the son of Mary Stuart; the tyranny and unlawful exactions of her grandson, the first Charles; the licentiousness and outrages upon the laws of morality and decency of the second Charles; or the treachery and double-dealing of his brother, James II., that we may attribute the disturbances which caused the bloody death of one of the Stuarts, and the overthrow and final expulsion of the last of that unfortunate dynasty. In the history and developement of the human mind, the time has come for the germination of those principles of civil and religious liberty, which had been disseminated at the Reformation, and by the labors of succeeding philosophers, metaphysicians and divines. Even Elizabeth had met with rebuffs from parliament, when exceeding certain prescribed bounds, but with great sagacity, when she felt the check-rein, she stopped, and gracefully thanking her parliament for their wise caution, publicly congratulated herself that she had such prudent counselors.

Hooker, the great defender of the church against the innovations of the Puritans, stood forth as a champion for the "*Necessity and Majesty of Law*." "Of Law," he says, "there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God ; her voice the harmony of the world." He considers the uniformity of the laws of nature, as established by the Creator, the cause of all order and beauty, and that man is thus taught the necessity of law by the works of God. Hobbes asserted "the divine right of the sovereign" to the extent of the most perfect absolutism ; but the British Constitution did not acknowledge this. Since the thirteenth century, the germ of liberty, contained in the great Magna Charta, had lain in a degree dormant ; the light and warmth necessary to its full developement, sprang into vigorous action in the seventeenth century.

The mother of James I., the unfortunate Mary Stuart, was the grand-daughter of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., of England, and consequently cousin to Queen Elizabeth. Henry VIII., after divorcing his wife, Anne Boleyn, declared his daughter, Elizabeth, illegitimate ; this gave rise to the pretensions of Mary to the throne of England, which occasioned that cruelty towards her which must ever remain a blot upon the character of the great queen. The marriage of Mary with Lord Darnley, son of the Earl of Lenox, cousin alike to Elizabeth and Mary, united the only hereditary claim to the throne of England in the person of the son of Mary and Darnley, who was afterwards James VI. of Scotland, and James I. of England. Passing over the events connected with the history of Mary Stuart, we proceed to the accession of James to the throne of England. Elizabeth had, unwillingly, listened to any suggestions respecting her successor, but when death stared her in the face, she consented that the legitimate heir to the kingdom should be her successor. It was in the beginning of the seventeenth century, 1603, that the Scottish king was informed, by a hurried messenger from London, of the event he had been long expecting, that by the death of Elizabeth, he was now sovereign of England.

When the mother of James was a beautiful and accomplished woman, her son was obtuse in intellect and disagreeable in person. Portraits of him, taken in middle life, exhibit an expression of vacuity, while a certain owl-like staring of the eyes, with the contraction of the muscles about the mouth, indicate the desire to

seem wise and solemn, as we may suppose he looked when writing his famous "*Counterblast to Tobacco*." His vanity was inordinate. "Were I not a king," he said, in visiting the Bodleian Library, "I wald wish to be an university man." He had said to Tully, the prime minister of Louis XIV., who well appreciated the folly of the assertion, that for a long time previous to his accession to the throne of England, he had secretly governed the councils of Elizabeth, and managed her ministers at his will. Yet, in one sense, there was truth in this, for after the queen had become broken down in health and weak in intellect, and James of Scotland was looked upon as her successor, secret correspondence, from England, was carried on with him, and as we have remarked, his accession to the throne was announced to him at his palace in Holyrood-house, before the news of the queen's death was well known in England. Nothing in the character of James seems more abhorrent to humanity, than his supine acquiescence in the imprisonment and execution of his mother, and the hypocrisy with which he affected to mourn for a fate that he had done nothing to arrest. Such was the man who united, under one sovereign, the rival kingdoms of England and Scotland, terminating, for a season, the bloody national wars, which for many centuries had reddened the waters of the Tweed with the blood of the rival combatants. The wisest and the best of men would have found it a most difficult task to reconcile the prejudices which naturally existed between the Scottish and English subjects, and as James was neither very wise, nor very good, his reign was, from the first, disturbed by brawls and dissensions between his old and new subjects. The Scotch accused the king of ingratitude towards his former friends, and the English were jealous of partiality and favoritism towards his Scottish subjects.

Scott, in his "*Fortunes of Nigel*," brings before the reader in a graphic manner, the state of affairs in England at this time. Sir Walter was at heart a true Scotchman, and as such was naturally disposed to cast a veil over the worst traits in the character of James, so that under his pencil he amuses, as an eccentric pedant, wishing to do good, if he could accomplish it without personal sacrifices, ridiculous in his attempts at wit, and ludicrous in his solemnity. The interview between Heroot the goldsmith, and the king, is made the occasion of an introduction to his private cabinet, and his character. "It was a scene of confusion,

no bad representation of the state and quality of his own mind. Costly ornaments [and rare pictures covered with dust, were thrown about in a slovenly manner. Among the books with which his table was loaded, were huge folios upon Divinity, and light books of jest and ribaldry—miserable roundels and ballads, by the ‘Royal Prentice,’ as he styled himself in the art of poetry ; and schemes for the pacification of Europe, with a list of the king’s hounds, and remedies against canine madness.” Then follows a description of his grotesque dress, and ungainly person. “Such inconsistencies in dress and appointments,” says Scott, “were mere outward types of those which existed in the royal character ; rendering it a subject of doubt among his contemporaries, and bequeathing it as a problem to future historians. He was deeply learned, without possessing useful knowledge ; a big and bold asserter of his rights in words, yet one who tamely saw them trampled on in deeds. He was laborious in trifles, and a trifler when serious labor was required ; devout in his sentiments, and yet too often profane in his language. He was penurious respecting money which he had to give from his own hand, and unboundedly profuse of that which he did not see.” But in his own opinion his powers of discrimination in matters of justice and judgment were such, that in respect to wisdom, he was a second Solomon, and his flatterers failed not to liken him to the prophet Daniel. The pencil of Walter Scott gives us true pictures of the men and manners of the times which he describes, albeit the ground-work is of fiction. Macaulay and Scott, the Shakespeares of the seventeenth century, each in his own manner, has given to history a peculiar interest ; the one, by imparting to it the charms of romance ; the other, by adding to romance the sterling worth of genuine history.

Among the personages who played an important part in the reign of James I., was George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham. The king first saw him acting in a play with other students of Cambridge—struck with his beauty and grace, he made inquiries after him, and established him at court, where he soon obtained unbounded influence. The king attempted to improve the education of his favorite by superintending his studies, but the pupil soon became master in all but the name. The fascinating qualities of Buckingham, endeared him to some good and wise men, and we read of distinguished prelates evincing for him the most

affectionate interest, fond of being called by him, "my father," and proud of his love for them. The familiar name of *Steenie*, conferred upon his favorite by the king, is said to have originated in a blasphemous allusion to the passage in Acts, where it is said of St. Stephen, "All that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." The beauty of George Villiers was as little like that of St. Stephen as mere physical perfection, connected with moral depravity, is allied to the beauty of holiness, such as beamed forth from the angelic countenance of the first Christian martyr. The extravagance and luxury of the favorite, with the oppressions and exactions which, under his influence, the king authorized—the folly and infatuation of James (his "old dad," as he was pleased to be called by Buckingham,) respecting this unworthy minium, we shall pass over—are they not fully written in the chronicles of those times?

The death of James I., took place about the close of the first quarter of the seventeenth century. His last days are said, by historians, to have been spent in religious meditation, and preparation for death, under the influence of pious Protestant clergymen. His son Charles stood by him at the last moment. Dark surmises were rife that the Duke of Buckingham and his mother had poisoned the king—that they presumed, upon the experiment of using medicines not authorized by his physicians, was proved; but this is not considered by historians as proof that they designed to hasten his end. That Charles I. should have been suspected of being in the plot, in order to accelerate his accession to the throne, may be accounted for, from the fact that such imputations, whether with or without evidence, are too gratifying to the morbid love of the horrible which influences mankind in all ages. England, during the reign of James I., had sunk in the eyes of the world to at least a second-rate power. Scotland, though virtually maintaining her dignity in her association with England, had endured much humiliation. She was regarded rather in the light of a conquered province than an independent kingdom. Though she had given a king to England, it was in reality to be swallowed up in the superior importance of her former rival and enemy. Ireland had not even the show of independence or separate identity. The authority of England, in Ireland, was the supreme law in small as well as in large matters. But the Irish

had remained true to the Catholic faith ;—“The new feud of Protestant and Papist,” says Macaulay, “inflamed the old feud of Saxon and Celt.” If a man has an estate which has been for several generations in his family, it would be idle for him to distract himself with searching into ancient records, extending back to a period when all is misty and uncertain, in order to prove his title to his inheritance, or to satisfy himself through whose hands it had passed before it descended to his more immediate ancestors. He likes his home, it suits his wants ; let him be satisfied with it. So with our religion, if we find it what we need, good to live by and to die by, let us thank God for it, and cherish the vitality which it imparts to the soul, without burying this precious gem beneath the rubbish of the dark ages, in profitless attempts to establish the claims of our own particular branch of the church.

The Reformation, beginning with Wickliffe, and carried forward by Luther, Erasmus, Zuinglius, and Calvin, had made great progress in Germany, Switzerland, and in the north of Europe. But England did not at first embrace its principles until the licentious and unprincipled Henry VIII., quarrelling with the Pope, Clement VII., threw off the Papal jurisdiction, and obliged his clergy to declare him “Defender of the Faith.” Still he professed himself a Roman Catholic, only wishing to be Pope in his own kingdom. Under the short reign of his son, Edward VI., the principles of the Reformation, as taught by Calvin, were introduced, and the most violent excesses permitted, in destroying monastic libraries, and ancient manuscripts,—mutilating statues, and defacing pictures, desecrating churches and abbeys, and persecuting with merciless fury priests and monks. Then followed the cruel reign of his sister, “Bloody Mary,” who restored the authority of Rome, prohibited all the innovations of the Calvinists, and married a Catholic sovereign, Philip II., of Spain.

Under Elizabeth, the Anglican Church, with the Episcopal form of worship and government, was fully established. Horten’s “Church Polity,” and other learned treatises on religious doctrine and church rituals then published, are still regarded as sound guides and bulwarks of the Christian Faith. It was about this period that the terms High-Churchman and Tory were introduced into the English language,—the doctrines of Apostolic succession and the divine right of kings blended together into one and the

same creed. The tendency to become more strenuous as to certain rituals and forms, increased on the one hand in proportion to the disposition manifested by others to depart from all forms in religious worship, and to be guided wholly by spiritual influences. But inasmuch as the soul of man requires guards and checks, such license proves dangerous to fierce and obstinate natures ; hence the excesses of the Independents in the civil war which brought Charles I. to the scaffold.

The pencil of Vandyke has immortalized the noble lineaments of this ill-fated sovereign. A high intellectual brow, an eye indicating subjective thought, and a mouth where beauty is combined with firmness, the whole cast of countenance indicates pensiveness, if not actual sadness. Our impression respecting the portrait of Charles I., may be deepened by a knowledge of his fate. "Charles the Martyr," as he has been termed by his admirers, was in truth no common man, nor would he have been, if born in humble circumstances. His character and conduct are of course differently represented by historians, according to their own opinions respecting the great questions of absolutism or liberty, high-church prerogative, or religious toleration. We shall not attempt to enter upon these great questions which are still under discussion among the politicians and theologians of Europe ; for which Garibaldi is in arms in Italy, and which, like "leaven hid in meal," are upheaving the incumbent weight of arbitrary power in Russia and Turkey, nay, even in the Celestial and Japanese empires.

Henry, the eldest son of James I., called Prince of Wales, died young, leaving Charles heir to the crown. It is not strange that imagination loves to linger over the youth and early promise of Charles I. ; but history has a duty to perform. It is her province to unravel the tangled web of affairs which led to the unhappy events that signalize his restless life and tragic death. We have suggested some of the causes which led to these events, causes which, though in a degree latent during the reign of James I., were stimulated into action by the decided measures of Charles, who, rising in the supposed majesty of his divine right as sovereign, sought to put down by force what the drivelling James had merely deferred by his temporizing policy. The influence of Buckingham, who had been selected by his father for his guide and companion, proved in the outset of his public life most un-

fortunate for Charles, leading him into a romantic and fruitless expedition to Spain, to sue personally for the hand of the Infanta, contrary to all the forms of Royal etiquette ; and afterwards urging him into measures which were most distasteful to his subjects. Although it is said that the visit of Charles to Spain caused him to detest Popery more than ever before, and that there were objections to the Spanish marriage, on the ground of the Romish religion, yet such did not prevent his alliance with Henrietta Maria, of France, third daughter of Henry the Great, and sister of Louis XIII., reigning King of France. Pledges were secretly given by James, and supposed to be known and sanctioned by Charles, that the children of this marriage should be educated in the Roman Catholic faith. Thus it was, that the two sons, Charles II., and James II., were secretly of this religion, while England claimed to be a Protestant country, and was jealous of any leaning towards Popery, or indulgence shown to its adherents.

The attempt to break down the kirk and Covenanters in Scotland, and force upon the Scots the Episcopal form of religion, caused revolt and war in that quarter. Arbitrary and high-handed measures, with the parliament in England, awoke the slumbering spirit of opposition, and Charles became surrounded with difficulties at home and abroad.

The Spanish war terminated in disgrace ; a war with France, into which Charles was plunged, to gratify the private resentment of Buckingham, and a disastrous expedition to assist the Huguenots of Rochelle, all tended to fill up the measure of popular discontent. The doctrine of passive obedience to the king, injudiciously insisted upon by Laud, then Bishop of London, and others, met with determined hostility from the Commons and people at large. By the assassination of Buckingham, Charles was freed from an unhappy influence, to which may be traced many of his misfortunes ; but it was too late to restore public confidence, though Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, who was made minister, succeeded partially in doing so. But new unconstitutional exactions for obtaining money, and continued persecutions of the Puritans, kept alive the spirit of resistance. Strafford, in the beginning of his public career, had favored the cause of the opposition, consequently he was an object of especial abhorrence to the parliamentary reformers. By Pym, Cromwell, and others of that stamp, he was denounced as the most dangerous man in England. He was

impeached and tried before the House of Lords as a traitor to his country, as seeking to establish despotism in England, and enslave the law by military force. The dignity of his appearance in his defence, his cool and well-arranged arguments, and thrilling appeal to the compassion of his peers, as a husband and father, are still regarded as models of eloquence. But his fate was pre-determined, and contrary to the solemn promise of the king, that he should not, for his devotion to him, "suffer in life, honor, or fortune," Strafford was condemned and executed. Charles, forced to sign the order for his execution, exclaimed : " My Lord of Strafford's condition is more enviable than mine." Three years after this event, Archbishop Laud, then over seventy years of age, was tried, and condemned to die. Strafford had contended for the superiority of the king over the constitution ; Laud had sought to subject to episcopacy alike the church of Scotland and the sectaries of England. To exalt and aggrandize the church, he had resorted to the most cruel persecutions and appalling severities. Strafford, when Lord-Deputy of Ireland, in a curious correspondence with this primate, who had complained of being checked in his high-handed measures, by legal restraints, replies : " I know no reason but you may as well rule the common lawyers in England as I, poor beagle, do here" (in Ireland) ; " and yet what I do I will do, in all that concerns my master, even at the peril of my head." But even the most partial historians of the opposition, or rebel party, as the liberals in those days were called, blush and falter when they come to the bloody acts which crowned their opposition to monarchical and ecclesiastical usurpation. Such, indeed, seems to be the tendency of the human mind, in the rebound from one set of evils, to pass over the line of moderation and conservatism. Hallam, in his constitutional history, though in general an apologist for the popular party, says of the violent death of Archbishop Laud : " Though he had amply merited punishment for his abuse of power, his execution, at the age of seventy, without the slightest pretence of political necessity, was a far more unjustifiable instance of it than any that was alleged against him."

The battles of Marston-Moor and of Naseby, established the power of Cromwell and his friends. Charles I. having thrown himself upon the protection of the Scottish army, was sold to the Court of Commissioners, who held him as their prisoner, occasion-

ally removing him from place to place, as policy dictated. The collection of original letters to be found in Vaughan's "Protectorate of Cromwell," and Carey's "Great Civil War," give a picture of those times true to nature ; the men who are appointed to guard the king's person are most minute in their reports to the Commissioners, most cautious as to exceeding their powers in granting him any indulgences, as whether he shall be allowed the attendance of his chaplains, whether he may drive or walk out under suitable guard, whether he may be permitted to write any letters to his wife and children, etc. We sympathize with the royal sufferer under this tyranny, and are ready to ask his conquerors to put an end to his sufferings ; and this they did, on the 30th of January, 1649, after a trial before a special court appointed for the purpose, on the charge of high treason against the liberties of the people.

Those in New England who are now advancing into years, may remember of hearing, in their childhood, whispers of the "regicide judges" Goffe and Whalley, who, after the restoration of the Stuarts, fled thither, and lived in mysterious secrecy, among the descendants of those Puritans who, doubtless, thought that, in condemning Charles I. to die, his judges acted a just and noble part. But looking back through the vista of time, we see that tragedy as a dark spot upon English history. Whether we regard the victim as a martyr, for the cause of the church, and the rights of the sovereign, or as a misguided man, led by circumstances to act contrary to the dictates of his own principles ; yielding to "necessity" as an excuse for violating his solemn engagements ; and disappointing his devoted friends by acts in opposition to his professions, we deplore his unhappy fate, and pity the infatuated subjects who imagined themselves fulfilling a duty in their regicidal act. Cromwell, it is said, ever regarded with horror the fate of the king, even to the degree of a monomania, which at times possessed him. Scott has availed himself of this historical fact in the scene between Wildrake and the Protector, in the first volume of Woodstock, when a sight of King Charles's portrait brings the spell upon Cromwell.

We linger over this part of our subject ; the first half of the seventeenth century is closing with the death of the king. Volumes have been written upon the events which cluster around this period, important in themselves, and as the germs of succeeding

events. The persecution of the Puritans drove them to the New World, which was waiting for the hand of cultivation, and for the influence of the Christian religion. True, this religion had been abased by the corrupt and evil passions of man, but it was nevertheless the only agent upon earth which could restrain and purify those passions. In the land of the heathen, worshippers of Christ gathered themselves together, and sought to worship God in simplicity and truth, far away from the persecutions and formalities which had driven them from their native land. Alas ! could they in turn become persecutors ? Let the history of the Separatists and Quakers, who sprang up among the stern Puritans of New England, answer the question. A wonderful man was Cromwell. We look at different likenesses, taken at various periods of his eventful career ; one shows a man of middle age—grave even to serenity, and essentially wanting in refinement of character. It was about the period when he had, through John Hampden's influence, obtained a seat in parliament. "One day," says the biographer of Hampden, "meeting with Lord Digby going down the parliament stairs, 'Pray,' said his lordship, 'who is that sloven, for I see he is on our side, by his speaking so warmly to-day.' 'That sloven,' said Hampden, 'who hath no ornament in his speech ; that sloven, I say, if he should ever come to a breach with the king, which, God forbid ! in such a case, I say, that sloven will be the greatest man in England.'" We see, in another portrait of Cromwell (dating 1658), that change in countenance and bearing which success, the habit of commanding, and a consciousness of high station, often make in physiognomy, as well as manners. The Protector, clad in robes of purple, lined with ermine, with a sceptre in his hand, receiving homage of foreign ambassadors and the highest dignitaries, with his lofty, intellectual forehead, and deep searching eye, has little the appearance of the "sloven," with uncombed locks, and an air of perfect disregard to what may be thought of him by others. Few persons have been more vilified by enemies, and extolled by friends, than Oliver Cromwell. He wished to emigrate to America, but was kept back by the interference of that government of whose overthrow he was destined to be the chief instrument. In quiet times he would, doubtless, have proved a good citizen, yielding loyal obedience to just laws ; so much are the characters of men formed by the circumstances which surround them.

Cromwell's reign, as virtual King of England, under the name of Protector, was short ; he died on the anniversaries of the battles of Worcester and Dunbar, the former eight, and the latter seven years before. Richard, his son, an amiable man, of ordinary capacity, was appointed to the Protectorate, but soon resigned its cares, conscious of his inability for the office, and unambitious of its dignity. England, preferring actual, to feigned royalty (for Cromwell's government had been virtually despotic), gladly made use of the agency of General Monk (afterwards known as the Duke of Albemarle), to restore the Stuart dynasty, and Charles II. was recalled from Holland to ascend the throne.

Charles II., soon after his birth, was declared Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. His father's troubles were familiar to him from early life. At the age of fourteen (1674) he parted, for the last time, with Charles I., then a prisoner at Oxford. The success and power of the enemies of the Stuarts in England, rendered foreign nations cautious in respect to harboring the scattered members of the outcast royal family. The Dutch, or "States Government," and the French court, had feared that the residence among them, of the exiled heir to the English crown, would involve them in difficulties with England. The Scots, disliking the English Independents, and appalled at their regicidal act, proclaimed the son of Charles I. king, and invited him to Scotland. Before he was allowed to land, he was compelled to sign the Covenant. A severe course of fasting, and other religious duties, were required of him, as a means of purifying him from all Romish taint and youthful follies. According to Burnet, he was obliged to hear from six to nine sermons in a day. His parents were denounced in his presence, "the one as a bloody tyrant, the other as an infamous idolatress." It would seem that Charles, at this period, actually put more restraint upon his volatile and pleasure-loving temperament, than at any other period of his life, since the rigid Scotch clergy actually spoke of him as "a child of grace;" and, after the defeat of the royalist force at Dunbar, one of the ministers, according to history, in his sermon at Stirling, said : "If his Majesty's heart were as upright as David's, God would no more pardon the sins of his father's house for his sake, than he did the sins of the house of Judah for the goodness of holy Josiah."

At the battle of Worcester, Charles and Cromwell commanded

the respective armies of the royalists (malignants, as they were termed by their opponents) and the parliament force. The king fought bravely, having two horses shot under him ; but the Scottish highlanders, unsupported by their lowland allies, were forced to give way, and Charles reluctantly fled from the field of battle. In Woodstock, Scott has taken for the period of his story, that which succeeded the defeat of Charles at Worcester. Woodstock, now a small village, was once a kingly fortress, abounding in secret subterraneous passages and labyrinths, one of which was "Fair Rosamond's Bower."

The ample materials for the history of England in the seventeenth century are greatly enriched by the Memoirs of John Evelyn and Samuel Pepys ; we find in them living pictures of the period in which they lived. We can do little more than refer our readers to them as interesting and authentic sources of history. Evelyn, though of noble lineage, attached to monarchy and to the doctrines and worship of the Episcopal church, in which he was educated, was averse to the absolutism of kings, and religious intolerance. He is one whose acquaintance we like, and we follow his private memoirs and journal in the belief that we are in good company. We confide in what he tells us, and in his candor have a pledge that our judgment, in respect to persons and events, will not be blinded by his prepossessions or prejudices. As a man of science and literature in the seventeenth century, John Evelyn holds a respectable rank. Horace Walpole says of him : "His life, which was extended to eighty six years, was a course of inquiry, study, curiosity, instruction, and benevolence. The works of the Creator, and the minute labors of the creature, were all objects of his pursuit. He wrote, in defence of active life, against Sir George Mackenzie's 'Essay on Solitude.' He knew that retirement in his own hands was industry and benefit to mankind ; but in those of others, laziness and inutility." Evelyn was, in early life, a companion of Charles II. and James II., when they were exiles in Paris ; happy would it have been for England, if those princes had resembled him in character. "At the age of seventeen, or in 1637," he says : "I first received the blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the college chapel ; and at this term was the church of England in her greatest splendor, all things decent and becoming the peace, and the persons that governed." A few months after this, as Evelyn records, "was the

fatal year wherein the rebellious Scots opposed the king in respect to some new ceremonies and the book of Common Prayer, and madly began our confusions, and their own destruction, too, as it proved in the event." Thus does the faithful chronicler interweave, with his own private history, the great public events of his day.

Pepys, who kept his journal in a cypher, the key to which, for many years, was undiscovered, expressed himself freely in respect to all the affairs of court, with which, for many years, he was intimately connected by his office as clerk, afterwards Secretary of the Admiralty. Both writers rejoice at the restoration of the Stuarts in the person of Charles II., after the mysterious movements of General Monk had culminated in the *coup d'etat* of inducing parliament to invite their hereditary sovereign from foreign parts to ascend his father's throne. He was received with enthusiastic acclamations ; never was king surrounded with greater encouragements to act wisely and virtuously, never did one more sadly disappoint public hope and expectation. His past poverty and humiliations, it was supposed, would have prepared him to reign with sobriety and moderation. But his licentious career renders the history of his court offensive alike to purity and principle. A second Buckingham had succeeded as his favorite, with greater vices and fewer virtues than his father, but no less attractive and fascinating. He had shared the misfortunes of Charles ; in Scotland, they had together, hypocritically, listened to the prayers and preaching of the ministers of the "Covenant," while in private he and the prince ridiculed and reviled the vigils, fastings, and worship, injudiciously, indeed, imposed upon them. Charles II. gave himself up to pleasure, under the most objectionable and debasing forms. His wit, fascinating manners, and amiable disposition, are light in the balance when weighed against the gross vices that disgraced him in the eyes of his court and nation. To a man of purity, principle, and refinement, like John Evelyn, loyal as he was at heart, the court of Charles II. afforded little to attract, but much that was repulsive and excited his honest indignation. Pepys, a man of far different stamp, evidently shows, in the progress of his diary, that he was becoming lenient to the vices he saw practised by the great, that the power of evil examples and influence in high places wrought, in a degree, against his better principles. But he was too humble to be needed by Charles as a panderer to his vices ; as an assistant to

the Duke of York, Lord of the Admiralty Court, Pepys labored in his vocation of clerk. He made himself necessary to the Duke, and was taken into his especial confidence. The artful character of James II. appears in his dealings with his clerk, who prepares papers for him, which he produces as his own labors, professing to have detected frauds upon the government, in affairs under his jurisdiction, which his no less cunning clerk had pointed out to him, and thus obtaining unmerited credit for application to business and shrewdness of observation. At the death of Charles II., the Duke of York, under the title of James II., was proclaimed king. His short and unhappy reign was marked by attempts to establish Popery in England, and by inroads upon the constitution. He appears to have been infatuated with the idea that he could force his subjects to comply with his measures. The fate of his father seemed to have no influence in warning him against attempts similar to those which had resulted in the downfall of Charles I.

We find history giving contradictory accounts of actions, according to the light in which the writers may regard them. Hume, Macaulay and others, are severe in their strictures upon the conduct and character of James II. The following epitome of his reign is quoted from a Roman Catholic writer :—"James II., by granting universal liberty of conscience in his kingdom, and endeavoring, in particular, to do justice to the hitherto oppressed Catholics, whose religion he had embraced, incurred the aversion of his other subjects. Seeing himself betrayed, and almost universally abandoned, while his son-in-law, the famous William of Orange, advanced to dethrone him, he fled and sought refuge in France."*

One of the important events of the reign of James II., was the insurrection headed by the Duke of Monmouth, an illegitimate son of Charles II., and a favorite of his father and of the nation. But Charles, to satisfy the murmurings of his brother, then Duke of York, had declared the illegitimacy of this son, who for a season seemed to have no pretensions to the throne ; but after the accession of James II., the discontents of his subjects being spread abroad, Monmouth, seconded, by the exiled English in foreign

* Modern History. By Peter Fredet. Professor of History in St. Mary's College. Baltimore. 1843.

courts, especially by Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyle, (head of the great clan of the Campbells, and known among Highlanders by the formidable name of MacCallum More,) attempted a revolution, and were defeated by the forces of the King. This was the last battle on English ground which history records ; Monmouth, fleeing for the sea-coast, that he might leave the kingdom, was taken prisoner, and condemned to death. Again, a Stuart's head is laid upon the executioner's block, and by order of a near relative—the grandson of that James who had so readily forgiven Queen Elizabeth for her cruelty to his mother.

The king said to one of Monmouth's adherents, when vainly urging him to make disclosures of the secrets of the party, "Do you not know that I have *power* to pardon you?" "Yes, but it is not in your *nature*," was the fearless answer. The notorious Judge Jeffries, a man of low origin, raised by James II. to the rank of peer, and afterwards Lord Chancellor, appears as a dark blot upon the page of history. There are contradictory accounts as to the king's approval of the unjust and bloody acts of this bad man, who, when dying, declared to his attendant clergyman, "that his barbarities had been enacted by express orders of the king, and furthermore," said Jeffries, "I was not half bloody enough for him that sent me hither."

On the birth of a son, called James, declared Prince of Wales, (known in history as the Chevalier St. George) James II. braved public sentiment at home, in requesting the Pope to become sponsor, by proxy, at the baptism of the child, which was done with great pomp, amid all the ceremonials of the Church of Rome. We would not censure James for adhering to the religious faith in which he had been trained, though unhappily with a mystery and duplicity which, with religion, penetrated into his soul and rendered him insincere and hypocritical—but he owed something to the prejudices, if we may so say, of the people he governed.

The English, becoming wholly alienated from their king, parliament secretly corresponded with William, Prince of Orange, and Mary, his wife, the daughter of James II., and invited them to invade the kingdom with an armed force, assuring them of the co-operation of the government and army to place them upon the throne. The cowardice of James proved equal to his tyranny and cruelty, and after some attempts at defence, and causing mass for some days to be carried in procession, he fled the kingdom,

seeking an asylum in France. On a tempestuous night, when the exiled king embarked on the river, to find a foreign vessel, his daughters, Mary and Anne, appeared in public decorated, with orange ribbons. The Roman Catholic friends of James, the Pope, the King of France, and his last wife, Mary of Modena, had all remonstrated with him upon his violent measures, and bold defiance of the public sentiment, and constitutional laws of England. His downfall did not, therefore, cause much surprise abroad. Invasions of England, to recover his throne, were planned by James. The famous battle of the Boyne, in Ireland, was a contest for him by his friends, whom he deserted in their defeat, withdrawing secretly into France.

At his little court, at St. Germains, James spent the remainder of his life, and as is said, virtuously and piously, living sparingly upon a small pension allowed him by the French king. The intercourse between Louis XIV. and the dethroned and banished monarch, affords to the reader of history, pleasant and instructive passages. In *Memoirs of King James*, by the Duchess of Orleans, it is said "he died with resignation and without bigotry, thus in a different manner from what he lived."

The Prince of Orange, though receiving the crown in right of his wife, as the successor of her father, was in effect sovereign, except that the name of Mary was associated with his. Burnet says, "her admirable temper made her acquiesce in this exclusion from power, which the sterner character of her husband demanded." "Such," says Hallam, "was the termination of that contest which the house of Stuart had obstinately maintained against the liberties, and of late against the religion of England. * * But since the revolution of 1688, it seems equally just to say, that the predominating character has been aristocratical. * * No part of our history, perhaps, is read upon the whole with less satisfaction than the thirteen years in which William III. sat upon his elective throne." It is very easy to imagine that, amidst all the confused elements of broken parties and contending opinions, and after so many revolutions as had agitated the kingdom, that the new sovereign should have found it difficult to satisfy all claims and expectations. The Tories, the Jacobites, and the High-Church party attempted, from time to time, to gather forces and oppose the sovereign, whom they considered as a usurper. But the Revolution gradually ceased to agitate men's minds. The

majority of the nation sustained William III., and regarded Queen Mary with respect and loyalty.

The character of William appears not without its faults ; among the chief is the ambition to govern arbitrarily at home, and to extend the terror of his arms to distant countries. He showed a jealousy towards the infant Colonies in America, kindled the flames of a war, which caused Canadians and Indians to unite in the work of conflagration and slaughter, in a contest with English forces, composed of troops from abroad, and the emigrant settlers in the British colonies. This was called "King William's war;" it was attended with the burning of settlements and with all the cruelties of Indian warfare. The last sovereign of the Stuart dynasty, was Queen Anne, second daughter of James II. Her reign was short (she died in 1713,) but rendered glorious by the victories of her great General, the Duke of Marlborough, over the disciplined armies of France, under Louis XIV. James II. on his death-bed at St. Germain, appointed his son James as his successor ; Louis XIV. solemnly promising to maintain his claim to the throne of England. This laid the foundation for new disturbances and wars. The Scottish Highlanders, ever loyal to the Stuarts, united as allies with the forces of the French king to support James VII. of Scotland, and James III. of England, as he was, by his friends, called. But the movement was unsuccessful ; the French fleet which had been sent with James, returned without coming to any engagement, carrying back the aspirant for the throne, and thus ended the revolutionary attempts of 1715.

The son of James, Charles Edward, called the Pretender, stirred up another insurrection in 1745. The story of Scott's Waverly, is founded upon the movement made by the Highlanders in his favor. Fergus MacIva and his sister Flora, being sworn friends of the Prince, who is personally introduced to the hero of Waverly, and by his engaging manners induces him to join the forces, with which it was vainly hoped the Hanoverian succession might be overthrown. In "Red Gauntlet," the author describes the Jacobite conspiracy of 1745, and the battle of Culloden, which forever put to rest the pretensions of the Stuarts to the throne of England.

The Jacobite feeling long remained powerful both in England and Scotland, and it became a matter of conventional courtesy, in polite society, to avoid the use of the term "*Pretender*," as

offensive to the adherents of the Stuarts, who for some time forbore to apply the name "*King*" to the Hanoverian sovereigns—the Jacobite clergy praying for "those in authority," instead of using the authorized petitions for "the king and all members of the royal family."

While England was thus a prey to internal faction and civil war, disturbed by divided councils in her parliament, and contending for religious creeds and forms of worship, a new nation arose in America, as the fruit of religious persecution; loyal as British colonists until driven by oppression to assume independence, with the motto upon its national escutcheon, "United we stand, divided we fall." Though America sought not to rend asunder the ties which bound her to the parent country, the time had come for separation. She was strong and powerful, with vast territories, divided by an ocean from Europe;—with a just cause and *expediency* on her side, the separation or secession from England was a wise measure.

ART. V.—1 *History of the Inductive Sciences, from the Earliest to the Present Time.* By WILLIAM WHEWELL, D.D. In two volumes. New York : 1858.

2. *Paleontology, or a Systematic Summary of Extinct Animals, and their Geological Relations.* By RICHARD OWEN. Edinburgh : 1860.
3. *Principles of Human Physiology, with their Chief Applications to Psychology, etc.* By W.M. B. CARPENTER, M.D., F.R.S. Edited by F. G. SMITH, M.D. Philadelphia : 1860.
4. *A Manual of Human Microscopic Anatomy.* By A. KOLLIKER. London : 1860.
5. *On the Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection ; or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life.* By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A. London : 1859.

From the earliest recorded life of man on our globe, to the present, there has been a gradual enlarging, but usually slow and silent, and not always continuous, of the boundaries and scope of human thought. Sometimes a single grand step is taken that ever after marks an epoch; oftener, the steps are numerous, and, individually, of trifling magnitude. We shall discover this broadening of the known and the probable in the provinces of

space, time, cause, system ; and in that of expression, which reports and chronicles all the rest. In and of themselves, all concerns of a race of jelly-fishes would rightly be conceded trivial enough. But man's real difference from the jelly-fish comes by an endowment of rational mind, and of an organization such as this mind necessitates. In truth, therefore, all history of man comes to be of interest only as constituting a history of the mind in man. And this, if we have judged aright, is a story of repeated widenings, away on every side, liftings farther up, and thrustings deeper down, of the veil of shadows dividing, for each of us, the absolutely unknown from the known. Suppose an adult human being, but as yet wholly destitute of knowledge, brought from some home in distant space—it would be easier in mythological times, than at present, to devise *how*—and in a night of darkness, starless and thick, set down on some hill-top, from which day reveals a wide circuit, embracing woodland and glebe, hamlet and city, river, bay, and ocean. His sensations inform the new-comer of the surface he rests on, and the space occupied by himself. This is the limit of his conception and thought. Let, now, the dark cloud open above him, and roll away. The starry host look down on him, apparently from a solid dome of faint azure hue. He reaches up : neither the scintillating points nor the cerulean arch meet his touch. But he has no reason to think them very remote—it may be they are several times his own height above his head. He accidentally puts out his hand, and explores a little space about him. Himself, that small canopy studded with brilliants, and that meagre plat of ground, are now his slightly enlarged universe.

At length, twilight peeps out in the east ; and her first rays variously bent and reflected by the atmosphere, begin faintly to light the earth's surface, and first of all the hill-tops. No experience has taught him to turn and look for the source of the change ; but now he begins to see about him. One spot or object after another, farther and farther away, then down the hill-slopes and out on the plain, comes into view. We will imagine that, at least to the child's limit, our stranger's judgment of distances, as determined by intervening objects on the earth, keeps pace with the successive presentation of them. Thus, gradually, in the growing light, this clump of bushes, those cattle, yonder dwellings, and then the city, bay, ocean, and remote forests, acquire to his

perception individuality and place. And now, though the stars have faded out, the sun rises, flooding the scene with light ; the circle of the horizon lies defined around him ; and while at this, as at a common rim, the earth and sky apparently meet, yet to his vision they also stand dissevered, forming the larger limits of his prospect, and necessarily of his thought.

Certainly analagous to this imaginary course of enlarging idea, has been the intellectual experience and growth of man on our planet. We will not, however, urge the parallel farther. We leave our supposed stranger, in fact, at the very point to which the judgment of the first matured man must have attained. The latter had pushed away the surrounding walls so far, and had seen them shifting about him as he went fleetly over the sward ; but just so far off they continued, nevertheless, to hang, fixed and impenetrable. From a universe of such calibre as we have now determined, the enlarging thought of the race was to begin. For we have little reason to believe that our first matured observer could discern farther or more deeply in the social or moral, than in the physical field, of the wonderfully complex being he had entered upon.

Lucian records the popular, or, at least, the generally received, earlier notion of the space above the earth, and by implication, too, the standard of moral conceptions, of a race of as active minds, even, as were the Greeks. The firmament, or concave of heaven was of brass ; and one who crept under its edge, getting on the upper side, would have the light of a purer sun, and of more brilliant stars, and walk on a pavement of gold. Passing the hours, who were the gate-keepers, next the Jovian messengers, and lastly the smithery of Vulcan, he would come to the seats of the greater deities, who filled up the time they had to spare from earthly amours and "pickles" of various names, with devouring ambrosia, making themselves drunken with nectar, and snuffing the grateful ascending smoke of burnt sacrifices.

Moses did not essay to teach the Israelites physics or cosmogony, which they must have failed to comprehend. So, in the language of child-thought, he speaks to them thus, of the visible sky : "And God made the *firmament*, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament : and it was so. And God called the firmament heaven." Yet it was *in* this firmament, and beneath the upper floods of

waters, that the luminaries of the day and night were "*set*." Geographically, the early Jews knew of the land stretching from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, and also of Egypt; but little beyond these. The Phœnicians, b. c. 1000, had coasted the Mediterranean and the Euxine Seas; but the popular belief still ran to the effect, that whoever sailed beyond the pillars of Hercules, had left the order and law of the habitable earth behind him, and must wander hopelessly and perish. Rough maritime experience, or sheer love of adventure, disabused the Phoenician and Carthaginian mind first of these fables; or, rather, enabled these intrepid leaders to push away the fatal limit of natural order, South, to Cape Bojador, and then to the Guinea coast, North, to Britain, and then to where Pytheas fixed the Ultima Thule of the philosophers, either at Iceland or the extreme north point of the present Norway. The fables of this Thule and of the island Atlantis, point not very dimly, however, toward the American continent, and seem to indicate a residual geographical knowledge of wider than the then existing range, and apparently coming down from a distant and more travelled generation. Even granting this, the method of this new growth of information reveals what the former must have been; and the principle remains unchanged.

But, at the days of their highest culture and broadest sway, the Greeks and Romans had no true knowledge of the earth and its environments. It was a mainly flat expanse, clustered around the Mediterranean—the "Internal Sea"—and terminating in *terra incognita*, quite short of the northern coasts of Europe and Asia, omitting the north-eastern, and much of the eastern territory of the latter continent, and middle and southern Africa. To the devices resorted to for supporting this tabular world, reference here is unnecessary. On either hand, the sun, moon, and stars arose from, and set in the waters of the sea; and dwellers along the far Hesperian shores could hear, at its setting, the seething of the hot sun-ball, as it dipped its burning brow in the waves! Then, like the outskirts of history, in time, the outskirts of this shred of a world were peopled with fabulous creations. There were the headless Bleymyes, and the Hyperboreans (strangely enough, for a Siberian climate), exempt from death and even from disease; and besides these, the Pygmies, the Cynocephali, with heads of dogs, and the Cimmerians, dwelling in utter night.

Even in mythological times, Elysium, the abode of the blessed after death, underwent a compulsory removal. At the first, it was free from intrusion in remote Hesperia ; but the progress of geographical discovery at length revealed here an altogether unsaintly people of Iberi and Axuitani. Thereupon, Elysium was removed by some to the middle of air or ocean ; but the common consent finally found room for it most conveniently below ground, placing it alongside of Tartarus, near the middle of the earth. It was these regions, under slight change of name, and that "mountain" intermediate, added by a later age, that in the beginning of the fourteenth century, were visited to so good purpose by Dante and his guide Virgil. Navigators, then, ambitious generals, migrating hordes, and, perhaps travellers, had thus somewhat widened the geographical limits. Omitting reports of a circumnavigation of Africa, and remote eastern trade, we have outlined the world as Ptolmey left it, and as on his authority it was accepted for 1300 years, even to the time of Columbus. In another field, however, lay the true germs of an enlarging human thought : that field, it will be surmised was ASTRONOMY, misnamed the science of the stars, really the science of orbit-nanted space.

Chaldean shepherds laid the patient file to the shackles that held the wings of thought. Watching away weary hours under the still heaven, they felt the first movings of the true scientific spirit. They would know the *laws* of march of the celestial hosts. Their registers of observations, commenced b. c. 2234, and extending through 1903 years, came finally into the possession of the Grecian philosophers, in the time of Aristotle. Thus, in truth, thousands of years before its consummation by Copernicus, Kepler and Newton, they had commenced a course of inductive research, which resulted in detaching the planetary spaces of our system from each other, and the whole from the remoter region of the stars. Parts of this grand and patient evolution of law and system, Bacon had before him while studying and embodying the canons of induction—the instrument and guide to the surer and vastly multiplied advances of subsequent time.

Clearly, for those who could comprehend their theories, Pythagoras, Hipparchus and Ptolemy, did much toward replacing the mythological heavens with the actual tellur-ambient space. Pythagoras, about b. c. 530, reasoning from such observations as were

at his command, was led to a theory of ten celestial spheres, one for the earth, seven for the other then known planetary bodies, one for the fixed stars, the tenth imaginary ; these being at distances from the earth corresponding with the mathematical proportions of the musical scale—the latter also his discovery. He held that the planets were habitable ; and that the earth was a globe, so that nations could have their antipodes. Thus, at the very time when Socrates was condemned and suffering death upon the charge of irreverence and impiety, a few philosophical minds, and that of the martyr among them, already secretly *knew* that they had cracked the narrow concave, and routed forever the divinities from their cups and their smoke-wreaths. It has been inferred, even, that Pythagoras possessed the true idea of the solar system. If it were so, still the clearness and magnitude of his conception were lost from all but a few of philosophical turn and capacity, and eventually had died in effect out of human thought ; otherwise, Copernicus could not, in A. D. 1530, or near 2100 years later, have so startled mankind by propounding formally, though perhaps anew, the true, heliocentric theory.

But the world was, this time, prepared for the broader outlook. For already had Columbus thought around the earth, and with incredible patience and singleness of purpose, had succeeded in finding the (to cultivated man) unknown, or long forgotten, twin of the hemispheres ; while, at about the time when Copernicus was resolving in his own mind his system, Magellan, in 1519, following in the wake of the setting sun, was first circumnavigating the newly-discovered globe. The return of his ship, after a three years' voyage, and long after, the labors of Tycho and Kepler, and the telescope of Galileo, confirmed the new views. What wonder that it was at such a time, in the first century of the art of printing, and even while Copernicus meditated his noble astronomical idea, that Luther and the Reformation arose prominent in the religious world ? It was a time of wonderful activity, of new illumination, and of strange and larger thought, that like wildfire was running over a continent. How much that was narrow and mean in conception, was then, practically, toppled forever out of the way !

Since that time, resorting to successively higher telescopic powers, astronomers have brought up to view in succession from the still unexhausted depths of space, shoals remote, and then

more remote, of suns, whose light, though flying 192,000 miles in each second of time, they feel warranted in concluding, has been for 30, 100, 500, 1,000 years even, on its swift, silent march through the intervening abyss ! And now, in the place of the mere negative fact of our inability to imagine bounds to space, we seem to find reason to put the positive belief, that neither space nor the spheres that dot it at so wide intervals *can have* any terminus whatever.

Aristotle and Plato taught the eternity of the material world, but on speculative grounds merely. Modern geology and palaeontology, upon grounds purely scientific, present to us demands for almost boundless installments of time, as required to have elapsed since the formative stage of our planet began, and even since organized life appeared on its surface ; and we are ready to believe, for immense periods since the advent of man. Laplace's Nebular Hypothesis, of the formation of our sun-system, by the slow condensation of a diffused and rarefied matter, a generated rotation of the compacting mass, and the throwing off of rings, which contracted into planetary bodies, reiterates and extends the demand. Nor is this hypothesis yet reduced to mere *caput mortuum* in the alembic of scientific thought. Consider the striking generalization recently urged again by Professor Kirkwood, that, all the movements in our system, orbital and rotatory, are from *west to east*, save the orbital paths of the satellites of Uranus, and perhaps of Neptune, and of a large proportion of the nearly 800 known comets. The peculiarity of these latter and exceptional cases, at once suggests the fact of some peculiar cause. And again, let it be remembered that the presence of apparent nebulae in the heavens, was a mere incident in the progress of the theory ; and that this had its basis in actual phenomena of our system, and in analogous physical facts.

The same demand for time arises upon a review of the physical geography of our planet, and of the distribution of life on it ; and, within the last few years only, from discovery of mementoes of primaeval human activities and arts, with which living archaeologists may consider themselves as especially favored. That fragment of pottery, for example, from the Delta of the Nile, found imbedded at a depth to which the slow droppings of silt from the river waters, as observation and mathematics indicate, must have been contributed during 13,500 years ! To this, add the repeated

discoveries, within the last thirty, especially within the last three years, of implements and other relics of a race of *flint workers*, who, judging from the strata and circumstances in which these remains occur, must have antedated the *stone age*, as this did those of *bronze* and of *iron*, and who were contemporaneous with the mammoth, and with now extinct species of the horse, the ox, and rhinoceros. Here, five or six thousand years fail to satisfy the conditions ; and tens of thousands become highly probable.

For it is a mark of all the lines of evidence going to show an exceeding antiquity of our earth, that while they wholly cease to guide our researches by years, centuries, or millenniums of terrestrial time, they still insist on *vast periods*, separable by several successive epochs of unusual change. And the candid explorer can refuse only to admit such periods, only *first*, by denying that very uniformity in natural operations, upon the admission of which all his veritable explorations proceed, and so many of them prove successful ; or, *secondly*, by returning to the child's conception, that the work of the Creative fiat included the making of the strata and their contents just what they are—the metamorphic rocks, the slates, the pebbles, sand, soil, and conglomerates, and even the coal-beds, and fossil plants and skeletons, all of which natural agencies could form so easily and so exactly, but from the production of which all idea of natural agencies must be compulsorily and by intellectual violence excluded ! But to accept the former horn of this dilemma, is to stultify the scientist's labors, and make him a trifler ; while to claim the latter, is to teach a gigantic deception on the part of the Creator, played on human reason and credulity. When men of science shall accept either, they will have prepared themselves for adoption of the Hindoo cosmogony and the Aristotelian physics. But they must reject the child-ideas of to-day, as they do the systems of a less mature age ; and so their earth and man must have come down from indefinitely remote time.

Of the chronologists, who the most nearly satisfy the advocates of a restricted duration of our planet, and of life upon it, no two agree. Meanwhile, Bunsen, assuredly a man of judgment and erudition,—and Hales, Usher, Josephus, or the Talmudists, were no more—yields to the pressure of scientific discovery, and grants at least 19,752 years since the period which may be termed that of the creation of the world. The nebular hypothesis asks, for

our system, and age of condensation, for our planet, an age of cooling, another of disruption, ages of attrition and sedimentary deposit, and many more of primordial, vegetable and animal existence ; and after such "six days" as all these may constitute, then a period, the beginning of which is hopelessly lost, and throughout which man has been—shall we say, moving continually in a plane of uniform average, capacity and experience ? or descending once for all, or gradually, from an angelic *status* to one of limitation, blindness and passion ? or slowly, but steadily, accumulating capacity, development, productive power, thought, and the more essentially *human* elements possible to his nature ? Keeping in view the tendencies of the great thoughts which he himself has progressively eliminated, we are compelled to feel that, merely to ask such questions, is almost to furnish their true answer. If on this globe the mental has thus been positively enlarging through the historic period, and if along down so many lines the physical had been developing long before, the last of the three suppositions appears to be the only one possessing a due analogy, probability, or even possibility.

But let us observe further tendencies of modern scientific thought ; though here, too, however inviting the fields of research, we must content ourselves with the bare results, and their corollaries. The view of Plato, that matter cannot suffer annihilation (save on the supposition of a reversal of the creative act,) modern science finds every reason to affirm. But there are energies working on and through matter, but to the relations of which the conceptions of the last half century only have begun to do justice. Gravitation, which grips the worlds, and crushes down insufficient foundations of our structures ; electricity, which rends and dissipates ; octinism, the invisible ray-force which presides at the genesis of organic material ; cohesion ; repulsion ; affinity ; magnetism ; light ; heat—these are among the powers that move atoms and worlds, and perpetuate the play of the physical universe. In living bodies, in man, *first*, the plastic or nutritive force, securing evolution and growth ; *secondly*, muscular contractile power ; and *thirdly*, the nerve energy are to be added, perhaps completing the catalogue. Now, so late as since the year 1824, Carnot, Mayer, Joule, Grove, and others have, in reference to the physical world, given birth, consistency, and scientific standing to the thoughts that force, like matter, is indestructible;

that, as conditions vary, different forces appear in act or manifestation ; and that, as a consequence, there is but one primitive or real force, the manifested forms of which are convertible or transmutable, while the exchanges always occur by equivalents of the absolute energy involved.

Thus far, these new thoughts were limited to the inorganic world. But there is reason to believe, that actinism, triplet-born with light and heat, and offspring of electricity or of Father Sol, is mother of the vital affinity that, in plants, fires all the special pabulum of living beings. The green or leaf-structure of plants seems a mysteriously contrived conduit, through which, on our planet, incessant vast streams of physical energy are pouring into the domain of life and organization. Man feeds upon the products of vegetation, taking within the narrower realm of his structure, the conveniently collected draughts of the solar energy. He does not introduce force *into* the vital field, as does the plant ; on the contrary, he appropriates the contributions of the latter, gives them new and more wonderful directions, and expends them as a needed physical basis for his emotion, thought, and will, as the direct agent in all his possible expression and execution. Taking these final, practical forms, the energies so lately levied and impressed into his service, flow back during the breaking down and waste of his physical substance, into the ocean in which they had their source. To disturb the equilibrium of the ocean of force, seems to be the office of an organism. It is where vegetable *cells* are forming, that the supply is lifted and appropriated ; it is where *cells*—vegetable or animal, primitive or developed, and differentiated, in the latter case it may be into melon or pine, cricket or condor, a prince or a rustic—are disintegrating, that the purloined treasure slips forever from our grasp, yet leaving new forms and products its work, to attest where it has been. Such is substantially the doctrine of "convertibility" or "correlation of forces," as extended by Grove and Carpenter to the world of living vegetable and animal forms. By this doctrine, all energy below the soul itself, and Deity, is one in essence, though Protean in manifestation ; but there seems little likelihood that we shall ever succeed in correlating intelligence and emotion, finite or infinite, with their vital and physical servitors.

But what, then, of *matter*? Modern chemists, led by the curious phenomena of allotropism and isomerism, have begun to

suspect equivalencies or transmutabilities of the material elements. Professor J. P. Cooke, Dumas, and others have been finding singular mathematical relations among the equivalents of these elements ; two series of them showing a common difference of 5, as { Nitrogen, 14, { Arsenic, 75,
 Fluorine, 19, { Bromine, 80, etc. ; while other pairs of series have common differences of 4, others of 3 ; and again, many equivalents of elements, being multiples of the *fourth* or the *half* of that of hydrogen.

One is almost led to believe that oxygen is not the representative of 8 μ in the common form of expression, but potentially equivalent to 8 x hydrogen ; as sulphur would then be the potential result of 2 x *oxygen* ; nitrogen, that of *oxygen x carbon* ; and so on. In this view, the difference of chemical elements, and of course, of compounds also, would be one of mathematical value or efficacy. But practical transmutation, and the suicidal triumph of turning the baser metals to gold, by no means necessarily follow. The thought pointed at seems to be, that material elements and compounds are so many unlike degrees in a scale of variation of some single essence—that, like force, matter is one. Some one has said that matter and force are but two names for the same workman : we may add that, if it be so, by the latter of these names our conception of the workman is best represented.

In microscopical anatomy, we arrive at the wonderful generalization, that all organized beings originate in a single primitive type of germ—the simple *cell*. To this law, the embryo human is, of course, in no sort an exception. Essentially, too, the germ-cell of a plant or animate being appears to be much the same ; namely, an albuminous vesicle, holding a fluid, a nucleus, and granules ; and if differing at all in the plant, only so by a merely inactive envelopement of cellulose or woody matter. No microscopist, from inspection of the detached *ovum* furnished by a prospective female parent, can decide whether, if subjected to the conditions of developement, it would have ultimated in a simple uni-cellular animal, or in some higher form ; and if the latter, whether it would have become fish, serpent, fox, or man—certainly not whether Esquimaux or Anglo-American, gentle or simple, conservative or radical.

Higher animal forms pass, in the course of embryonic and foetal development, through the types of the lower. Each, how-

ever, if developement be not arrested, reaches its own type. Nay, not only general, but very special characteristics, and the dominant qualities before, at, and with the female parent, after impregnation, are inherited by the offspring. So, as a general fact, "individuals reproduce their like." It follows that, for every species and individual, it is the immaterial plastic energy that moulds the material mass. There is, then, for and within each kind of living things, *a type to be realized* in every developed germ. We may say that the very force of growth carries within it, or compulsorily works to, a pattern. Outside, however, of the direction imparted from parents in virtue of their species, there is the influence of dominant tendencies and of various present circumstances. If we name these, in a given case, the *conditions*, then it will follow that every new individual of any species is a product into which enter two general factors—the type-force and the conditions. The former strives towards reproducing the species and the parents in their average manifestation ; the latter introduces modifications. Thus we have perpetuity, with variation ; and into the result in a given case, one or other of these factors may the more largely enter. As we rise in the scale of being, conditions become more complex and efficient, and variation more ready and marked—a conclusion which the improvers of our fruits and domestic animals practically understand well.

Here, then, we seem to have arrived at a derivation of all forces, below intelligence, from one force ; of all matters, from one substance ; of a planetary system, from matter and gravitation ; and at least, the suggested possibility, under sufficient energy of the conditions producing variation, of a derivation of all organisms from one original organism or germ. Such a conclusion may startle, but it should not the less be examined. Leibnitz denounced the law of gravitation as atheistic. We laugh or wonder, as the humor with us may be, at his fears. Not one of the thoughts just named can, or pretends to, decide whether or not, God created, governs, and upholds the system of nature. Their whole force and significance amounts to an endeavor to trace the foot-prints of Deity in his works. They neither deny nor dispense with an intervention of Divine Power ; but by virtue of the delegated right of reason, they seek to know *how* the Divine Power has moved in creation, and to increase as far as may be the number of the discovered links of causation.

Of these more recent encroachments of thought on the realms of nature, the first common characteristic is, that they alike aim to explain large groups of diverse, but related, results in nature, by regarding them as variations, under changing conditions, in some single *substratum* or essence. They alike hint a derivation of one or many things from some other that is in respect to these later forms, undervived. Groups of species, (as those of the cat kind, or the monkey tribes among the vertebrates,) which are to be found in all of the four great animal types, and plentifully in the vegetable world, strongly suggest, for each group, a remote, common, or derivative origin. But if this be admitted in any such set of cases, it is not easy to find a limit in the entire organic world, beyond which such derivation could not have operated. Indeed, Professor Owen admits that, "as regards the various *forms* of life which this planet has supported, there has been 'an advance and progress in the main ;'" and again, he tells us, "perhaps the most important and significant result of palaeontological research, has been the establishment of the axiom of *the continuous operation of the ordained becoming of living things*,"—an axiom, truly, which seems sufficiently obscure and dubious, until we read it in the light of Mr. Darwin's theory of the succession of living forms, presently to be noticed. The second common characteristic is, therefore, that of a tendency to the discovery of essential *unity* in forms and results obviously differing. The most penetrating inspection and the most profound inference are tending toward the thought, that the "muddle" of sensible phenomena is more and more pervaded and explained by a few great principles.

The third common characteristic necessarily is, then, that all these thoughts agree in extending the field and lengthening the catenations of "secondary causes." We are looking more deeply into the mechanism of the universe and the laboratory of nature. But as the mind returns, renovated, wondering, humbled from one of these excursions, into the order of things, it meets still the simplest of all questions, and they are as mysterious as ever : Why anything is ? Why anything is what it is ? Why, and how, man exists ? Why, and how, he should be *intelligent*—*i. e.*, reproductive of nature within his own consciousness ? Nay, verily : the beauty of ascertained law adds to the mystery and grandeur of being ; and the undisciplined mind never finds in nature the causes for amazement that impress the philosopher. What, then,

can be the meaning of the cry of "atheism" and of "infidelity" so persistently raised upon all attempts to enlarge the domain of secondary causes, unless it be either the inability of the alarmists to appreciate scientific cogency and value? or a misgiving that the grander truths will cease to be available, as the narrower have been found to be, for serving the purposes of existing institutions, and the selfish comfort of individuals whose habits have become conformed to these institutions, and their support, as they think, synonymous with them?

The tendency to derive, to explain, and to unify, is seen in another line of now developed and established scientific thought, in reference to that part of nature which most nearly concerns us—the organized. The case will illustrate the conclusions we have just reached, while it tends strongly to confirm them. In 1759, Wolff published, in his *Theory of Generation*, the doctrine of metamorphosis of vegetable forms, or a law of *homology* for the vegetable world, according to which, bracts, sepals, petals, stamens, pistils, and even the pulp or other fruit of plants, are but modified forms of the *leaf*; so that the orderly re-appearance of these forms, with each returning season, is to be explained only by the stated recurrence of an established progression of changing conditions. This grand thought of homology, Goethe, not knowing of Wolff's priority, about the year 1790, also conceived, and more completely elaborated; as in 1784, in determining the fact of an intermaxillary bone in the upper jaw of the human skeleton, he had laid the foundation for a like homology in the organization of vertebrate animals; and in accordance with which, the bones of the cranium and of the limbs come to be regarded as modified, and as we may say, differentiated *vertebrae*. This latter thought of the philosopher-poet, Oken and others have the credit of having confirmed and extended.

Both these ideas, after meeting with neglect and the other forms of hard fare allotted to any naked, noble truth coming into the business atmosphere of our planet, have finally triumphed; they are the basis of morphology, in all our treatises of botany and of anatomy; and to question them now, would simply argue disqualification on the part of the interrogator. Certainly, these views very broadly hint at a derivation, at least, of all plants of related structure and course of development, each group from a type; and so of all vertebrate animals from some rudimentary

creature having vertebrae without modification or divarication ; and generally, of a plastic and imperceptibly fluent, rather than of a crystalized and rigid conformation of types, in organic nature.

But, in comparison with discoveries that have more recently followed them, these homologies expressed only parts of the whole truth. Within the last twenty-three years, the fruits of the microscope have consolidated in a true science of histology, or developement of organized tissues—a science which, in its present form, rests on the evolution, metamorphosis, and offices of *cells*, as first observed and rightly conceived by Schleiden and Schwann. The principle of cell-life is recognized as universal for the world of organized beings, as that of gravitation for the larger world of all matter. By this principle, to which we have had occasion previously to refer, not only does all organizable matter come now by action of cells, but all active tissues and organs are in truth but congeries of these minute organisms ; these, by their nuclei, or otherwise, reproducing their like as the older sets undergo decay and waste. In fine, every plant, every animal, of course every human being corporeally, is but, so to speak, a less or larger, simpler or more complex (as the case may be), developed, or amplified and differentiated organic **CELL** ! The leaf, or the vertebra, is thus only one of a set of typical forms in which cell-growth, under certain conditions, tends early to result ; the perfect and universal homology resides in the parent cell. By such steps it was that the basis was laid, and the human understanding prepared, for Von Baer's law of developement, namely : That developement proceeds from the like to the unlike, from the general to the particular, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous.

All these doctrines relating to the world of living forms had evidently been verging on a last great extension of the principle of unity and derivation, at which we have already hinted ; that of an outgrowth, in some past age, of man from some higher quadrumanous or quadrupedal mammal ; of these from orders below them, perhaps finally from the vegetable ; and possibly, though far less probably, beyond that, by combination of favoring conditions operating on the prepared natural elements. Indeed, vague successions of this sort were made out, and unnecessarily, in the interest of the worst of causes—the attempt to exclude a Deity from the universe. Lamarck, in somewhat more scientific

spirit, took up the attempt, but failed, by assigning for the necessary variation by which successive forms should arise, a cause soon discovered to be inadequate to the result. He rightly argued that a variation from the parental type, secured by new conditions, could be made permanent, at least for a time, by preserving the conditions, and by interbreeding ; while the cause he proposed to account for the variation taking place in the outset, was nothing more than the solicitation of *use*, and of the external conditions themselves. But how should the mere strivings of the elephant to reach, with his short neck, branches above his head, or grass beneath his feet, or any cogency in the facts that the branches and the grass were where they were, develope the trunk of that animal ? or how, either, the need of the camel to wander over deserts, or the fact that he found no water on them, develope those additional receptacles in which he now stores away water, as do our ships for voyages upon the thirst-mocking ocean ? Again, the principle proved too much. It called for multitudes of adaptations, where none were ever found to occur. The "Vestiges of Creation" has lamely reproduced this halting hypothesis. It proved, in the sum and event, merely a "nine days' wonder." Against such philosophy, even the high priest of Positivism, whose fondness for second causes was scarcely less than overweening, emphatically pronounced. Comte, however, did not live to witness the "agitation of thought" and the trepidation of conventionalisms that have arisen upon the announcement of a new, more labored, and certainly more plausible hypothesis toward the same end—the latest attempt to sustain the assurance of science, in regard to the operations of causes in the realm of living things.

There are those who believe that Mr. Charles Darwin, in his preliminary treatise on the "Origin of Species," has made such attempt with a good degree of success ; and, in doing so, has proffered a real clue to certain eons of duration, and pointed towards whole treasures of possible new thought. It was while reflecting, more than twenty years since, Mr. Darwin tells us, on the distribution of the inhabitants of South America, and the geological relations of these to the past inhabitants of that continent, that the fundamental conception of the new theory became shadowed forth in his mind. In 1837, it occurred to Mr. Darwin to examine all manner of facts bearing on this subject. In 1858,

he presented his results to the British Association ; and not long after gave to the world, in view of circumstances which he relates, a preliminary and somewhat hasty outline of his views.

This book, its doctrine, facts and tendencies, have been so long before the public, that we cannot consider it needful, at this time, to add even one more to the volley of *reviews* proper that have been let off in quick succession since its advent. We shall not be asked so soon again to weigh out unanswerable argument against, nor for, the new theory. Indeed, the assurance may be deemed worthy of some trifling gratitude. But it will be proper, as briefly as may be, to indicate what the theory is, though the author's title pretty plainly suggests it. Mr. Darwin argues that any species multiplying, unchecked, at its possible rate of increase, must soon, to the exclusion of others, take possession of the globe. But there is an incessant struggle between species, and between the individuals of each, for subsistence, for place, for being. In this struggle, the individuals most favored in strength, and in adaptation of form to the means of subsistence falling in their way, will be the most sure to prevail and be perpetuated. By hereditary transmission, these salient qualities will be conveyed to offspring ; and by continued exercise or use, aiding this *selection* under which nature preserves her favorites, or marked forms, the peculiar conformations thus arising will become strengthened, and in time established. In this way, *new species*, according to the author, will eventually be developed, originated from pre-existing ones ; and such are, of course, most likely at the same time to be higher in the scale. Thus, then, circumstances, among which competition and conflict hold the chief place, have developed new kinds of organisms. If this be so, the inference follows, that the several existing species need not have been independently created ; but all may have come by gradual changes from *four or five* originals—perhaps from a single one !

We are told that naturalists had already learned to look on genera, orders, tribes, etc., and varieties—all above, and all below the *species* properly so called—as merely existing in the conceptions of the mind, and not as actual or objective. Mr. Darwin's view would unsettle this last point of fixity in the organic world. He must admit, however, that species have been, and are maintained with a wonderful tenacity. According to him,

the great fact is a likeness of progeny to parents, individually, but subject to variation, and a more or less lasting fixation under natural selection. Three among the hardest questions, we apprehend, that will present themselves to him, are these :—1. A limited derivation in no way escapes the necessity of a direct creation of complete organisms in the outset : how, since it could have no parent-cell, can we imagine the *first cell living* to have been formed, unless by direct creation ? 2. How can we account for the first detachment of a cell or congeries of such, into parts serving different offices ?—*i. e.*, whence first came organs ? 3. How shall we account for the origination of *instinct* where previously it was not, and the severance and outgrowth afterward, from this of true *intelligence*, which instinct is not ? It has been remarked that the author is silent upon the bearings of his subject in philosophy and theology. We can conceive no just reason why a like silence should be enjoined on those whom he has addressed ; and having said that our purpose was not a review proper, we may add, that it has been rather to take a glance at such bearings and consequences, not of this theory alone, but of all the analogous exploration and related thought, with which our time and the periods just preceding it have been so largely fraught. We have undertaken this with something, we think, of the feeling which prompted that comprehensive sentiment of Terence—

"Homo sum: nihil humani a me alienum puto!"

We must agree with Mr. Darwin that, his view sustained, a revolution must come in Natural History ; morphology, paternity, and other of its facts, must acquire new and more real significance ; a new field in reference to causes and laws of variation will open ; psychology will plant itself on a new basis ; and "light will be thrown on the origin of Man, and his history." Again, in his concluding paragraph : "Thus, from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows. There is a grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed into a few forms or into one ; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning, endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being, evolved."

Professor Owen tells us, in one of his late lectures, that the gorilla approaches man more closely than does any one of the previously known four-handed animals, in these respects;—a shorter *humerus*, and altogether a shorter arm; a longer and more developed great-toe; projecting nasal bones; and an arrangement of the bones of the feet better fitting the animal to stand erect. The creature seems to live wholly on fruits, nuts, and other edibles of the kind, being indeed a quite progressed vegetarian; and some of its varieties construct of leaves and branches, a rude dome-shaped shelter high up in trees. It is shy of travellers and even of the negroes, unless when the male—often polygamous—is found in the company of his females, or when the old and lonely male is encountered. It shows strong attachment for its young. Its large, deep-set eyeballs, and strongly marked features, give it an expression of great ferocity; it is untameable; and with its massive, muscular chest and powerful limbs becomes, when aroused to attack or to self-defence, an enemy extremely to be dreaded. It can stand tolerably erect, especially when plucking fruits or defending itself; but it prefers the posture of the quadruped. The head is marked by a very prominent bony crest, taking the place of the superciliary ridges, and quite excluding the brain from just above the eyes, and then rising in the middle from over the nose to the crown. But the comparative anatomist has no longer any very sure consolation left him in a few marked protuberances, or variations of form, in the bony framework. Powerful muscles develop exaggerated prominences at their points of insertion. The brain of this creature, however, is much smaller, and thrown farther back, than its face or forehead would indicate. This brute, indeed, shows in most respects great want of intelligence. Instead of bagging the fruits, or bundling the sugar-canæs, which it ventures into the settlement to steal, it returns to carry away its prizes one by one; and thus it becomes a prey to the cultivators, who have the opportunity to watch for and destroy it. Hence, the negro common-sense has entitled this fearful foe, as nevertheless, "the stupid old man." Professor Owen is led to conclude, also, that like man, the gorilla did not antedate the existing condition of our globe.

One can not, we think, without peculiar sensations, peruse the entertaining little book of Captain Reid,—entitled "ODD PEOPLE," and consisting in an attempt to daguerreotype for the very large

class of "travellers at home," the peculiar ways, the physical condition and mental stature of certain *outré* races of men, who turn up in various localities on the extreme verge of human unenlightenment and stagnation. We shall not be under the necessity of stating many of these instances. The little yellow-brown savages of Southern Africa, the bushmen, seldom attaining a stature of five-feet, and whose manners and mode of living so far out-gypsy the treacherous gipsy races of Europe, afford us an apt illustration. Here, intelligence arises so high as to the digging of wedge-shaped pitfalls, covering with the appearance of ground, and constructing fences which shall direct the animals of the region into the snare—a piece of cunning check-mated even by the sagacity of the elephant ; or, these means of supply failing, the little men venture in gangs into the country of the farmers or boers ; destroying, if overtaken, their booty with poisoned arrows, rather than allow of its recovery ; and if successful in reaching a place of temporary abode, feasting to utter repletion, and without the least thought of a providence for the future, on the carcases, until the unwashed bodies are bloated, and bloody, and unctuous, and the supremely happy Bushman, when his supply is exhausted, sinks into a lethargy for days, to awaken to activity again only when diminishing proportions and the gnawings of hunger come imperatively upon him ! These men and women—we cannot deny that they are such—recognize no marriage obligations ; and though they will dance and chatter all night with as high relish as the veriest scion of royalty, and bury their dead with tokens of respect, they have no government, save a very restricted patriarchal one, of force ; and no religion ; while the very missionaries fail among them to make themselves comprehended, or to impress the *rudimentary* heart or head which, in those directions, are the best they have to offer !

Cunning in warfare and the chase, and a degree of skill in the discovery and manipulation of poisons, seem to be among the mental elements most early and strongly developed, that is, after and above the merely sensuous appetites, in all these strange types of humanity. What is the former, we ask, but the rudiment of the policy and *savoir faire* which still so deeply tincture the individual, social, and political conduct of the most advanced nations ? and what the latter, if not under spur of "necessity," the very germinal principle of our multiplied arts ?

Of such a character as we have thus intimated, are the thoughts that have now got themselves resolutely before the world. The question of man, in his physiological relationships, is brought more distinctly to issue than ever before. But grant the worst, that the believers, in a progressing, hence now manifestly fragmentary and distorted, type of soul and man, can claim, does it at all follow that, therefore, the higher and more advanced is authorized in any the least unfairness and oppression toward the lower and more rudimentary man? Does not every approach to imbecility or childhood constitute with the gentleman, the man, and the true Christian, by just so much an additional reason for care and kindly consideration? by so much a stronger safeguard of right? We have utterly failed to perceive how, by the broadest Darwinian assumption, the ideal of, and obligation to truth, or beauty, or justice, nobility, duty, Christianity, or manhood, are in the least shaken; or how any of these elements and ends of our spiritual nature are in the slightest rendered unlike to what they always were.

What consequences, broad and deep, follow from this idea of derivation of the highest, from the lowest *human*; as before that, of the human from the beneath—the non-human! What ages on ages, unrecorded, almost now inconceivable, have meanwhile flown forever away! What ceaseless struggle—what crushing total of failure, sorrow, and death—what universe of victories—what slow, insensible modification, betterment, outgrowth! How the poet's wail becomes a revelation of all that has ever been, and rolls back, faintly echoing the same voice of toil, the same woe, the same ever unsatisfying realization, from peak to peak of the fading centuries and eons!

For, in the new light, if it be light, man stands at once at a certain *status* in an endless evolution—at a certain plane or stage of an ascent, or descent, as the case may be. Humanity in any form is no finality: it is a *phase*. We are what we were not; and we shall be what we are not. This does not change aught that was, or is now, above us, or below us. It does not in the least change man himself. It may in time change to some required and healthful degree, no further, his estimation of himself—that is, for all purposes of the state in which he is—not to any important degree for purposes of that better state to which he aspires. For whatever has been the mode of the work of creation, its re-

sults constitute another and a wholly different question. At some time, and in some way, there has been "breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life;" at some time, and in some way, he has become "a living soul." It is but fair that he estimate himself now by present inventory, and not by destructive distillation and an analysis backward to ultimate beginnings. He finds within himself "that longing after immortality" which is the best assurance of its own satisfaction. He finds that every flaxen-haired, bright-eyed child breaking anew into the world of conscious thought, frames an ideal of life and of mankind that warrants, without much effort of imagination, the belief in the coming of a time when, not only in that state of being beyond the grave, but in that which corporeal man here lives, the era of fraternity, and virtue, and true nobility of soul, shall be fully attained. For if the past shows enlarging thought in man, not less does it show a steady and certain amelioration of customs, of habits, of life, of ideals, of laws, penalties, and incentives, and a persistent agitation towards the purification, enlargement, intelligence, and soundness of religious faith. And in this latest attempt at an outstretching of the reason and ken of man into a lost past, an attempt which some have so eagerly interpreted into a degradation of manhood and an extinction of Deity, still from out the very midst of the play, and rolling over the battlements of atheism, are heard judgments like that of Professor Owen, and which gain their deepest force from the fact that to them the greatest hearts of men instinctively respond : "The highest generalizations of the science of organized bodies, like the Newtonian laws of universal matter, lead to the unequivocal conviction of a great First Cause which is certainly not mechanical"—which is, therefore, certainly a benevolent Intelligence.

Finally, to assert all that we have felt ourselves warranted in asserting here, of man as a race, does not necessarily involve any very exalted estimate of his present average development, or activities, or any certain confidence in respect to his immediate tendencies. This is an aspect of our theme which, if at all, must receive attention at another time. We live in a world which has repaid, often with the deepest pain the hearts that have most earnestly sought its well-being—a world which awarded martyrdom to Jesus and Socrates, and which still bestows, on occasion, its crowns of thorns. We live in a decade in which, above all

others in history, gold has accumulated among the foremost nations of our globe, and in which, certainly, the manifested soul and honor, and reflection, of those same nations threaten us with incessant proofs of a dwindling and disappearance in a corresponding ratio. We "stone the prophets," and jeer the poor unfortunate who cleaves to his integrity and his selfhood, if to do so involves a devotion to pursuits not rendering their immediate equivalents in stocks or bank accounts. We glorify the man who sweeps the very horizons of the nation with some wave of excitement, however empty its purpose, however false or even fatal the return he proposes and bestows for the popular adulation and subserviency. And thus, we are in danger of growing into a quick, active, scheming, multifarious thought, from which, by very necessity of such agitation, all broad, comprehensive, truly consistent, far-sighted and deep intellectual use, proficiency and achievement, shall be as the rule excluded. Thus should we, sorrowfully enough, culminate in the feverish activity of a really thinning brain ; and in a most unfounded pride, ignoring the quieter, nobler, and more far-reaching purposes and accomplishments of human intelligence ; above all, belittling man, and dwarfing rather than enlarging, as should continually occur, our sentiment of humanity, and our ideal of the work of life.

ART. VI.—1. *History of the Ottoman Turks.* By E. S. CREASY. 2 vols. London : 1856.
2. *The Sultan and his People.* By C. OSCANYAN, of Constantinople. New York : 1857.
3. *The Czar and the Sultan.* By ADRIAN GILSON. New York : 1853.
4. *The Turks in Europe.* By FRANCIS BOUDET. New York : 1853.
5. *Chrétiens et Turcs.* Par EUGENE POUJADE. Paris : 1859.

THERE IS NO nation of modern Europe whose annals are more full of interest than those of the Ottoman Power—none whose rise, and progress, and gradual decline, are so interwoven with the history of Europe, for many centuries, and with the fate of other nations which have either sunk beneath its victorious legions, or been elevated by its decay. At this moment, its status is the turning point of the peace of Europe, and its future destiny is the great problem which European statesmen find it so hard to solve.

It was once the most potent government of the old world, succeeding both to the sway of the Saracens, and to the mighty Roman empire, after its seat had been transferred from the west to Constantinople, the most easterly point at the south side of the European continent. For centuries it stood successfully in arms against all the powers of Europe and Asia. No other empire, now existing, has continued so long powerful and with such wide-spread dominion. The growth of British power is of modern date, and its supremacy, as yet, of comparatively brief duration. Great Britain has been repeatedly conquered, and been the theatre of civil wars and revolutions. France has experienced the same fate in a greater degree. Both these countries, now the most powerful in western Europe, were of comparatively small account when the Turkish empire was at its zenith. One of them seems to have culminated, and the destiny of the other depends, perhaps, on the life of a single great man. The glory of Venice, so dazzling in the middle ages, has passed away, and Spain, who, in her most palmy days, could never cope with Turkey, has sunk far lower in the scale of nations than the Ottomans. Austria, now tottering to her fall, has only risen to empire by the conquests of the Turks, crippling the Hungarians and placing them in her power. For centuries that brave nation, bordering Turkey on its eastern frontier, had to stand the shock of the Turkish wave which, but for the resistance of the Magyars, would have swept over western Europe. In the day that the Hungarian power was finally cloven down by Solyman the Great, in the disastrous battle of Mohatz, with which ended the government of the native princes, the fatal sway of the Hapsburgs commenced, rising by degrees into an empire which consists of materials as heterogeneous as those of the Turkish empire itself, and is held together only by military force, wielded by the arm of despotism, once strong, but growing weaker and weaker every hour. It was the peculiar misfortune of Hungary to be placed as a barrier between the Turks and the rest of Europe ; for upon her was visited the reprisals of the Ottomans for the crusades of other Christian powers. After her subjugation by the Turks, she became too weak for independence, and the Hapsburgs so gained, by her annexation with Austria, that they were afterwards able to wage most damaging wars against the house of Othman, which, in conjunction with the aggressions of Russia, then beginning to emerge from barbarism,

and to play a weighty *role* in the European drama, tended to weaken the Turkish empire, and to precipitate its decline. In the same way the wars between Poland and Turkey, in which the illustrious Sobieski played so brilliant a part, paved the way for the downfall and parting of Sarmatia, and the aggrandizement and growth of Russia, which absorbed the largest portion of that ancient kingdom, and was thus enabled to encroach upon the Turkish empire and to menace all Europe.

Turkey stands upon three continents ; the most important portion of it lies in Asia, but the empire comprises large portions of Europe and Africa. Previous to the revolt of the Greeks, forty years ago, European Turkey formed nearly the fourth part of the Ottoman dominions, and among European states was the sixth in rank with regard to territory, and the ninth in respect of population, containing about 186,000 square miles, and a population of about eleven millions. Those parts of Greece which succeeded in throwing off the Turkish yoke, include the Morea, Livadia, and the Cyclades—an extent of territory about as large as Portugal, or Denmark, with Holstein, and which contained a population of 1,350,000, before the commencement of their revolution. The loss of these countries reduces the empire in Europe about one-seventh and the population one-eighth. The finest countries of the old world—Thrace, Greece, Asia Minor, Colchis, Armenia, Mesopotamia, Syria, and Egypt, together with the islands of the Archipelago and spicy Arabia, whose commerce connects Asia and Africa with Europe, and unites the East with the West, have been ruled for five hundred years by the Ottomans. They are the only barbarians who have reduced civilized nations to their yoke without mingling with them—without adopting their language, their religion, their sciences, their arts, and their manners. They have remained strangers in the midst of Europe, and for four centuries occupied the classic soil of Athens, Sparta, Corinth and Thebes, upon which, 2,500 years ago, was maintained the independence of Europe, and where flourished civil freedom and the refinements of polished life.

The whole population is nearly as large as that of Austria, and is larger than the population of Great Britain and Ireland, or of the United States, and the soil is capable of maintaining four times the amount. In point of religion, the Mahometans number as three to two against all others in the empire ; in point of race,

the Turks number more than one-third of the population. In Africa, the population is not one-ninth of the whole, while in Asia and Europe it is nearly equally divided ; but Asia is the principal seat of the Mahometans and Turks.

The Osmanli Toorkees, like the Magyar Toorkees, or Hungarians, differ from the other Toorkee tribes by their lofty stature, their European heads and features, their abundant beards, and fair complexions, derived from their original Caucasian extraction of Yuchi race, or from an early intermixture with it, and with the numerous captives they were for ages incorporating from Kashmere, Affghanistan, Persia, Syria, Natolia, Armenia, Greece, and eastern Europe. The Osmanli Turks form but a small proportion of the population of Turkey. They are the descendants of a people who still inhabit the shores of the Caspian, the banks of the Oxus, and the steppes of Upper Asia, in the region of Mount Altai. They are a fine looking race of men, seldom below the middle size, with lofty foreheads, dark eyes, finely chiseled features, and limbs cast in the Grecian mould. The full form of their limbs may, perhaps, in some measure, be attributed to their loose mode of clothing themselves, leaving the body free from those ligatures which prevail among their western neighbors ; but the handsome appearance and personal elegance of the Osmanli are chiefly owing to the mixture of the blood of the best Caucasian races in his veins. The conquering tribes have invariably come from the north or the high regions of the east. Like rolling waves, they have incessantly poured upon the west and south for ages, driving intermediate nations before them, or breaking through discomfited tribes, which, in order to escape, made the most destructive inroads themselves. Six centuries ago, the Osmanli branch of the Turks migrated into Asia Minor, under the father of Othman, or Osman, from whom they are called Ottomans, and by themselves Osmanlis. The name Turk they reject as implying barbarism. Long before this period the Turks had extensively spread over Lower Asia, and, according to the high authority of Dr. Latham, that race had supplied all the great Asiatic conquerors, from the parts north of the Oxus, with the exceptions of Zenghis Khan and his descendants, and the Mantchoo conquerors of China. Quitting their primitive abodes on the upper steppes of the Asiatic continent, tribe after tribe of that martial family of nations had poured down upon the rich lands of the southern and western

regions, when the power of the early Mohammedan Caliph had decayed like that of the Greek emperors. One branch of the Turks, called the Seljukian, from their traditional patriarch Seljuk Khan, had acquired and consolidated a mighty empire, more than two centuries before the name of the Ottomans was heard. The Seljukian Turks had been once masters of nearly all Asia Minor, of Syria, Mesopotamia, Armenia, part of Persia and western Turkastan ; and their great Sultans, Toghrul, Beg, and others, are among the most renowned conquerors described in Oriental and Byzantine history. But by the middle of the thirteenth century of the Christian era, when the Ottomans appeared, the Mongols had rent away the southern and eastern territory of the Seljukian Sultan. In the centre and south of Asia Minor, other independent Seljukian chiefs ruled various principalities, and the Greek emperors of Constantinople had recovered a considerable portion of the old Roman provinces in the north and east of that peninsula. The Ottomans, therefore, were a welcome accession of strength. Never, since the Turks penetrated into Europe, have they bowed the neck to the foe, though frequently defeated in battle. Their empire is still unbroken, and may yet survive those despotisms who regard it as sick unto death, and in anticipation of its fall, are hovering around it like the eagle, the vulture, and the raven, over their prey. The dynasty of the house of Othman is the oldest in Europe, in a direct line, and whether it be referred to "the divine right of kings," or to that might which has hitherto made right among nations—the sword—or to the true source of legitimate power, the will of the people, the claim of the Ottoman emperor to rule is second to that of no crowned head in Europe or Asia. He is the lineal descendant of Othman ; nor is the race extinct in him, nor heirs wanting to its ancient throne.

In Europe, less than three millions of Turks rule over four times their number of subjects. The brave and haughty who govern, but do not cultivate the land, are like the ruling race in the old Roman empire, the Magyar race in Hungary, the German race in Austria, the Normans in England, and the ruling race in China, where the Mongols and the Mantchoos, in graduated proportions, are the masters, and nearly form the whole military force of the empire, consisting entirely of cavalry, probably less than 250,000 strong, covering the inert mass of 300,000,000 sub-

jects, with the aid of 800,000 policemen, denominated infantry, and an enormous crowd of civilians and satellites, all intended for internal rule, and incapable of external vigor. Thus have the Ottomans been the ruling race and the military force of the Turkish empire. The Janisaries may appear to have formed an exception ; but they really did not, for they were a machine in the hands of the Ottoman power, and when that power found them dangerous, it annihilated them at one fell stroke. It created and it destroyed. It infused its own spirit, courage, and energy into these kidnapped, enslaved children of the effeminate and degenerate Greeks, and made them the terror of Asia and Europe, showing that the degeneracy of a race does not consist in the deterioration of its blood, but arises from the adverse circumstances by which it is surrounded, and that it is capable of regeneration and pristine heroism, when it is again brought under conditions equally favorable to those by which it won imperishable renown.

Constantinople has exercised a more important influence on the destinies of mankind than any other in existence in modern times. It broke in pieces the Roman empire, and was the principal cause of the fall of its western division ; for after the charms of the Bosphorus had rendered its shores the head of empire, the forces of the west were no longer able to resist the barbarian invaders. It supported the empire of the East for a thousand years after Rome had yielded to the assault of Alaric, and it preserved the seeds of ancient genius till the mind of Europe was prepared for their reception. It diverted the Latin Crusaders from Palestine, and caused the downfall of the empire of the east by the arms of the Franks ; and it attracted, afterwards, the Osmanlis from the centre of Asia, and brought about their lasting settlement in the finest provinces of Europe. It has since been the object of ceaseless ambition and strife to the principal European powers. A kingdom in itself, it is more coveted than many realms. Austria and Russia have alternately united and contended for the prize. It broke up the alliance of Erfurth, and brought Napoleon to Moscow and to St. Helena. In these latter days it has dissolved all former alliances, created new ones, and united the forces of England and France on the Bosphorus to prevent the seizure of this matchless and unique city by the arms of the Czar. But though the natural strength and incomparable local advantages of Constantinople have enabled the empire, of which it formed the

head both in ancient and modern times, to survive the causes of decay which, after the lapse of a few generations, usually prostrate the most powerful eastern monarchies, the luxury of the metropolis contributes largely to its decadence by enfeebling the race of monarchs who wield its destinies.

The toleration* which the Mahomedans extended to the Greeks and their religion, after the conquest of Constantinople, is in remarkable contrast with the conduct of Christians to the Turks and to each other. They invited the fugitives to return, gave them the use of their churches, declared the person of the patriarch inviolable, and exempted the clergy from all public burthens. Mahomedanism, which arose in Arabia, is a mixture of the Christian and Jewish religions, with a tincture of Hindoo philosophy, contains much that is good in it. Idolatry fell before it, and the Christian sects were purified by the tempest with which it swept Asia and Europe. "Our current hypothesis about Mahomet, that he was a scheming imposter, a falsehood incarnate, that his religion is a mere mass of quackery and fatuity, begins really to be now untenable to any one."† It numbers 200 millions of followers, and a greater number of human beings now believe in Mahomet's word than in any other word whatever. It has stood for twelve centuries, and was the faith of the Saracens, who did so much to civilize Christian Spain.

The Crusades, which originated with the preaching of Peter the Hermit, and of which there were eight against the Saracens, and two against the Turks, constitute the most extraordinary episode in the whole history of Europe. There has been much said in laudation of Christian chivalry, but there is more of poetry than of truth in it. Stripped of the glitter of romance, the Crusaders, particularly in their last expeditions, consisted mainly of two classes, one superstitious fanatics, and the other reckless adventurers, inspired not by the love of the cross, but the hope of plunder.‡ They violated their treaties with the Turks and paid the penalty.

* It is an error to call Mahomedanism a religion of the sword. The profoundly learned Gibbon expressly contradicts it, and says no precept of the Koran inculcates it. See translator's note to Michaud's History of the Crusades, vol. iii., p. 15.

† Gibbon. * * Thomas Carlyle.

‡ See James's History of Chivalry and Michaud's History of the Crusades.

The Turkish empire, in the reign of Solyman the Magnificent, from 1520 to 1566, attained the zenith of its glory. He left to his successors dominions to the extent of which few important additions were ever made, except the islands of Cyprus and Candia, and which, under no subsequent Sultan, maintained or recovered the wealth, power and prosperity which they enjoyed under the great lawgiver of the House of Othman. The Turkish empire, in his time, comprised all the most celebrated cities of biblical and classical literature, except Rome, Syracuse, and Persopolis. The Nile, the Jordan, the Orontes, the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Tanais, the Borysthenes, the Danube, the Hebrus, and the Ilyssus rolled their waters "within the shadows of the Horsetails." The eastern recess of the Mediterranean, the Propontis, the Palus Mootis, the Euxine, and the Red Sea, were Turkish lakes. The Ottoman Crescent touched the Atlas and the Caucasus ; it was supreme over Athos, Sinai, Ararat, Mount Carmel, Mount Taurus, Ida, Olympus, Pelion, Hoemus, the Carpathian, and the Acroceranion heights. An empire of more than forty thousand square miles, embracing many of the richest and most beautiful regions of the world, had been acquired by the descendants of Othman in three centuries, from the time when his father wandered a homeless adventurer at the head of less than five hundred fighting men.*

Nothing is more calculated to give us an idea of the high position of the Ottoman empire under this Sultan's reign, with respect to the powers of Christendom, than the way in which the ambassadors of the Emperor, Charles V., King Ferdinand of Austria, and the Kings of Poland, Hungary, Russia and France, were snubbed by the Grand Vizier, or Prime Minister Ibrahim. These ambassadors had been sent to sue for peace, and they had received instructions to treat only with the Sultan himself. The Grand Vizier, and not the Sultan, received them. He commenced with a bitter criticism on the conduct of the Princes of Christendom to one another, and on their quarrels with the Pope. He told them that they ought to blush at such conduct, and that if they desired to obtain peace, they ought to begin by restoring the money and the provinces which they had extorted from one another. The ambassadors, believing that this speech was an indirect way of

* Creasy's History of the Ottoman Turks.

asking them for money, replied that they had brought some for his highness. "My master," replied Ibrahim, "does not want money; those towers which you behold are absolutely full of it, and as far as I am concerned, I feel more inclined to advise my master to undertake the conquest of the whole world, than to allow himself to be corrupted by presents." After waiting a week, they were permitted to see the Sultan, and had the honor of kissing his hand, after he had refused to restore Hungary. Solyman did not acknowledge Ferdinand as King of Hungary and Bohemia. He simply entitled him in his letter Commandant of Vienna. The Emperor, Charles V., he called simply *Charles*, and said that "there could not exist two emperors on the face of the earth, that there was only one, the Sultan, just as there was only one God."*

The battle of St. Gothard presents a turning point in the military history of Turkey. The defects which Montecuculi points out in the Turkish military system, continued to exist even with aggravation, until the reign of the late Sultan Mahmoud. These defects may be summed up in the neglect of the Turkish government to keep pace with the improvements made by other nations in the weapons and in the arts of war; and in the appointment of incompetent officers through bribery and other corrupt influences. The pernicious effects of this system have been greatly counteracted by the remarkable personal valor of the common soldiers among the Turks—their sobriety, and the vigor of their constitutions; and also by the care taken to provide them with good and sufficient provisions when in barracks, and when employed on active duty. But the most important of the favorable points of the Turkish army, is the natural soldierly quality of the Ottoman population, which shows that Turkey has never lost that element of military greatness, which no artificial means can create or revive, but to which the skill of great statesmen and great generals may add all that has been deficient for nearly two centuries. Great statesmen and great generals are everything to a brave nation when engaged in war. What would the American colonies have done without their Washington in the revolutionary war, or the British without their Wellington in the wars with Napoleon? The immediate effect of the battle of St. Gothard, was a truce

* Bouvet—The Turks in Europe, pp. 109-110.

for twenty years, on the basis of a treaty which the Turks had refused. But Neuhasel remained in possession of the Ottomans, so that Kimprili, notwithstanding his great overthrow by Montecuculi, was able to return to Constantinople as a conqueror. His conquest of Candia atoned for his loss of the battle of St. Gothard, which was more his misfortune than his fault. High-born and high-spirited volunteers had flocked from every country of Christendom to Condia (anciently, Crete,) as the great theatre of military glory. Kimprili and his generals and admirals carried on the siege operations with a vigor and a degree of engineering skill from which the Turkish generals of more recent times have greatly degenerated. Jucherean, indeed, says, that it is only since the establishment of the school of engineers at Sulitzi, that the Turks of the present century have learned under French officers, in consulting their military archives, and the plans of their ancient engineers, *those ways and parallels of trenches, of which they were the inventors*, and which so distinguished the siege of Candia. During the siege of nearly three years, 30,000 Turks and 12,000 Venetians were killed. Several attempts were made by the Venetians to purchase peace without ceding the island. But to their offers of large sums of money, Kimprili replied, in the spirit of Pyrrhus : " We made war to win Candia, and at no price will we abandon it." The island was at last surrendered by Morozini, and it is still in the possession of the Turks.

This is one illustration of the fact that, though the Crescent has generally gone back since the battle of St. Gothard, gleams of glory and success on the Turkish side have not been altogether wanting. In estimating the military genius of the Turks, it must be borne in mind that they had to contend against a combination of the greatest military talents of Europe, including Morisini, the greatest general ever produced by the Republic of St. Mark, Montecuculi, Sobieski, Eugene, Charles of Lorraine, Suwarow, Russia's most celebrated general, besides a host of others down to Napoleon the Great.

Some of the causes of the decline in the Turkish empire are the destruction of the independence of Hungary and Poland, and their absorption by Austria and Russia, the wars of Turkey with these two powers, her failure to keep pace with the improvements made in the arts of war in Christendom, and her neglect to adopt the institutions and arts of the people she conquered. To these

may be added her exclusion of the Greeks from the offices of the empire, the degeneracy of her sovereigns who cease to lead her victorious hosts to battle, the feudal system with aggravations, the clergy who own half the land, and the want of commerce, owing to a superstitious fear and dislike of the sea. From the treaty of Carlowitz the empire rapidly declined, but it did not reach its nadir of misery and weakness till about half a century from the present time, when the Turkish army became a mere Asiatic rabble, without drill, or any regulation as to the weapons to be used.* The navy, once so flourishing, was reduced to the lowest condition. But with the reign of Sultan Selim III., a new era of reform was opened, and though Turkey has since suffered from revolts and defeats, and has lost armies, fleets, and provinces, a spirit of progress has been infused into her rulers and statesmen, and which, though often checked, has never been extinguished ; and which, whatever may be the ultimate doom of Turkey, has falsified the confident predictions of Volney and other writers, at the close of the last century, who then prophesied that soon "this incoherent edifice of power, shaken to its basis, deprived of its support, and losing its equilibrium, should fall, and astonish the world with another instance of mighty ruin."† Threatened states, like threatened men, sometimes live long, especially if the threatenings make them forewarned and forearmed.

The schemes of Russia against Turkey were first developed and systematized by Peter the Great. Having wrested from her the port of Azof, he immediately commenced improving the fortifications and the harbor, and to fit out vessels of war on a scale which showed for what important ulterior objects he had acquired the possession of Azof. Turkey was thus menaced both by Austria and Russia together, and indeed from many other quarters. Leopold might have led his victorious armies to Constantinople in reprisal for the repeated sieges of Vienna, but he was not of an ambitious spirit, and was satisfied to have peace with Turkey on condition of his retaining the valuable provinces he had already re-conquered from her. All Europe desired peace on the basis that each power should hold what it retained possession of except

* See Creasy's History of the Ottomans. Vol. ii., pp. 328, 329.

† Volney, *Considerations sur la Guerre actuelle des Turcs.*

the Czar, who desired to have the important city of Kertch as a foothold in the Crimea, and the king of Poland, who objected to leaving Kamienec the key of his kingdom, in the hands of the Turks. At length the five belligerent powers, Russia, Austria, Poland, Venice, and Turkey, and the two mediating powers, England and Holland, sent their representatives to Carlowitz, on the right bank of the Danube, to settle a peace. The treaty made there and then is memorable not only on account of the magnitude of the territorial change which it ratified, and not only because it marks the period when Europe ceased to dread the Ottoman empire as an aggressive power, but also because it was then that the Porte and Russia took part, for the first time, in a general European congress ; and because, by admitting to that congress the plenipotentiaries of England and Holland, neither of which states were parties to the war, both the Sultan and the Czar thus recognized the principle of the intervention of European powers for sake of the general good.

The negotiations were long and angry, and there was one point on which the Ottomans were honorably and characteristically firm. Austria required that Count Tekeli, the Hungarian chief, who had taken shelter in Turkey, should be given up as a rebel to the emperor. This was not only refused, but Turkey insisted and obtained the concession, that the confiscated dowry of Tekeli's wife should be restored to her, and that she should be allowed to join her husband in Turkey. This was worthy of the government which afterwards refused to surrender Charles XII., of Sweden, to Peter the Great, when he took refuge at Constantinople, and which, in our own day, risked a war with Austria and Russia, combined, rather than deliver up Kossuth and the other Hungarian refugees—a course of conduct which compares favorably with that of the British government a few years before when it violated the sanctity of private correspondence in the post office, in order to secure for Austria the patriot brothers, the Bandiera, who were thus sacrificed for merely meditating what has now received the enthusiastic sanction of England in the case of Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel.

At length after many weeks of discussion, intrigues and threats, a treaty was concluded between Austria and Turkey for twenty-five years ; by which the Austrian emperor was acknowledged sovereign of Transylvania, all Hungary, north of the Marosch,

and west of the Theiss, and of Slavonia, except a small part between the Danube and the Saave. With Venice and Poland treaties were effected without limitation of time. Poland recovered Podolia and Kamiencz. Venice retained her conquests in Dalmatia and the Morea, but restored to the Turks those which she had made to the north of the Isthmus of Corinth. Russia refused to consent to anything more than an armistice for two years, which was afterwards enlarged into a peace for thirty years, as for a time the Czar's attention was directed to schemes of aggrandizement at the expense of Sweden. By this armistice, the Russians kept possession of Azof and the districts which they had conquered to the north of the sea of that name. This treaty was concluded in January, 1699, and in the altered state of the three greater belligerents, were compared with what they had been in 1682, recognized the momentous effects of the seventeen years' war. Russia had now stretched her arms southward, and grasped the coasts of the Maeotis and the Euxine. At the beginning of the war, Austria trembled for the fate of her capital, and saw her national existence seriously menaced; at the end, the house of Hapsburg was left not merely in security, but enlarged, permanently strengthened and consolidated, while the house of Othman saw many of its fairest dominions rent away, and was indebted for the preservation of the remainder from the conquest of invading Christians, to the intervention of two other Christian states. From that time, all dread of the military power of Turkey has ceased in Europe. Her importance has become diplomatic. Other nations have, from time to time, sought to use her as a political machine against Austria, or the growing power of Russia; and this diplomatic importance has grown proportionably greater as the sovereigns of Russia became desirous of possessing the Black Sea for the carrying out of their plans.* Another and a more general and enduring cause why the affairs of Turkey have continued to inspire interest and anxiety, is the consideration of the formidable aggressive power which must be acquired by the conquering state that makes the Ottoman territories integral portions of its own dominions. The empire which, in the hands of the Turks, might be feeble for purposes of attack, would, under the rule of other states, become a power which might crush the liberties of the world.

* Schlosser's Introduction to the History of the 18th Century.

At the end of another decade, the Sultan seeing the preparations Peter was making for the conquest of Turkey, declared war against him. Peter advanced rapidly to meet the Turkish army, but was caught on the Pruth and surrounded by a powerful force, which left him no option but to make a most abject treaty, surrendering the fortress of Azoff and other fortifications, and engaging not to meddle in future with the affairs of Poland or the Crimea. Not one of the conditions was fulfilled, and thus now, on the banks of the Pruth, or at the siege of Vienna, did Turkey lose by the incapacity or corruption of her generals, the opportunity of quenching her two greatest enemies. Nothing can more decidedly prove her decline than the character of the leading men who, at this time, controlled her destinies. Had the Turkish general cut the Russian army to pieces, or taken them prisoners, and captured or killed Peter, the whole history of Europe might have been changed ; for had the Czar been then cut off, his plans might have been nipped in the bud, and Russia kept back while Sweden advanced as the first power of the North.

In the reign of the empress Ann, Russia and Austria attacked Turkey together, by concert, Austria acting in the most treacherous manner, by pretending friendship to the Sultan, and negotiating and mediating till the two conspirators were ready to pounce upon their prey, while the Russian arms, numbering 70,000, and 600 cannon, were everywhere victorious. Austria was defeated, and lost the glory previously won for her by Eugene. Nothing could demonstrate more clearly that the temporary superiority of Austria was not in her men, but in the genius of the foreign general who led them. The emperor concluded the peace of Belgrade, by which he suffered shame and disgrace, losing all the possessions which had been gained in the previous war, his best military frontier, and his most considerable fortresses, including Belgrade, the whole of Servia, Austrian Wallachia, and that part of Bosnia acquired in the last war. Russia, mortified also, made peace, because she was unequal to carrying on the war alone. But in the reign of Catherine II., for whom her ability and her licentiousness have procured equal fame, ample amends were made for the practical failure of this futile war. It was under her rule that the Russian policy was most successfully carried into effect—the policy of fomenting disturbance and civil war in adjoining states, in order to create an opportunity for intervention,

subjugation, and absorption of the unhappy belligerents. Her war with Turkey led to the fatal treaty of Kainaroji, by which Turkey partly surrendered her independence, by conceding to Russia the right of mediating on behalf of the Greek Christians subject to the Sultan. It was on this treaty Menthikoff relied in forcing his demands on Turkey previous to the late war ; and by this treaty Catherine obtained a foothold in the Crimea, which ended in its annexation. She was preparing for the conquest of Constantinople when death cut short her designs, but her successors have never lost sight of the prey. From the time of the treaty of Kainaroji to that of Adrianople, in 1829, we see Russia mistress of the whole political scene of Europe. Venice and Austria, who had played so important a part after the treaty of Carlowitz are effaced ; Poland is absorbed ; France and England are scarcely mediating powers. Russia directs the diplomatic negotiations of the Porte, and dictates and expounds all matters at Constantinople.

Unfortunately for Turkey, in the wars of the French revolution, which immediately followed, her two most powerful friends were on opposite sides, and their own immediate interests so blinded them to the future, that they sacrificed her between them. Napoleon discovered his error, as regarded Turkey, when it was too late. It was to defeat the designs of Russia on Constantinople that he undertook his famous expedition to Russia, which, signally failing, turned the scale in Europe against him ; and, when he was finally conquered, and the crowned heads at Vienna, in 1815, were settling the affairs of Europe, they did not invite Turkey to take a part in the Conference. This was, of course, effected by the influence of Russia, a fatal blunder, which cost much blood and treasure to France and England, in 1854, and leaves Russia at this moment the terror of all Europe. Had Turkey been represented at the Congress, the separation of Greece, the loss of Algiers, and of the Ionian Isles, could not have taken place, and under the joint protection of the treaty, Russia would have been compelled to respect the integrity of the Ottoman empire, and the unfortunate treaty of Adrianople would never have been extorted from the Sultan.

The history of the Greek insurrection is well known. It commenced in Wallachia and Moldavia, because these provinces were near to Russia, and expected her assistance. A secret society

and a conspiracy, long existed among the Greeks, and the Spanish revolution, in 1821, kindled it into a flame of revolt in Wallachia, which was headed by a military leader, who was formerly a lieutenant-colonel in the Russian service. He soon found himself at the head of fourteen thousand men, in Bucharest, the capital of the province. Another insurrection shortly after broke out in the other Danubian province of Moldavia, under the leadership of Ipsilanti, a distinguished officer in the Russian service, of Greek extraction, and son of a former Hospodar of Wallachia. He entered Jassey, the capital of Moldavia, with two hundred horse, and issued a proclamation, calling on the people to rise against Turkey, promising the assistance of Russia.* The effect of these proceedings was instantaneous and great. Very soon Ipsilanti was at the head of 20,000 men. He then organized a battalion, which he styled the Sacred Battalion, which embraced the flower of the youth of the country. Their uniform was black, with a cross formed of bones, in front, having the famous inscription of Constantine : "In this sign you shall conquer."† The insurrection next extended to ancient Greece. Here was an opportunity for Russia. The news of the insurrection reached the emperor when he was at the Congress of Laybach. The object which the Court of St. Petersburg had been laboring for a century to accomplish, seemed within its grasp. The other nations were so occupied with their own social troubles, that they could not offer any effectual resistance to its designs ; yet Alexander shrunk back from the conflict. The reason is assigned in his own memorable words to Chateaubriand : "It devolves on me to show myself the first to be convinced of the principles on which the Holy Alliance is founded. An opportunity presented itself on the occasion of the insurrection of the Greeks. Nothing certainly could have been more for my interests, those of my people, and the opinion of my country, than a religious war against the Turks ; but I discerned in the trouble of the Peloponnesus the revolutionary work. From that moment I kept aloof from them." So the autocrat of all the Russias feared the spectre of revolution, which had reared its head in Spain and Italy, and he would give it no encouragement in Greece ; but he expected that Turkey would be exhausted in

* Annaire Historique iv. 381.

† "In hoc signo vinces."

her effort to crush it, and he might then step in and take the prize. In pursuance of these principles, Count Nesselrode declared, officially, that "his imperial majesty could not regard the enterprise of Ipsilanti as anything but the effect of the exaltation which characterizes the present epoch, as well as of the inexperience and levity of that young man, whose name is ordered to be erased from the Russian service." Orders were sent, at the same time, to the imperial forces of the Pruth and in the Black Sea to observe the strictest neutrality.*

This was the death-blow to the insurrection in the Danubian provinces. Unaided by Russia, and deprived of even her usual support, it failed in Wallachia, Moldavia, and Macedonia, from want of cohesion, but in ancient Greece, where the inhabitants were more homogenous and more numerous, and favored by the mountains, it took a more obstinate and decisive character. Ipsilanti and other heroes crowned themselves with a glory worthy of their ancestors. They had the sympathy of Western Europe, and poets sung war songs to stir them up to "do or die."† The struggle continued seven years, when it was put an end to by the joint intervention of France, England and Russia guaranteeing the independence of Greece, and recognising her as a state within the narrow limits she occupies to-day. Whatever credit may be given to England and France for their sympathy with the heroism of the Greeks, they certainly deserve none for the treacherous and abominable crime of surprising and destroying, in concert with Russia, the Turkish fleet at Navarino, without a declaration of war; and then they only appeared in the character of friendly mediators. It was worthy of the treachery of the British, who, in 1806, sent a powerful fleet to Copenhagen, which the Danes, supposing to be friendly to them, admitted through the sound without question. Their illusion was soon dispelled when the English plenipotentiary demanded possession of the whole Danish fleet, the arsenal, and the fortress of Cronenberg. Such an outrageous demand was of course refused, and the city was bombarded, when 400 houses were destroyed and 2,000 inhabitants killed. A capitulation took place, and the English took away the Danish fleet, after destroying their docks. The only reason as-

* Chateaubriand, Congres de Verone, i. 222. Ann. Hist. iv. 384, 385.

† See Byron, "Sons of the Greeks, arise," &c.

signed for this violation of the law of nations, was that Denmark might possibly hereafter become an ally of France. France, Russia and Austria protested against the outrage. But, in 1827, France and Russia united with England in perpetrating as great a crime by destroying the whole of the Sultan's magnificent naval armament, cooped up without suspicion of injury, in the bay of Navarino. By this wrong, which the Duke of Wellington called an "untoward event," they left Turkey at the mercy of her mortal foe, and even said that "the Sultan had destroyed his own army, and now his allies had destroyed his navy."* The result was, that Russia soon sought a quarrel with the defenceless Sultan, pretending that the Turkish government had oppressed the Servians, the Wallachians, and the Moldavians. The Russian army, owing to the blundering of a Turkish general, succeeded in crossing the Balkan, the last line of defence against the Muscovite,† and dictated another treaty in the city of Adrianople, which they entered victoriously—that city which was the old capital of the Ottoman empire, and is still only second in importance and population to Constantinople.

The treaty of Adrianople, was the crowning blow given by Russia to Turkey. The two principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia were restored only on condition of continuing under the protection of Russia, and the princes or hospodars being independent and holding their dignity for life, of which they could not be deprived without the consent of Russia. They were merely to pay a tribute to Turkey, which was not to commence till after the Russian troops evacuated, which was not to be for ten years, and until Turkey paid Russia \$25,000,000, as the expenses of the war. By this treaty, the Porte was bound to give up to Russia all that she had hitherto possessed to the mouth of the left bank of the Danube, including towns and fortresses, and the Mussulman subjects of the Sultan were to remove thence. Numerous provisions were made regarding commerce, and if there was any infraction of the treaty, and Russia did not receive full and

* Moltke—The destruction of the army is in allusion to the massacre of the Janissaries.

† The other two lines are the Danube—the second line which covers the whole northern provinces of the Turkish empire, and then the extensive, uncultivated plains of Moldavia and Wallachia (the first line), the Scythia of the ancients affording no sustenance to an invading army.

prompt satisfaction, (in both cases being herself the judge,) she had the right of immediately declaring war against the Ottoman empire.

Such was the treaty of Adrianople concluded with the knowledge of the western powers, scarcely a year after the crime committed by them at Navarino. It needs no comment. The Sultan became a merely nominal sovereign in a large portion of his empire, while the powers of the west, from their fatal rivalry and foolish projects of individual ambition, permitted themselves to be overshadowed by the house of Romanoff. But unfortunate Turkey was now destined to further troubles within. Mehemet Ali, who, up to 1832, had been the Sultan's submissive Pacha in Egypt, revolted from his rule. Rendered powerful by the concession to him of the island of Candia, for his important services against the Greeks, he conceived the project of taking possession of Syria. He threw off the Sultan's yoke, and civil war broke out between them. In a short time the rebel chief was in possession of Syria. He then marched towards Constantinople, meditating the seizure of the empire. In a great and decisive battle at Konich, by his superior generalship, Ibrahim, son of Mehemet Ali, defeated the Turks with great slaughter. Had the victorious Egyptians then boldly marched on Constantinople, they would have captured it, for the population within would rise in favor of Mehemet Ali, regarding him as the true Caliph of the Mahometan religion, on account of his courage and ability. But Ibrahim was then ignorant of the magnitude of his own success. He remained inactive for some time, and then marched towards the Bosphorus, saying, he would leave it to the Oulemas* to determine between him and the Sultan. But the latter had gained time and applied for aid to England, which was at that time so convulsed with demands of reform and menaces of revolution within her own island, that she could not take advantage of the occasion which fortune threw in her way. Had she been able to do so, an effectual barrier might have been placed against Russian progress, and the great war of 1854, might have been averted. British aid was refused, and the Sultan, in desperation, threw himself into the arms of his mortal foe, Russia, offering her the *exclusive protectorate of Turkey*. The Turkish government skilfully represented the revolt of the Pacha

* The supreme judges and expounders of the Koran.

of Egypt, as a part of the general system of insubordination which had invaded Europe, and which all its monarchies, and Russia in particular, were deeply interested in crushing. The autograph letter of the Sultan to the emperor of Russia, is preserved in the imperial archives of St. Petersburg, and is regarded as one of the greatest triumphs of the Russian empire. Thus Turkey was so reduced that she was compelled to solicit the assistance of her inveterate foe—

“*Et propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas.*”

Russia promptly accepted the offer, recalling her consul from Alexandria, and ordered both land and sea forces to the aid of the Sultan, who now addressed a note to the other powers, appealing to their own self-interest, and “the fatal example of rebellion given by Mehemet Ali.” Such was the foresight of the Russian government, that everything was prepared at Sebastopol to turn the crisis to the very best account. But the French government, by a rapid movement, anticipated Russia, and sent a fleet to the Bosphorus, under Admiral Roussin, who succeeded in effecting a peace before the Russian armament arrived. The terms were the cession of the entire Pachalic of Syria, with the districts of Adana and Egypt, in perpetuity, to Mehemet Ali. The Turkish government accepted these hard terms, to avoid the protection of Russia, and an intimation was made to the Russian ambassador that all was settled. But the Russian admiral would only agree to anchor his fleet in the bay of Bourgas, instead of entering the Bosphorus; and while lying there, intelligence reached him that Mehemet Ali would not confirm the treaty, and that the negotiations were broken off. The audacious Pacha, knowing the population in Asia were with him, felt confident Constantinople was within his grasp. But the Sultan now invited his Russian protectors to advance. A large Russian fleet entered the Bosphorus, and a land force took post on the mountain of the Grant, within sight of Constantinople. The Egyptian Pacha, seeing that it was no use for him to contend, after the intervention of Russia, accepted a peace, by which he was confirmed in the governments of Crete and Egypt, with the addition of Jerusalem, Damascus, Tripoli, Aleppo, and Adana. He withdrew his forces, and took quiet possession of the ceded districts of Syria. The question for the Sultan now was, how to get rid of his protectors. France and Eng-

land insisted upon the withdrawal of the Russian forces, but this was not done till the agents of the Czar, extorted from the weakness or gratitude of the Sultan, concessions which left the Ottomans completely at the mercy of their northern neighbors. This was the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi, one of the most important diplomatic acts of modern times, and from which necessarily sprang the eastern war of 1854. By this treaty, which was arranged with profound secrecy, it was provided that, for eight years, there should be an alliance, offensive and defensive, between the powers, in pursuance of which, Russia agreed to place her whole fleets and armies at the disposal of the Porte. In addition to this, it was specially stipulated, by a secret article, that, to prevent embarrassment to the Porte, from furnishing material assistance to Russia, in case of attack, "the Ottoman Porte should be bound, in virtue of its obligations towards Russia, *to close the Straits of the Dardanelles—that is to say, not to permit any ship of war of a foreign power to enter those Straits under any pretence whatever.*" Notwithstanding the secrecy of this article, it was discovered, by the circumstance of a French ship of war presenting itself at the Dardanelles, and being refused a passage, upon which an explanation was demanded and finally obtained. Nothing could exceed the consternation of the Western powers. All Europe became alarmed. The Western cabinets saw the error they had committed in 1815, in excluding the Porte from the Congress of Vienna, and "the Eastern question," which was then, for the first time, known by its true name, became grown, and parliaments, presses and cabinets began to look upon it as a matter of vital importance. A second edition of the Congress of Vienna was now postponed by the Austrian minister Metternich, and the Porte invited to attend, but the Sultan declined, and abided by the treaty with Russia. England was troubled to see one arm of the Muscovite extended across Syria, even to the route to the East Indies, while France felt equally uneasy at seeing the other reaching to the Mediterranean, and Austria trembled for her safety. England soon contrived to work her way into the good will of the Sultan, and obtained important commercial advantages from Turkey, in fact, a concession of free navigation for British merchant vessels in the Black Sea, which was the first approach to free trade made in modern Europe. The French were mortally offended, and Mehemet Ali being aware of the fact, took advan-

[Dec.,

tage of it to engage in a new war against the Sultan, while the latter, supported by England, thirsted for revenge. The Turks were defeated in a terrible battle at Nezib. The army was destroyed and the fleet had been delivered by treachery to Mehemet Ali, and was now cruising near Alexandria in company with the Egyptian fleet.

By the death of Mahmoud, immediately after the present Sultan, Abdoul Mejjid, ascended the throne, and it was hoped that peace would be established, as the young Sultan was less obstinate than his father. England, Austria and Prussia, fearing to leave Turkey to the protection of Russia, formed an alliance to support the former. From this alliance, France was omitted. The Pacha refused the terms offered to him by the allies. He broke out into fury, exclaiming : "Vallah-billah-billah, (by the Almighty God) I will not surrender a foot of land which I possess, and should they declare war against me, I will overturn the empire and bury myself beneath its ruins." The wooden walls of England, however, soon brought him to his senses. The British fleet assailed his fortresses on the coast, and cut off the communication between Syria and Egypt. Jean D'Acre and Beyrouth, and other strongholds fell in succession, and the French, notwithstanding their superior fleet in the Mediterranean not sustaining the Pacha, owing to the determination of Louis Philippe to cement a friendship with England, Mehemet Ali was compelled to accept the terms proposed by Guizot, on the part of France, and adopted by the allies : 1. That the straits of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles should be closed against ships of war of all nations without distinction. 2. That on condition of paying the Porte one-fourth of the revenue, the Pachalic of Egypt, in hereditary right, should be secured to Mehemet Ali and his descendants, as the vassal of the Sultan. 3. That guarantees should be given by Turkey for ameliorating the Christian inhabitants of Syria.

One of the conditions of the peace was, the restoration to the Sultan of his fleet, which consisted of nine ships of the line, eleven frigates, and four brigs. This treaty being concluded, a convention was signed by the whole allied powers and *France*, which was thus taken into the European confederacy of nations again. The portion of it which afterwards became of great importance was "that the straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles in conformity with the ancient

usage of the Ottoman empire, shall remain *permanently closed against all foreign vessels of war as long as the Ottoman Porte shall enjoy peace.*" This appeared to be a great victory, but it was deceptive, for it in reality made the Black Sea an inland inaccessible Russian lake. The fleets of all the western powers were shut out, while that of Russia, numbering eighteen line of battle ships, was left in possession, manned with gunners whose skill England afterwards experienced on the ramparts of the Malakoff and the Redan. Against this fine navy and the impregnable bastions of Sebastopol, Turkey had the ill-fortified ports of the Bosphorus, with a few sail of the line badly manned, so little foresight did the western powers evince. The war of 1854 was undertaken by the allies to undo the treaty, which was the fruit of the victories of Beyrouth and Acre, in 1841—to open the Euxine to foreign vessels of war, and to terminate the fatal supremacy of Russia in its waters, but the results of it are so well known, that it would be superfluous to refer to them at any length in this hasty sketch, already grown much longer than we had intended it should be.

- ART. VII.—1. *The Antigone of Sophocles.* With Notes, for the use of Colleges in the United States. By THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, President of Yale College. Boston and Cambridge : James Munroe & Co.
2. *Æschylus ex Novissima Recensione.* FREDRICK A. PALEY. Accessit verborum quæ præcipue notanda sunt et nominum index. New York : Harper & Brothers.
3. *Euripides ex Recensione.* FREDRICK A. PALEY. Accessit et nominum index. New York : Harper & Brothers.

WE are well aware of the wide-spread prejudice existing amongst the great mass of our people against classical studies. No nation in the world sets a higher value upon education in one sense than ours ; a fact that is daily attested quite as strongly by the shifts, sacrifices, and labors, which many of the poorest young men and maidens in the community will cheerfully undergo in order to acquire this education, as by the great attention which it has received from the several State legislatures. Every political system has its weak points, and we may not always be

able to rebut or deny the severe truth of the criticisms passed by foreigners upon some of our public institutions and our private manners ; but we can always point with an honorable pride to our Common School system of public education, as a lofty and enduring proof of the people's capacity for self-government. It is true, that some of the despotic nations of Europe, such as Prussia and Bavaria, have admirable systems of public education also, and Scotland's Parochial Schools have, since the days of Knox, been a powerful means of elevating the humbler classes of her population ; but, even allowing those educational instrumentalities to be on a par, in point of general application and practical results, with our own, it must not be forgotten that these European systems are the results either of public tyranny or of private, individual benevolence ; while ours owes its origin to the wise and liberal spirit of a free people, legislating for the benefit of themselves and posterity.

In this, however, as in everything else, it must be acknowledged that the practical, pecuniary value test has always been kept very carefully in view ; nor was it anything but natural that such should be the case with a young people encountering the various toils and difficulties incident to a new position, new freedom, and a new land. Those kinds of knowledge, which would best and most readily qualify their recipients to supply the necessities and overcome the obstacles of the settler's daily life, naturally commanded the highest price in the educational market ; and, even when the general progress and increased prosperity of the country had, to a great extent, nullified this plea of necessity, the impress remained stamped upon our educational system, being imprinted afresh and even more deeply by the desire of accumulating wealth—an object for which, we suspect, education is much more frequently valued and sought, than for its own sake, as the great means of elevating, enlightening, and ennobling man's mental and spiritual nature.

Let us not be supposed for a moment to undervalue the practical, useful character of that system of education, which has been the chief means, under Providence, of securing our freedom and promoting our prosperity. On the contrary, we derive a peculiar and proud feeling of satisfaction from the superiority which, through the developement given by this system to natural genius, we have attained over other nations, in almost every department

of applied science and mechanical ingenuity. But we do desire to see the intellectual aspirants and educational views of our people liberalized and elevated, so that they may no longer look upon knowledge merely as a stepping-stone to wealth and an incentive to the worship of that foul Fetish—the base god of so much base idolatry—"success in life." Moreover, we must confess that we desire to see our country take a position in the universe of literature and learning of equal dignity with its political status among the nations of the earth. We have made some long strides in this direction, and indeed in not a few points of intellectual culture have nearly attained the goal; but in others, and more especially in the departments of high classical scholarship, philological research, and critical acquaintance with the languages and literatures of antiquity, much—very much, alas! remains still to be done.* We shall not pause at present to discuss the value of sound, classical knowledge, as we take it for granted the majority of our readers require no arguments to prove

* We had originally hoped to make some suggestions in this article for an improved system of classical education, but are obliged, by want of space, to defer them. As properly connected, however, with the subject of an Attic Poet, let us point out the manifest absurdity of putting the Homeric poems into the hands of young students, who have but just entered on the study of Greek. This practice is very general and very wrong: much more ridiculous, indeed, than if we were to commence teaching our children English from the "Faerie Queen" of Spenser, or Chaucer's "Troilus and Cresseide." This stanza is a very sweet and beautiful one, but yet the style of language would hardly form a good model for present poetry or speech:

"An as the newe-abashed nightingale
That stinteth first, when she beginneth syng,
When that she heareth any herdis tale,
Or in the hedgis any wight stirring,
And after siker doth her voice outring :
Right as Cresseide, when that her drede stent
Opened her herte and told him her entente."

And yet it is infinitely more like the language of Byron and Bryant, Wordsworth and Whittier, than the old Ionic dialect of Homer is to the pure, polished attic of Sophocles. If the Greek language is to be taught properly and perfectly, let the study of the dialectic peculiarities of ancient forms and of the mongrel corruptions of modern Romaic be postponed, till the pupil is able to read and to compose with ease in pure Attic Greek, the finest and most philosophical of all languages, dead or living, except one—The Sanskrit.

to them the great worth and practical availability of the study of the languages of Greece and Rome, even if regarded only as an instrument of education and mental training. For our present purpose it is enough to recal and record the fact, that the progress of the literary reputation of Germany and England may be measured very accurately by the advances made in classical, and more particularly in Greek scholarship. Although the names of many illustrious scholars stand out in bold relief upon the pages of European history, at a period when the language and literature of Greece at least had as yet attracted comparatively little attention, it remained for the last three quarters of a century to assign its due place of honor to the study of Greek ; and surely we need not wait to prove that no previous era of the history of Germany and England had ever been so generally and strongly marked by all the characteristics of literary elevation and refinement, as that which has given birth to Brunck and Bothe, Hermann and Dindorf, Wunder and Welcker, Schaefer and Schneider, Erfurdt and Böckh, in the fatherland of scholarship and scholars, and to Porson, and Musgrave, and Gaisford, Elmsley and Monk, and Paley, Jelf, and Donaldson, and Liddell, *cum multis aliis*, in our own fatherland. And here let us remark that, while we have selected those names, without method or order, and simply *currente calamo*, at random recollection, it is by no means an insignificant circumstance, that almost every one of those illustrious scholars evinced a high appreciation of the works of Sophocles above all the other poetic writers of ancient Greece. Such a fact would in itself be sufficient to lead us to look for more than ordinary beauty, purity of style, and elevation of sentiment in his dramas. Nor will such an expectation prove deceptive to the student, who shall seek an intimate acquaintance with the prince of Greek dramatic poets : for we willingly acknowledge the justice of his country's verdict, which awarded to Sophocles the palm of superiority alike over his older and his younger rival. Æschylus, indeed, may surpass him in boldness of imagery and grandeur of style ; and rightfully retain the respect and admiration of his own and after ages as the virtual creator of attic tragedy ; for in the language of Schlegel, "She sprang in full panoply from his head as did Pallas from the head of Jupiter." In the singular strangeness of his imagery and expressions, Æschylus has aptly been compared to

Dante and Shakespeare, but the order and beauty of his compositions are marred by the frequency of his rugged compounds, by an overloading of epithets, and by the great entanglement and consequent obscurity of his constructions. Euripides, again, is as much distinguished by the characteristics of softness and smoothness of style, as Æschylus by the very opposite qualities. His excellencies and defects are judiciously and fairly thus described by Augustus Von Schlegel : “ If we look at Euripides by himself, uncompare with his predecessors, if we select several of his better pieces, and single passages in others, we must allow him extraordinary praise. On the other hand, if we place him in connection with the history of art, if, in his pieces, we always look to the whole, and again to his general aims, as they appear in the works which have come down to us, we cannot avoid subjecting him to much and severe reproof. Of few authors is it possible to say, with truth, so much good and so much evil. He was a genius of boundless talents, well practised in the most varied arts of mind ; but in him a superabundance of splendid and amiable qualities was not regulated by that lofty earnestness of thought, and that severe wisdom of the artist, which we venerate in Æschylus and Sophocles. His constant endeavor is merely *to please*, without caring by what means. Therefore he is so unlike himself ; often he has passages of ravishing beauty, at other times he sinks into mere commonplace. With all his defects he possesses a wonderful lightness and a certain insinuating charm.” There are some other and more serious charges that we might bring against Euripides, which exceed the negative culpability of a weak desire to please. His morality was far from sound in more respects than one—vice, and sensuality, and falsehood are countenanced, if not encouraged, in his writings, and he has ever at too ready a command that seductive sophistry of the passions, which can shed a light of attraction around the darkest vice. Illustrative of this, an amusing story is recorded of his introducing Bellerophon with a base encomium upon wealth, as being preferable to all domestic joys, the speech concluding thus, “ If Aphrodite be indeed glittering as *gold*, she well deserves the love of mortals ;” at which, it is said, the spectators raised an outcry of indignation, and were on the point of stoning both actor and poet, when Euripides, starting forward, shouted out, “ only wait for the end and he will get his deserts !” On another occasion,

when reproached for the horrid and blasphemous language put by him into the mouth of Ixion, his defence was, "Did I not end, however, by binding him upon the wheel?" But even this equivocating substitute for poetical justice, is not to be found in many of the dramas of Euripides, in which wantonness is countenanced and wickedness allowed to pass scot-free, while meanness and deception are openly protested by the desecrated defence of some assumed noble motive. Cognate to this last fault is his frequent indulgence in that perverted special pleading which so readily and adroitly lends a semblance of right to what is wrong,—which equivocates and tampers with truth, and casuistically justifies bad acts by laying claim to good motives. One of these sophistical utterances of Euripides has become the conduct rule of many an Austrian and Italian tyrant, since the time when Julius Caesar used to quote it with such zest and unction.

"For sovereignty's sake, it is worth while to do wrong; in other cases one ought to be just;" and another, for which he was severely assailed, by Aristophanes, though modified in meaning by the context, is, after all, nothing more or less than a defence of perjury. But another charge, in some respects even more fatal to a poet's fame, has been too well established against this dramatist—a charge which adds an overwhelming weight against him, in the balance of comparison with Æschylus or Sophocles—namely, his open and persistent disrespect of woman. We know, from history, that he was only too ready to yield to the baser kind of female attractions, but it is plain that his mind and heart mistook sensual lust for soul-elevating love, and that his own familiarity with frailty made him believe *all* women to be false and frail.

Before we discuss the poetic characteristics of Sophocles, we will glance briefly at the incidents of his life, which helped to mould and fashion his genius into that form of grace and beauty, by which it attracted such enthusiastic, and yet enduring admiration. Our prince of Attic poets was born at the lovely little village of Colonus, about a mile from Athens, in the year 495, b. c., being thus thirty years junior to Æschylus, and fifteen senior to Euripides. His father, a man of opulence and good position, bestowed upon him a careful education in all the literary and personal accomplishments of his age and country. Thus, the powers of the future dramatist were developed, strengthened, and refined

by sound instruction in the principles of poetry and music—*music*, not as taught among modern accomplishments, but in the full, grand, and comprehensive sense of the term, so well understood by the æsthetic Athenians—whilst the natural graces of a person eminently handsome derived fresh elegance and a loftier and more commanding beauty from the manly exercises of the Palæstra. As the result of this judicious training, it was but natural that his earliest triumphs were those of the wrestler and the athlete, and that the victor garlands of the Palæstra preceded and heralded the winning of the richer wreaths of tragic poetry. Of his subsequent career we shall let Schlegel speak, for though his remarks may seem somewhat too much in the tone of what he styles the “Old Religion,” they are no less critically just and true, than happy in their generous and appreciative eloquence. “With both these poets he was contemporary through the greater part of his life. With Æschylus he often contended for the ivy wreath of tragedy, and Euripides he outlived, though that poet also reached an advanced age. It would seem, to speak in the spirit of the old religion, as if a gracious Providence had purposed to reveal to the human race, in the example of this one man, the dignity and the blessedness of its lot, by conferring upon him, in addition to all that can adorn and elevate the mind and heart, all conceivable blessings of life besides. To have been born of wealthy and respected parentage, as a free citizen of the most polished community in Greece, was but the first preliminary to his felicity. Beauty of person, and of mind, and the uninterrupted enjoyment of both in perfect soundness to the very extreme term of human life—a most select and complete education in the gymnastic and musical arts, the one of which was so mighty to impart energy, the other, harmony to exquisite natural abilities; the sweet bloom of youth, and the mature fruit of age; the possession and uninterrupted enjoyment of poetry and art, and the exercise of serene wisdom; love and esteem among his fellow-citizens; renown abroad, and the favor of the well-pleased gods; these are the most general features of this pious and holy poet. It is as though the gods—among whom he early devoted himself to Dionysius in particular, as the giver of all gladness, and the civilizer of rude mankind, by the exhibition of tragedy at his festivals—had wished to make him immortal, so long did they defer his death; and, as this might not be, they loosened his life from him as

gently and softly as possible, that he might imperceptibly exchange one immortality for another—the long duration of his earthly existence for an imperishable name."

Our limits will not admit of our entering upon a full, critical analysis of the style and works of Sophocles, but we shall presently mark some of these characteristics, which entitle him to so high a place among the poets, not only of his own, but of every age and land, and which more especially demand for his dramas a prominent position in the classical studies of such a country as ours. A brief comparison, however, of his subjects and style with those of the greater and nobler of his two contemporary rivals, may not be out of place, and in instituting this comparison we shall do little more than endorse the substance of the observations of an able and very impartial critic, Professor Philip Smith. And, first, we may observe that the style and subjects of Æschylus are essentially *heroic*, in the old Greek sense of the term, while those of Sophocles are no less emphatically and essentially *human*, in which respect, as well as in not a few others, there exists a marked and close affinity between him and the great poet of humanity, Shakespeare. The characters and scenes of Æschylus excite terror, pity, and admiration; while those of Sophocles bring the same feelings *home to the heart*, with sympathy and self-application. "No human being," observes Professor Smith, "can imagine himself in the position of Prometheus, or derive a personal warning from the crimes and fate of Clytaëmnestra; but every one can in feeling share the self-devotion of Antigone, in giving up her life at the call of fraternal piety, and the calmness which comes over the spirit of Oedipus, when he is reconciled to the gods. In Æschylus, moreover, the sufferers are the victims of an inexorable destiny; but Sophocles brings more prominently into view those faults of their own, which form one element of the *ἀτη*—the retribution—of which they are the victims, and is more intent upon inculcating, as the lesson taught by their woes, that wise calmness and moderation in desires and actions, in prosperity and adversity, which the Greek poets and philosophers celebrate under the name of *σωφρογένεια*. On the other hand, he never descends to that level to which Euripides brought down the art, by the exhibition of human passion and suffering for the mere purpose of exciting emotion in the spectators, *apart from any moral end*. The great distinction between these two poets is ably defined by

Aristotle, in that passage of the "Poetic" (vi. 12), which may be called the great text of aesthetic philosophy, and in which, though the names of Sophocles and Euripides are not mentioned, there can be no doubt that the statement that "the tragedies of most of the more recent poets are *unethical*," is meant to apply to Euripides, and that the contrast, which he proceeds to illustrate by a comparison of Polygnotus and Zeuxis in the art of painting, is intended to describe the difference between the two poets ; for, in another passage of the same work (xxvi. 11), he quotes, with admiration, the saying of Sophocles, that 'he himself represented men as they *ought to be*, but Euripides exhibited them as *they are*,' a remark which, by the bye, as coming from the mouth of Sophocles himself, exposes the absurdity of those opponents of aesthetic science, who sneer at it, as if it ascribed to the great poets of antiquity moral and artistic purposes, of which they themselves never dreamt. It is quite true that the earliest and some of the mightiest efforts of genius are, to a great extent, though never, we believe, *entirely*, unconscious ; and even such productions are governed by laws, written in the human mind and instinctively followed by the poets—laws, which it is the task and glory of aesthetic science to trace out in the works of those writers, who thus followed them unconsciously. But such productions, however magnificent they may be, are never so *perfect* in every respect, as those of the poet, who, possessing equal genius, *consciously* and laboriously works out the great principles of his art. It is in this respect that Sophocles surpasses Aeschylus. His works are perhaps not greater, but they are more *perfect*, and this for the very reason now stated, and which Sophocles himself explained, when he said "Aeschylus does what is right, but without knowing it."

The distinguishing characteristics of this great poet, then, in our opinion, and those upon which we rest our recommendation of the study of his works, as well as the justice of the place we have assigned him as the "Prince of Attic Poets," are his piety and reverence for holy things, as these alone were known to him—his patriotism and strong love of liberty—his Shakesperian knowledge of the human heart and sympathy with the joys and sorrows of humanity—and his reverential respect for woman ; and surely any one of these characteristics must be sufficient of itself to conciliate for him the regard and admiration of the scholars and students of America.

Did we care to enter upon a full examination of our poet's works, we could adduce many and multiplied proofs of each of the high qualities we have indicated ; but affection for the Antigone—to our mind the most attractive, if not the most artistic, of his tragedies—no less than an unwillingness to weary our readers' patience, restrains us from going beyond the limits of that beautiful and most affecting drama.

"The ideal of the female character in the Antigone," observes a great German critic, "is marked by great severity ; so much so, that this alone would be sufficient to neutralize all those mawkish conceptions of Greek character, which have lately become so much the mode. Her indignation at Ismene's refusal to take a part in her daring resolution—the manner in which she afterwards rejects Ismene, when, repenting of her weakness, the latter offers to accompany her heroic sister to death, borders on harshness ; her silence, and her speeches against Creon, whereby she provokes him to execute his tyrannous threat, are both alike proofs of unshaken, manly courage. But the poet has found out the secret of revealing the loving womanly character in one single line, where, the representation of Creon, that Polynices died the foe of his country, she replies :

οὐ τοι συνέχειν, ἀλλὰ συμφίλειν ἔφυν.

" My heart was not formed to sympathize with hate, but with love."

Schlegel's discerning criticism, and Sophocles' true poetic insight into woman's gentle and loving heart, are equally attested by the above passage. In the few extracts which we are about to cite, we must ask to be forgiven for translating directly, and perhaps rather unpoetically, from the original, instead of adopting any of the many metrical renderings of the poet. We do so because these, so far as known to us, too frequently make the sense of the Greek tragedian give way to the necessities of the English versifier. The feelings of reverence and piety find powerful expression in another of Antigone's replies to Creon, who had just upbraided her with disobedience to his laws :

" It was not Zeus, who heralded these words,
Nor Justice, help-meet of the gods below.
But they it was who ratified those other laws,
And stamped their record on the hearts of men.
Nor did I, I confess, deem thy behests so mighty,
That thou, a mortal, could'st trample and transgress

The unchanging, though unwritten, laws of the immortals.
 For these are not the mere creations of to-day or yesterday ;
 But live from everlasting, nor knows any man their birth-time.
 These, from the dread of any mortal's anger,
 Was I not willing to transgress, and thus
 The punishment ordained of heaven incur." (*l. 448 s99.*)

A striking parallel to this fine passage may be observed in Mason's lines :

" Let not a mortal's mere command
 Urge you to break the unalterable laws
 Of heaven-descended charity."

The character of Antigone stands out in bold relief in the following reply to her sister :

" No more will I exhort thee : no ! not even if
 Thou wouldest it now, would I with joy consent
 To have thee partner in my deed of duty.
 Be *thou* what seemeth best to thee ; but I
 Will bury him, glad to meet death in doing thus !
 Loving with him who loved me, I shall lie,
 After a holy deed unholyly performed ;
 And longer truly is the time through which
 My task must be to please the powers below,
 Than those up here, for there shall I remain for aye."

Here, again, are some lines which display the writer's poetical sagacity no less than his insight into the human heart—lines, let us add, that may be advantageously accepted as a warning note of admonition and guidance by those to whom the destinies of this great republic are shortly to be entrusted :

" There is no man, whose will, and mind, and meaning
 Stand forth as outward things for all to see,
 Till he hath shewn himself by practice tried,
 In ruling under law, and making laws.
 As for myself, it is, and was of old
 My fixed belief, that he is vile indeed,
 Who, when the general state his guidance claims,
 Dares not adhere to wisest policy.
 Him, too, I reckon nothing worth, who loves
 His private friend beyond his Fatherland.
 Nor would I ever count among my friends
 My country's enemy : for full well I know
 She only is the ship will bring us safe to port ;
 Sailing in her, still staunch, and steady on her keel,
 We'll gain the friends best worthy of the name." (*l. 175 s92.*)

The Duke of Buckingham's words, though terse and strong, and similar in purport, scarcely can be compared with the above passage in point of dignified patriotism. Their chief beauty, indeed is their pregnant brevity :

“ Our country challenges our utmost care,
And in our thoughts deserves the tenderest share ;
Her to a thousand friends we should prefer.”

We have often derived no small satisfaction and profit from comparing the *thoughts* of Sophocles and of other poets of antiquity, Asiatic as well as Greek, with those of our own older poets, and we would commend the same course to all earnest students, as at once a most delightful and a most improving one, combining instruction in language, philosophy and poetry ; and eliciting the same solemn notes of human sympathy and sorrow-taught wisdom from Arab kitar and Hebrew lyre—from the sweet and graceful minstrelsy of accomplished Athens, and the harsher and sterner music of world-conquering Rome. That the corrupting influence of money was as well known to the old Greek as to the modern American or Englishman, the following passage may show :

“ There is nothing,
Of all the coinage current in the world,
So evil-fraught as money. This overthrows great states,
This drives men from their hearths and homes ;
This, too, unteaches and perverts the minds
Of upright mortals, till they take their post
Upon the side of ignominious actions :
This points the way of knavery to mankind,
And finds a school for every deed of sin.”—(*l. 295, s99.*)

Of many parallels to this in our older and later poets, none that we know is more opposite than one of old Gascoigne's—

“ Gold, which is the very cause of warres,
The *meast* of strife, and *nourice* of debate,
The barre of Heaven, and open way to Hel.”

The following lines again of our author would seem to be almost translated in the accompanying passage from Drayton. Sophocles says, through his chorus :

“ Wisely by some one was this word declared
Evil seems ever good to him whose mind
God leadeth on to mischief.”

Drayton's words are :

“ When God intends
To lay a curse upon men's wretched ends,
Of understanding he doth them deprive,
Which taken from them, up themselves they give.”

One more quotation and we must conclude. This passage simultaneously exhibits one of the leading phases of the poet's tone of thought, and presents us with a striking instance of the parallelism to which we have lately referred. Creon thus replies to Hœmon's dutiful address :

“ Such thoughts, my son, should rule thy bosom ever :
A son in all his acts should humbly bow
To what his sire ordains. It is for this
That men beseech the Gods to give the children,
Whom they beget and keep at home, a heart
Of dutiful obedience, that thus
They may requite with ill their father's foe,
And honor whom their father loves to honor.
But when a man's own children help him not,
What shall we say he has begotten, but
Chains for himself and chuckling for his foes ? ”

(l. 630, s99.)

There is a certain degree of kinship between part of this, and the passage in Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ A father
Heightens his reputation, when his son
Inherits it, as when you give us life,
Your life is not diminished, but renewed
In us when you are dead, and we are still
Your living images.”

But Sophocles himself is but a repeater of the inspired Psalmist's words :

“ Like arrows in the hands of a mighty man
So are the children of youth.
Happy is the man that hath his quiver
Filled with them ; they shall not be put to shame,
When they speak with their enemies in the gate.”

We have thus briefly, and, as we are conscious, very imperfectly endeavored to point out a few of those merits and beauties, which have tended to win our own admiration to the works of Sophocles above the other dramatists of Greece, and to lead us to commend the study of them to the youth and manhood—aye, and we will add,

the womanhood—of America. In the pages of no other poet of classical antiquity can be found in greater abundance or in more matured and graceful developement, the enunciation of those great and soul-ennobling principles, on the cultivation and cherishing of which the intellectual, moral and material prosperity of this Union must, in the main, depend. Reverence for all that is truly reverend and worthy of respect—intimate acquaintance and genial sympathy with the sorrows and the joys, the aspirations and the fears and hopes of the common heart of humanity—unswerving love of liberty, and loftiest, purest patriotism—and—best index at once of the true poetic spirit, and of the most philosophic wisdom—honor to woman. These are the claims of the great tragic poet of Ancient Greece upon the loving study of modern, practical America. But it is not Sophocles alone that we desire to commend to our country's veneration. For the honor of the republic, and in the interest of sound learning, we desire to see classical studies, in general, arrest that attention and assume that place of dignity and honor, which is their just and lawful due. Some steps have already been taken in this direction, but the classical scholarship of our country still lags lamentably in the rear of our progress in all other fields of knowledge. We would not say one word to discourage the attention given to that more practically useful knowledge which has contributed so largely and so powerfully to the prosperity and progress of America; but, if only with the view of rendering that prosperity more firm and lasting, we would advocate the cultivation of higher scholarship, a greater love of learning for its own sake, and the recognition, respect and encouragement of what as yet we have not, an order of learned men. The establishment of such an order would be one of the most effectual safeguards of our constitution. Every form of government is exposed to its own peculiar dangers, and to a republic, such as ours, these are most apt to arise from the excessive love of money on the one hand, and of political prestige and power on the other. To keep these agitating influences within their proper limits, some checks more powerful than any we yet possess are, undoubtedly, required; and the only checks compatible with our free institutions must be sought in the more perfect cultivation of the mental and spiritual elements of our national and individual character. The lasting power and prosperity of a nation, and above all of a REPUBLIC, can only be secured by the full recognition of the combined claims of VIRTUE, RELIGION and LEARNING.

ART. VIII.—*Oeuvres Complètes de M. de BALZAC.* Vols. I.—IX. Paris. 1859.

2. *Novels of M. HONORÉ DE BALZAC.* Vol. I. *The Greatness and Decline of César Birotteau.* Translated from the French by O. W. WIGHT and F. B. GOODRICH. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1860.

3. *Oeuvres Complètes de GEORGE SAND;* accompagnées de morceaux inédits. Vol. I.—XIII. Paris. 1859.

The most virtuous nations have vices enough of their own without importing those of others. There is sufficient that is vicious and demoralizing in the light literature of America at the present day, without going to France or any other country to seek something worse. Until lately a better time seemed to be dawning upon us ; nay, the time seemed to have arrived. The people in all parts of the country had set their faces against the "sensation" novels, which only two or three years ago used to be sent in such enormous cargoes to all parts of the country ; each novel passing through a fabulous number of editions in one week ; the numbers said to have been sold, even before they were from the binders, baffling computation. The injury done by this rubbish has been universally felt ; nor has the vitiated public mind recovered from it yet. Convalescence had set in undoubtedly. If "blood and murder" stories are still read, it is only in weekly papers, where the most they cost is four cents ; and even in this ephemeral form they are only read by a certain class. Be it remembered also, that little calculated as they are to refine the mind or improve the taste, but the reverse, they are, upon the whole, less demoralizing than the sort of books which the crisis of 1857, if it did nothing else that was good, has the credit of having reduced to the condition of unsaleable drags.

Every one who travels has a lively recollection of at least some of the various expedients had recourse to, from time to time, by the "enterprising" gentlemen who made a specialty of getting up such books. First, they would send advance copies to the village papers throughout the country, accompanied with "criticisms," got up to order in the home market. According as these were printed, they were carefully collected. Often we have seen publishers, who now put on great airs, going about from one hotel

and reading room to another, stealthily cutting out, or tearing, those "first-rate notices," and stowing them away in their pocket-books, as too valuable to run chance of not getting them in the usual way, through the mail. When a decent number were thus collected, they were duly printed in the form of circulars as "opinions of the press," and whenever they seemed susceptible of improvement, no scruple was made of adding a word or sentence, which might show that nothing so excellent, or admirable, had ever issued from the press before. No one could enter a boat, railway car, or hotel, without being presented with one of these documents ; and from five to ten minutes having been allowed for its perusal, then came the "great work" in whose praise it was got up. If all this, duly performed, was not sufficient, there still remained such advertisements as the following : "Says the *Westchester Daily Illuminator*," &c., "says the *Sheepsrille Aurora*," &c., "says the *Fishkill Evening Star*," &c. After sufficient variety was given in this way, the world was informed, in capital letters, that the thirtieth edition was now in press, and would be exhausted by all the orders already received!

The public, as we have said, soon grew disgusted with the daily repetition of such arrant charlatanism. Accordingly, one "thrilling" novel after another failed to attract the most gullible. The publishers would daily proclaim, in vain, that it was selling in countless thousands. Then they would try the experiment of rechristening it—altering the title page, and announcing it, after the approved fashion, as an entirely new book—one of startling interest, wonderful freshness and originality ; in short, one attributed, before it was two days published, to the greatest living writers!* And woe to the person depending for a livelihood on his

* A certain house then in Nassau street, but now elsewhere, became so famous, or rather so notorious, for this sort of thing, that, like its illustrious prototype of Tegg & Co., on the other side of the Atlantic, it received the title of "New Hospital for Sick Literati," whose advertisement, when translated into plain English, ran somewhat as follows :—

"With all humility we beg
To inform the public that Tom Tegg—
Known for his spunky speculations,
In buying up dead reputations,
And by a mode of galvanizing,
Which all must own is quite surprising,
Making dead authors move again
As though they still were living men."

pen who dared as much as to hint at all this ! No course calculated to injure him was too treacherous or dastardly. If those who gave him employment could be bribed, directly or indirectly, to dispense with his services as those of a malicious and dangerous person, it was a righteous thing to make any necessary sacrifice either of truth or hard cash, in so just a cause. But fortunately, whatever may be the faults of American editors, there are few, if any of them, who occupy any respectable rank, who would not treat such conduct with the scorn and contempt which it deserves. And it is equally true, that there are but few American publishers who are capable of it ; or of the charlatanism which leads to it. For in speaking of sensation books and the dishonest tricks had recourse to in order to palm them off on the public, as the counterfeiter tries to utter the base for the precious metal, we do not allude to any of those old established houses, whether of New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, whose names are honorably associated at home and abroad with the growth and progress of our literature. Of about fifty American publishers, there are scarcely more than three or four who trample on every principle of honor, honesty, and manliness, in the manner indicated ; nor shall we say one word, on the present occasion, calculated to show any one, not already in the secret, who these three or four are, or whether they came from the east or from the west, from large cities, or small villages, with empty pockets, or with heavy purses. But we shall always claim the privilege of expressing our opinions freely of any book, or series of books, which seem to contain sufficient good or evil to render it worth while to examine them.

Our object, in the present article, is simply to inquire into the character of the class of books which are being introduced as substitutes for those no longer tolerated, of which we have been speaking. Are the works of Balzac anything better than the defunct sensation novels ? This would be an absurd question if all that we are told in the translator's preface to the American edition of *César Birotteau* could be relied upon as true ; since we are there assured on the word of somebody, real or imaginary, writing in an English journal, that "Balzac's writings can have no other result than to increase the love of virtue and the dread of vice." We shall see presently how this is done, though we have now neither space nor time to do anything like justice to the subject. In the first place let us

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remark, in passing, that no one who has made the necessary examination, and is capable of judging honestly and disinterestedly, will deny that, of all modern French romances, those of this same M. Honoré de Balzac, are undoubtedly the most vicious and demoralizing in their tendency. Those of Paul de Kock and Madame Dudevant are, indeed, sufficiently licentious ; but it is not too much to say that they are pure and chaste, compared to those of Balzac. This may seem a bold assertion ; but it is not the less true. And far from the assertion we have quoted, as that of an English critic, being a fair representation of the general opinion entertained in England, by the cultivated classes, of Balzac's novels, it is quite the reverse. This, indeed, need hardly be stated ; for if Balzac were such a wonderful delineator of character, and at the same time so excellent and instructive a moralist, his works would not have remained untranslated into English until the task was undertaken under the auspices of the Messrs. Rudd & Carleton, who conclude their announcement *de more* with the modest assurance that, "the series will be unusually attractive."

The truth is, that no respectable, intelligent English publisher would attempt to have them translated ; and they might have remained unrendered long enough in a similar manner in America, at least as long again as they have, before any of our leading publishers could be induced to set their imprint upon them. Madame Dudevant is by no means a moral writer. There is nothing so indelicate that she would shrink from describing it in full. In several of her novels she exhibits to vulgar eyes the very act of adultery ; but always as a crime which is to be deprecated. Many of her heroines are the chapest and most virtuous of women. This is true of her Fiamma, Edmée, Quintilia, Yseult, Consuello, etc. That she has erred herself is not to be denied ; it is equally undeniable, that she has often given expression to odious sentiments. But of Balzac alone can it be said, that there is not a single story in all his numerous novels, where love is made to play any considerable part, in which he does not make woman an adulteress. With him female infidelity is the rule ; with George Sand it is but the exception. The former regards it as a matter of course—something that does no one any harm, save the husband, and even he, if well bred, should expect nothing different ; nor should he feel annoyed. Even the sacred name of mother has no respect

from him. Thus, his ideal of a woman is the "Lily of the Valley," who has an intrigue with a mere boy ; and his ideal of a lady and mother advises her son to make love to a married, rather than to a single woman, because the family has a "good match" in view for him, with which his having a young girl as a mistress, would be likely to interfere. In another place, he compares his ideal of a virtuous mother—that is, a woman without passion—to a courtesan, in her bearing towards her own son. He receives a letter which she wishes to see, and accordingly she approaches him "with an air at once bold and timid." "La mère," he says, "eut en ce moment la grace d'une courtisane que veut obtenir une concession." Such is the respect for woman, of one who is pronounced superior to any English writer of the present day, both as a delineator of character and as a moralist ; and be it remembered, that all we have just referred to, occurs in one of his least exceptionable novels.

It makes little difference which of his love stories we turn to, we find them pervaded by the same odious sentiments. If a woman is really virtuous, she only deserves to be mocked, according to M. De Balzac. Instance the heiress in *La Femme Vertueuse*, who used to displease, nay, disgust her husband so much, because she was not easy in her manners, like other fashionable ladies of her time. Wearied with advising her, in vain, on this point, the good Parisian magistrate, for such her husband was, enters the miserable lodgings of a poor widow, under a false name, and buys her hungry daughter, Caroline Crochard, fits up a luxurious residence for her, and lives with her, until, true to the instinct of her sex, according to Monsieur Balzac, she proves faithless to him, after having several children by him, and elopes with another. Soon after, he meets a poor scavenger, whom he addresses as follows : "Friend, here is a bank note of £50 ; I give it to you—go spend it—get drunk, beat your wife, fight with your friends—do what you will with it ;" and then, turning to the physician, who had aided his former mistress, he says : "Doctor, I have shown you that I do not care for fifty pounds ; but as for Caroline Crochard, I should see her dying of hunger, of thirst, aggravated by the cries of an expiring child, and I would not give a single farthing to save them one jot of their suffering ; and you, even you, doctor, because you have assisted her—I will never see you again."

Be it remembered, that the wife and mother, sneeringly called *La Femme Vertueuse*, is the cause of all this ; and what becomes of herself in the meantime, the author does not think it worth while to tell us. The conclusion which the reader is expected to arrive at is, that having been so silly as to be not only virtuous, in the vulgar sense of the term, but also pious, she deserved to be abandoned, and left to her whims. It matters little which novel of M. De Balzac we turn to, we find the same sentiments expressed—the same lessons taught, under one form or other. In *Le Père Goriot*, for example, which is the first of the series entitled *Scènes de la Vie Parisienne*, there is not one of the women, of high or low rank, but is an adulteress. The Père is an old corn factor, who made sufficient money during the revolution to enable him to induce the Comte de Restaud and the Baron de Nuncingen to marry his two daughters. This being accomplished, his next care is to introduce to the latter such young gentlemen as he thinks would pay them proper attention in the absence of their husbands. Accordingly, M. Eugene de Rastignac, the hero of the story, soon becomes an inmate of the same obscure boarding-house in which the Père lodged, and is soon introduced both to the Countess and Baroness. He offends the former by unwittingly mentioning her father's name in her presence, at a fashionable party ; but he obtains the last favors from her sister, the Baroness ; and this merely for getting her invited to one of the reunions of Madame de Beau-séant. Nor is love by any means his chief object in his attentions to the lively and beautiful Baroness, as he gives us to understand himself, plainly enough, in one of his soliloquies : "If," he says, "Madame de Nuncingen should take an interest in me, I will teach her how to govern her husband. He deals in money, and no doubt could help me to make my fortune in a hurry." Owing to the growing extravagance of his daughters, who, while disowning him in public, rob him in private, the Père is in time forced to betake himself to a miserable garret, where he is forced to live on bread and water ; and finally, he sells a little annuity he had purchased in his better days, in order to secure decent furnished lodgings, in which M. de Rastignac could meet the baroness, his daughter, without the fear of being interrupted by her husband !

Still more revolting, if possible, are the teachings in the *Vicaire des Ardennes*, in which a young man and a young woman, who believe themselves brother and sister, are violently enamored of

each other ; while a married lady, of high rank, is equally in love with her own illegitimate son. The young man becomes a priest in order to restrain his passion for his supposed sister. After taking orders in the church, he discovers that she is only his cousin, and proceeds at once to the altar with her, solemnly asséverating, on being asked the question, that he was not a priest, never had been. The fact soon transpires, however, and the young wife dies of horror, his mother of remorse, and himself of grief ; and the triple tragedy is scarcely consummated, when he proves to be the illegitimate son of a bishop. As if all this was not sufficiently scandalous, it is duly interspersed with episodes of rape, robbery, murder, etc. But M. De Balzac does not merely describe and exaggerate the most dangerous passions of our nature, decking them with all the charms of which he is capable ; he actually presents the worst of them as more to be admired than deprecated. We could fill our whole article with examples of this kind ; but one or two will suffice, and in these we will let the author speak for himself. Without entering into any analysis of the novel entitled *Peau de Chagrin*, we may remark, in passing, that the hero is a student, ruined by dissipation and extravagance, who resolves to commit suicide. This affords M. De Balzac an opportunity of giving free expression to his views, both on suicide and debauchery, which he does accordingly, in two passages, which we will place side by side :—

" There is something as grand as terrible in suicide. The extinction of multitudes is as nothing in comparison. They are mowed down on the level on which they stand. But when an individual voluntarily dashes himself to pieces, it is from a great precipice that he plunges. Implacable must be the tempests that impel us to seek peace for the soul at the pistol's mouth. The idea of suicide is *gigantic in its proportions*. Between a voluntary death, and the ambition of life, which is so strongly felt by young men in Paris, how many *chefs d'ouvre* have perished ! How many burning poetic conceptions must precede the act of despair. Every suicide is a sublime poem of melancholy. In the ocean of literature where shall we find a book comparable in genius with these three lines :—*Yesterday, at four o'clock, a young woman threw herself into the Seine from the Pont des Arts.*"

* * * * *

" Debauchery soon appeared to me in *all its majesty*. Certainly it is an art like poetry. To be initiated into its mysteries, to appreciate its beauties, one must have a strong soul. War, power, the arts are also corruptions, as far from the attainment of common men as the excesses of debauchery. But when once one has mounted to the assault of these great mysteries, one invades a

new world. Generals, ministers, artists, are all more or less carried away by libertinism. The habitual severity and tension of their lives *demands violent reactions of sensual indulgence*. After all, war is but the debauch of blood, as politics are of the material interests ; all excesses are brothers. These social monstrosities possess the power of abysses ; they draw us into them as Moscow attracted Napoleon ; they fascinate, they make the brain dizzy, and we plunge into their depths without knowing why. There is, perhaps, a sense of the infinite in these precipices or some vaster flattery for man. Alas ! are not potent enchantments necessary to enable us to support the bitter pains which encircle the passions as with a wall of fire ?"

We have selected these extracts not because they are by any means the strongest proofs we could adduce in the author's own words of the tendency of his writings to glorify crime and licentiousness, but because they are less offensive than many others. Is it strange, then, that even in France, where literature is permitted to be more immoral than in any other civilized country, more than one of Balzac's works have been suppressed by the liberal government of Charles X., as being too disgusting in their licentiousness ? Yet, these are the novels which "enterprising publishers" of New York have undertaken to introduce, in all their naked deformity, to the wives and daughters of America, with the assurance that "the series will be unusually attractive," and with the additional assurance, on the part of the translators, that they "will not hesitate, at least upon moral grounds, to translate anything that he (Balzac) has written."

There is a certain kind of ingenuity in making *César Birotteau* the initial volume of the American series, because of all the numerous works of Balzac, it is the least objectionable. If the rest were like it they would do little, if any harm. Indeed, few would read them, for the author must either be so licentious as to repel all who have any regard for virtue or religion, or any respect for woman, or the family compact ; or otherwise so dull and monotonous as to be scarcely readable. The work under consideration has attracted little attention in France ; though the language and conduct of its women are by no means such as it would be desirable to present as a model to the young maidens of America. Thus, the very first time that Madame Birotteau opens her mouth to speak, she is familiarly suggestive of mistresses, brothels, etc. In finding (page 3) that her husband has got out of bed unknown to her, the first thought that occurs to her is, whether he has not a mistress. "A aurait-il une maîtresse ?" She answers herself,

"Il est trop bête, reprit-elle, et d'ailleurs il m'aime trop, pour cela." The plain English of her reply to her own query is, that he is not so much good as to have a mistress ; and besides, that he loves her too much for that. She likes, however, to dwell on the idea ; for she asks the question again and again, and in doing so, she takes occasion to make such "interesting" remarks, as "Il quitte si peu ma jupe qu'il m'en ennuie ;" which is thus elegantly translated by Messrs. White and Goodrich : "*He sticks so close to my petticoat that he actually bores me!*" (p. 12.) This, it seems, is what those gentlemen mean by saying that they render idiomatic French by idiomatic English. But who hears an American or English lady tell anybody that her husband "sticks so close to her petticoat as actually to bore her?" Yet this sort of translating may be taken as a pretty fair specimen of the manner in which *César Birotteau* is Americanized. The truth is, that the very first sentence is like the rendering of a school-boy just commencing Bolmar's Fables. "Durant les nuits d'hiver," says the author, "le bruit ne cesse dans la rue Saint Honoré, que pendant un instant," etc., which the translators have : "*In Paris upon winter nights, the din in the Rue St. Honoré is but for an instant suspended,*" etc. The next sentence of the original is, "Au milieu de ce point d'orgue qui dans le grande symphonie du tapage Parisien, se rencontre," etc., which, being interpreted, as in the book before us, becomes, "*In the very dead of this moment of repose, which occurs in the symphony of Parisian tumult,*" etc. Madame Birotteau remarks, at p. 3 : "Il est tout, je ne sais, comment," etc. In the translation it is, "*He has been all topsy-turvy(!)*" The same lady, in remarking on business affairs, observes : "Navons-nous pas vendu pour cinque mille francs oujhourd'hui," which, being traduced by Messrs. Wight and Goodrich, becomes thus classical, (like our New York "French Classics") : "Didn't we make sales to-day to the tune of five thousand francs?" But renderings like these are, after all, the redeeming features in the new enterprise ; for they will render even Balzac all but harmless ; not, however, by putting any restraint on his licentiousness, but by making him so absurd, silly, and *vulgar*, that he will be thrown aside as a stupid blunderer.

That Balzac is a man of great talent, no one capable of judging will deny. It is equally indisputable that he is well educated ; but there is scarcely a worse specimen of French than the lan-

guage of his novels. That he could write pure and even elegant French is sufficiently evident ; but he is licentious in this as in everything else. His cumbrous, crabbed, prolix style, is much more German, or low Dutch, than French. That grace, idiomatic ease, expressiveness and brilliancy which render the latter a universal language, are seldom met with in the writings of Balzac. He affects peculiarities of style which set the rules of grammar at defiance ; such, for instance, as using active verbs in passive senses, &c. But execrable as his style is, it is not quite so bad as it is made to appear in the translation. As we have remarked already, no subject is too indelicate or too sacred for the pen of Balzac. He does not scruple to bestow on his characters the most loathsome diseases. In his *Le Menage de Garçon*, he describes the physical effects of abstinence and incontinence ; in his "*La Veille Fille*," he takes similar pains to give his readers a correct idea of the sexual desires of an old maid, &c. But no matter how disgusting are his images, he is seldom or never coarse in his language ; most of his male characters are scoundrels of the worst character, as his females are adulteresses ; but he makes all talk as decently as possible. In other words, he gives vice in its worst forms a polish, so that it has almost the appearance of virtue. Add to this the fact, that he paints the most consummate rascals, without finding anything to censure even in their worst crimes ; and it will not seem strange that he has been accused by his own countrymen of doing more mischief than any other individual of equal talents in ancient or modern times. But, as we have already seen, this polish disappears in the translation. The French has, so to speak, a decent drapery for ideas, which in almost any other modern language become vulgar and repulsive ; but the drapery is completely thrown aside by the translators ; so that although they are evidently unconscious of the fact, they give us the antidote with the poison.

The writings of Madame Dudevant, although, as already observed, by no means so vicious in their tendency as those of Balzac, have done not a little harm even in this country. It does not seem to be generally known that our Woman's Rights Societies, and several other kindred organizations, owe most of their logic to the brilliant and impassioned author of *Le Secrétaire, Intime, Metella, Rose et Blanche, Lelia*, and *La Marquise Lavina*. Whether the numerous divorces and elopements of women from

their husbands have had anything to do with sentiments like the following, we leave the curious reader to judge : " L'union de l'homme à la femme *devrait être passagère* dans les desseins de la Providence : tout s'oppose à leur association, et la changement est une nécessité de leur nature. * * Il y a un refuge contre les hommes—c'est le suicide : il y a un refuge contre Dieu—c'est le néant." These sentiments are sufficiently odious. But if Madame Dudevant makes use of such occasionally, she tries to make amends for them under other circumstances. This Balzac never does. In his essays, as well as in his novels, he is always the same libeller of woman, the same enemy of the marriage institution. In one of the former he gravely says, referring to his novels : " I have shown that it is almost impossible for a married woman to preserve her virtue in France—qu'il est presque impossible à une femme mariée de rester vertueuse en France." The brief passage or two we have quoted from Madame Dudevant's *Lelia* are equally subversive of the chief bond of human society and happiness. But never, in her calm, serious moments, does she utter any such sentiments ; but, on the contrary, as an extract or two from her *Lettres à Marcie* will serve to show as examples :

" It is strange that the most fanatical partisans for marriage should severally make use of the argument the fittest to render marriage odious. Reciprocally the horrible error of promiscuous intercourse is professed by men who defend the equality of women, so that two incontestible truths, the *equality of the sexes* and the *sanctity of their union*, are compromised by their own champions. The clumsy aphorisms of masculine superiority have only become so bitter because the pretensions of women to independence have been so excessive. * * Women are unfit for those employments which the laws have hitherto denied them. * * Man's organization assigns a part to him ; woman's assigns another part to her ; one not less noble, not less beautiful, and which I cannot conceive she should complain of, unless her intelligence be depraved. * * Women complain of being brutally enslaved, badly brought up, badly educated, badly treated, and badly defended. All this is unfortunately true. These complaints are just, and do not doubt, but that before long a thousand voices will be uplifted to remedy the evils. But what confidence can be inspired by women who, in advancing to claim for themselves that share of dignity which marriage denies them, and, above all, that portion of sacred authority over their children, which the law refuses them, denied, *not domestic peace, not the liberty of maternal affection, but to speak in the forum, to wear the helmet and sword, to participate in the condemnation of prisoners.*"

Madame Dudevant is as superior to Balzac in her style as she is in the general tone of her sentiments. It is not, indeed, diffi-

cult to surpass him in this respect. Dialogue is the only form in which he is even tolerable, because in this he adopts the language of conversation. But when he attempts to describe, he is rarely otherwise than mechanical and affected. With him, dress is everything. A woman is beautiful or otherwise, according to the skill of her milliner, or the richness and variety of her toilet. In one of his descriptions of natural scenery, he compares nature not to a beautiful woman, but to a woman dressed for the ball (*comme une femme parée qui va au bal*). In nine cases out of ten, it is the milliner, and not nature, that gets the credit from Balzac, when a woman makes an agreeable impression ; and when it is otherwise, the compliment paid is often equivocal. Thus, for example, in his *Lys dans la Vallée*, he makes Vandenesse exclaim, on seeing Madame de Mortsauf, "Aussitôt je sentis une céleste odeur de myrrhes et d'aloës, un parfum de femme qui brilla dans mon cœur." In describing Beatrix, standing on a rock, he scarcely omits a single article on her person : "Le visage adouci par le réflet d'un chapeau de paille de riz, sur lequel étaient jetés de coquelicots et noué par un ruban couleur ponceau en robe mousseline à fleurs avançant son petit piet fluet chaussé d'une guêtre verte, s'appuyant sur sa frêle ombrelle, en montrant sa belle main bien gante." Nothing contrasts more strongly with this than the exquisite style of Madame Dudevant. In no other writer are all the finer characteristics of the French language so felicitously combined. She is in turn witty, humorous, epigrammatic, pathetic and playful. Her scenic descriptions are the most graphic, poetical and graceful to be found in any language. The misfortune is, that where she is most wonderfully poetical, she is also most immoral. This is the case in her *Lélia*, in which she describes lake and mountain scenery with the picturesque vividness of the painter. We have no room for extracts, save a sentence or two, which can be detached from the context like a verse from a poem, such, for instance, as "*Entendez-vous le son plaintif de l'eau qui se brise et s'écarte ? Entendez-vous ces frêles gouttes qui tombent une à une en mourant derrière nous, comme les petites notes grêles d'un refrain qui s'éloigne ?*" * * * Combien de fois a l'entrée de la nuit, au lever de la lune, ou aux premières clartés du jour—combien de fois, *dans le silence de nuit et dans cet autre silence de midi, si accablant, si inquiet, si divisorant, nai-je pas sens tis mon cœur se précipiter vers un but inconnu, vers un bonheur sans form et sans nom, qui est au ciel, qui est dans l'air, qui est partout comme un aimant invisible comme l'amour ?*"

But it will be asked, if Balzac does not possess charms of some kind, why has he been so much read? We have already indicated one source of his popularity—the chief source—that is, the minuteness with which he describes scenes and situations which most other writers shrink from alluding to. But he is also a great delineator of character. Herein lies his forte. He understands the secret motives of men and women, in all their actions, better than any other writer—not excepting George Sand. But he wants the passion of the latter. The heroes and heroines of Madame Dudevant err through love, jealousy or revenge; but with Balzac, even the habitual seducer of married women, is actuated more by the love of gain, than any feeling of tenderness for his victim. In short, the lessons taught by Balzac, are the worst ever put into the market for a price; since, if they were acted upon, there would be no such thing as female virtue, or conjugal fidelity—no religion, and very little, if any, honesty. Are the American people ready to accept such teachings?—to admit into their family libraries, and into the hands of their wives and daughters, books so infamously licentious, as to have been deemed worthy, even in Paris, of being burned by the common hangman? It will not do to say that what is false, as applied to women in general, is true of French women. Such would be a gross libel on the latter, among whom are to be found as noble specimens of womanhood, as faithful wives and exemplary mothers, as any other women in the world. No other women have shown such heroic devotion to their husbands in their misfortunes. In what other country, ancient or modern, do we find the superior, in this respect, of Madame Lavalette; and she is but one of scores who, in similar circumstances, were willing to submit their own necks to the guillotine in order to save those of their husbands. But were it even true that Balzac's countrywomen are as false and base as he describes them, would it be well to teach the virtuous those arts by which such baseness is carried into practical effect to the detriment and disgrace of society? If, only for decency's sake, no lady should read such books, no matter how strongly recommended by "enterprising" publishers; she should assume a "virtue, if she have it not;" or as Moliere puts a similar sentiment into the mouth of Philante—

" Mais quand on est du monde, il faut bien que l'on rende
Quelques dehors civils que l'usage demande."

ART. IX.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

BELLES LETTRES.

Harrington; A Story of True Love. By the author of "What Cheer," "The Ghost," "A Christmas Story," "A Tale of Lynn," &c. 12mo., pp. 558. Boston : Thayer & Eldridge. 1860.

In no single volume that we have had time to examine, within the last year or two, have we found so many "isms," as there are in this. That, however, which predominates above all the rest, is fanaticism. This is to be found in all sorts of combinations ; but it has a greater affinity for abolitionism than for any of its crazy sisters. According to our author, the world has never yet been able to appreciate the Negro race. The Caucasians are, indeed, excellent people when they happen to live in the right latitude and longitude ; and the nearer the North Pole the better they are. But if they happen to live south of a certain line, they degenerate in a similar ratio. They are seldom, if ever, actuated by generous emotions ; they have little talent and no genius. But just in proportion as they are thus stupid and insensible to the more ennobling impulses of humanity, their Negro servants become ingenious, patriotic, religious, wise and good. In short, in "cruel bondage," as the latter are, their intellectual faculties are almost in as highly developed a state as those of their brethren of the fatherland, who enjoy all the benefits of African civilization, and who, no matter what certain ethnologists may pretend to the contrary, are most probably the descendants of those Egyptians who built the pyramids!

This is really no exaggeration of the manner in which our author constructs his abolition syllogisms. Such absurdities never served any cause ; but it is equally true that they can do no harm. Although evidently meant to be very serious, they are too much in the burlesque style to awaken much resentment even among the most jealous and sensitive defenders of the "peculiar institution." But still more bombastic, if possible, is the praise bespattered on the Abolitionists, male and female, as with a trowel. Had it been the author's design to have them laughed at, he could hardly have succeeded better ; such is the extravagant adulation he has bestowed upon them.

But let us be just to him at the same time, and admit that if he is too often rather suggestive of a lunatic asylum, there is method in his madness. If he says absurd things, it is not because he has not read, studied and observed. Of this he often gives agreeable and instructive evidence. Just as we are going to throw away his book, half in disgust, he glances off into some brilliant sketch or episode ; passes from the Elizabethian to the Alexandrian age, from Bacon to Aristotle, and from Aristotle to Macaulay. This done, one is ready to overlook most, if not all, of his extravagances ; and all the more willingly, because he is an extremest on one *ism*, as well as another. Whether he talks of liberty, political or social, marriage, or Woman's Rights, the author-

ship of Hamlet, or the great reform which is to inaugurate the millennium, he is equally *outré* bombastic and whimsical. Yet, here and there we find a dialogue, a description, a portraiture, or a piece of lively, rapid narrative, with which we cannot help being pleased ; nay, sometimes we have to confess that we are under the influence of a genuine fascination.

With the politics of "Harrington" we have nothing to do ; and as little with its ethics, which are rather of the "fast" kind—as much out of joint as the story, and as much unlike what we really want to render us good and happy, as the Negro is unlike the Caucasian. But it is only fair to admit, that without saying a word of either, we could find many passages in the book before us which, if they emanated from an author of established reputation, would receive no slight admiration. Having found so much fault, it would be hardly just to conclude, even so hurried a glance as this, without giving, at least an extract or two. This we will do, merely premising that we must be guided in our selection much more by our space than by the merits of what we transcribe. The following sketch of Muriel is no indifferent specimen of the lively, hit-or-miss style of portraiture :—

" 'Muriel has a passion for liberal culture, and fencing is part of her programme.' "

" 'Isn't she glorious?' cried Wentworth, with enthusiasm. "A woman?—a young goddess, rather! By Jove! the best swimmer of all the girls last summer at Gloucester. The best skater last winter on Jamaica pond. Climbed the mountains in October with the best of us. Runs like Atalanta. Dances like Terpsichore. Sings like a seraph. Talks in a voice like Israfel's. Studies almost as hard as you do, Harrington. And now she fences like an angel. I declare she's a perfect Crichtona. And yet how womanly, withal! Not a touch of the masculine about her. Gay, free, strong, sweet—oh, fairy prince, there's none like you—none!"

" Harrington listened to this ardent celebration of the charms of her Wentworth called the fairy prince, in perfect silence, and with a secret astonishment in his pale, controlled countenance. He believed Wentworth loved Muriel, but for the life of him he could not reconcile this lavish panegyric with that belief. For love is reticent, and we let expressive silence muse the sweetheart's praise. How, then, could Wentworth thus blazon his beloved? Harrington was puzzled.

" 'There's a curious element of surprise in Muriel, too,' resumed Wentworth, with a musing air. "She is so gentle, so reposeful and graceful, that when she flashes out in these courageous physical accomplishments I always feel a little astonished. Don't you, Harrington?"

" 'Oh, no,' returned Harrington. "She has a rich, versatile, inclusive nature. You know that this union of feminine gentleness and manly spirit is not so uncommon. There was the Countess Emily Plater, for example, the heroine of the Polish Revolution; yet with all her bravery, she was peculiarly tender and gentle. There, again, was the Maid of Saragossa, who fought for her country over the body of her lover; but Byron, who saw her often at Madrid, says she was remarkable for her soft, feminine beauty. Muriel is a woman of the same style, I suppose. Come, Richard, let's go."

" They saluted the old Frenchman, who stood with the Hungarian at the pistol-bench, and left the room."—pp. 115, 116.

Chapter the third, on Quartre and Tierce, in which Monsieur Bagasse acts the part of a fencing master—doing and saying some amusing things—is somewhat suggestive of Monsieur Jourdan's *maitre d'armes*, in the third scene of *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, though the former is neither so natural, nor so laughable as the latter; especially that part in which Molière makes the fencing master, dancing master, and musician enter into an argument as to the relative merits and value of their respective arts. The gravity with which the fencing master of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* informs the music master that

the chief secret of the art of war consists in two things : *to give and not to receive*, &c., (tout le secret des armes ne consiste qui en deux choses ; à donner et à ne point recevoir, &c.,) contrasts strongly with the awkward buffoonery of Monsieur Bagasse. Our author succeeds much better in describing the scholarship of Harrington, taking occasion at the same time to give us his own views on the theory which makes Bacon the author of the Shakesperian plays :

" For he was a scholar born, and in this room he kept alive the traditions which have made the name of Harrington dear to scholarship and man. It is a shining name in literature and history, and bears the recorded honors due to names linked with the memory of human pleasure or the cause of human service. There was one Harrington in the days of the Eighth Henry—a polished poet, who surpassed the verse of his time. There was another, his child, the darling of Queen Elizabeth, a sprightly wit and poet, who sunned his muse in the brightness of the bright Britannic days, wrought well for belles-lettres and history, and gave his country her first English version of the fun and fire of Aristotle. There was still another, the Oxford scholar of a later age, of whom the chronicle records that he was a prodigy in the common law, a person of excellent parts, honest in dealing, and of good and generous nature. There was one more, loftier far than these, whose mighty pulses beat for liberty and justice, the brave Utopian of Sidney's time, who aimed to lay the deep foundations of the perfect and immortal state—James Harrington, the author of *Oceana*.

* * * * *

" Harrington now loved Bacon with tenfold ardor, and Harrington's love for Bacon was something wonderful. It was absolutely a personal attachment, and there was no surer way to rouse him than to speak disparagingly of Verulam. He put him above all authors or men. He spoke of him as the flower of the human race. He resented any imputation on his fame, scouted at the modern aspersions upon him of Lord Campbell, Macaulay, and others, as baseless and infamous slanders, and altered Pope's epigrammatic line, which he thought the seed-cone of the whole modern libel, to read 'the wisest, brightest, *noblest* of mankind.' With a standing promise to his friends to put the evidence together some day in demonstrable form, having already, he said, begun to make notes to that end, he meanwhile rested in the broad assertion that Bacon's downfall was the work of the conservatism of his time—that the conservators of social abuses had smelt out his concealed democracy and socialism, trumped up the charge of malfeasance in office against him, ruined and defamed him in his life, and flung the mire of a traditional calumny on his tomb."—pp. 177, 178, 179.

Not satisfied with doing what he can in the body of the work to rob Shakespeare of the authorship of the immortal productions which are inseparably associated with his name, he writes an elaborate note at the end, in which he uses such language as the following :

" Another acknowledgment remains to be made. The reader of the twelfth chapter of this book may already have observed that Harrington, if he had lived, would have been a believer in the theory regarding the origin and purpose of the Shakespeare Drama, as developed in the admirable work by Miss Delia Bacon, entitled "The Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays Unfolded," in which belief I should certainly agree with Harrington. I wish it were in my power to do even the smallest justice to that mighty and eloquent volume, whose masterly comprehension and insight, though they could not save it from being trampled upon by the *brutal bison* of the British literary press, yet lift it to the dignity, whatever may be its faults, of being the best work ever composed upon the Baconian or Shakesperian writings. It has been scouted by the critics as the product of a distempered ideality. Perhaps it is. But there is a prudent wisdom, says Goethe, and there is a wisdom which does not remind us of prudence ; and, in like manner, I may say that there is a sane sense, and there is a sense that does not remind us of sanity. At all events, I am assured that the candid and ingenious reader that Miss Bacon wished for, will find it more to his profit to be *insane with her on the subject of Shakespeare*, than *sane with Dr. Johnson*.

" I am aware, that in even making this acknowledgment, I do something to excite the rancor of the *stupid and senseless prejudice* which finds no difficulty in assigning the noblest works of the human genius to the fat peasant of *Strafford*."—pp. 557, 558.

Let nobody say "the great Shakespeare," in future, but take the hint from Mr. William O'Connor, of Philadelphia, and call him "the fat peasant of Stratford." And it is equally erroneous to say the great Johnson—it should in future be the great Miss Delia Bacon! But if it pleases the author of "Harrington" to pass judgment after this fashion on Shakespeare, and do several other rather silly things, for reasons best known to himself, what of it? He makes amends for all save his slanders on the illustrious dead, by such vivid sketches as that of the death of Harrington, with a portion of which we close our remarks on one of the most singular compounds of nonsense and wisdom, wit and stupidity, intelligence and vulgarity, in book form, which, as already remarked, has long fallen into our hands:

"It was a day of grief to all but Muriel. The servants moved about the house with eyes red with weeping. Patrick seemed ten years older with his forlorn sorrow. Hannah and the children came to the house, and remained for a couple of hours, crying bitterly. Gracious, and calm, and sweet, amidst the mortal anguish, Muriel soothed and strengthened and consoled them all.

"The next day was the day of the funeral. The library where the body lay was decked as on the day of the wedding, with a profusion of roses. All the windows were open, and the rich, dark room swam in clear radiance.

"In the morning, Mrs. Eastman, Emily, Wentworth, and Captain Fisher, being present, Muriel produced a brief will which Harrington had made the day after his marriage. The few engravings which decorated his room, and a portion of his books, he had bequeathed to Emily and Wentworth. The bulk of his library was given to Muriel. His house to Captain Fisher, with the provision that the two rooms in which he had lived should be kept for the refuge of any fugitive, exile, houseless or outcast person of any description who might stand in need of succor. His little income he had also given in charge to the captain, to be expended for the relief of any human distresses that might fall within his knowledge, or to be used at his discretion for any charitable end.

"The old man bent his head, silently weeping, and the rest sat mute and still, thinking with swelling hearts of the kind spirit that had left earth forever.

"A little while, and they were gone from the room—all save Muriel and Wentworth. The latter stood bending over the coffin, and looking mournfully on the beautiful dead face of his friend, and Muriel sat at the organ dreaming in music, which brooded in sweet and glorious surges on the sunlit air.

"As the melody died away, Wentworth stole slowly to her side.

"I forgot to ask you," he murmured, "about the burial service. Have you sent for a clergyman?"

"No, Richard," she replied. "He needs none. Our thoughts and memories are the fittest burial rites for him. He was a type and harbinger of the day when religion shall be the tender love and reverence of every soul for all. In the vision of that day let us lay his dead form in the grave, hallowed by our remembrance." —pp. 550, 551.

Home Ballads and Poems, by JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. 16 mo. pp. 206.
Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

The contents of this slender volume are of very unequal merit. Indeed, they differ as much in almost every essential characteristic, some below, some above mediocrity, as they are, as if they had emanated from at least a half dozen persons; while a third class make as near an approach to perfection as any similar effusions by a living poet, whether European or American. To our minds, for example, there is not much poetry in "Telling the Bees;" we are aware that it has been praised not a little; and there are those of our own acquaintance whose taste is rarely at fault, with whom it is even a favorite-

It may be owing to our want of perception, but we really can see nothing above ordinary rhyme, without much reason, in stanzas like the following :—

" Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black."—p. 47.

Nor is "The Swan Song of Parson Avery" much better. The greater part of it is a hoarse, monotonous sort of whining rather than singing. But here we must cease to find fault. There is no other poem or ballad in the book which does not possess merit of a high order. Some we have read this day for the first time, but shall often read again. The plaintive sweetness and chaste melody of "The Old Burying Ground" possess, for us, a veritable fascination. A few stanzas will give those of our readers who may not yet have seen it, an idea whether we are right or wrong in our preference :—

- " Our vales are sweet with fern and rose,
Our hills are maple-crowned ;
But not from them our fathers chose
The village burying ground.
- " The dreariest spot in all the land
To Death they set apart ;
With scanty grace from Nature's hand,
And none from that of Art.
- " A winding wall of mossy stone,
Frost-flung and broken, lies
A lonesome acre thinly grown
With grass and wandering vines.
- " Without the wall a birch-tree shows
Its drooped and tasseled head ;
Within, a stag-horned sumach grows,
Fern-leaved, with spikes of red.
- " There, sheep that graze the neighboring plain
Like white ghosts come and go,
The farm-horse drags his fetlock chain,
The cow-bell tinkles slow.
- " Low moans the river from its bed,
The distant-pines reply ;
Like mourners shrinking from the dead,
They stand apart and sigh.
- " Unshaded smites the summer sun,
Unchecked the winter blast ;
The school girl learns the place to shun,
With glances backward cast.
- " For thus our fathers testified—
That he might read who ran—
The emptiness of human pride,
The nothingness of man."—pp. 115, 116.

Among the many fine poems inspired by the incidents of modern warfare, there is scarcely a happier or more touching lyric of its kind, or one that contains more genuine poetry than that entitled, "The Pipes of Lucknow." Sel-

dom, if ever, have the Scotch had a finer tribute paid to their undoubted bravery and patriotism than is embodied in the two or three stanzas which we transcribe:—

"Pipes of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills ;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills !
Not the braces of broom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rav'n,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower
Have heard your sweetest strain !

"Dear to the Lowland Reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear ;—
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade ;
But the sweetest of all music
The Pipes at Lucknow played.

"Pay by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept ;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray to-day ? the soldier said ;
To-morrow, death's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread." "

"Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britton's dearest,
The air of *Auld Lang Syne*.
Over the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and homelike strain ;
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

"Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade,
But the sweetest of all music
The Pipes of Lucknow played!"

—pp. 120, 121, 123, 124.

But the best poem of all is "The Sycamores." Parnell's *Hermit*, or Goldsmith's *Elphin and Angelina*, scarcely lays a stronger hold on the affections, or inspires a more pleasing melancholy. To give an extract from it is nearly the same as to tear its leaves from the rose; but we can do no better. As the few stanzas which we subjoin occupy all the space now at our disposal, we can

only add our hearty wish that "the Quaker poet" may live long to give us many such charming ballads :—

" In the outskirts of the village,
On the river's winding shores,
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,
Stand the ancient sycamores.

" One long century hath been numbered,
And another half-way told,
Since the rustic Irish gleeman
Broke from them the virgin mould.

" Deftly set to Celtic music,
At his violin's sound they grew,
Through the moonlit eves of summer,
Making Amphion's fable true.

" Rise again, thou poor Hugh Tallant !
Pass in jerkin green along,
With thy eyes brim full of laughter,
And thy mouth as full of song.

" Pioneer of Erin's outcasts,
With his fiddle and his pack :
Little dreamed the village Saxons
Of the myriads at his back.

" How he wrought with spade and fiddle,
Delved by day and sang by night,
With a hand that never wearied.
And a heart forever light."

* * * * *

" Merry-faced, with spade and fiddle,
Singing through the ancient town,
Only this, of poor Hugh Tallant,
Hath Tradition handed down.

" Not a stone his grave discloses ;
But if yet his spirit walks,
'Tis beneath the trees he planted,
And when Bob-o-Lincoln talks !

" Green memorials of the gleeman !
Linking still the river shores,
With their shadows cast by sunset,
Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores !"—pp. 49-52.

The Songs of Ireland; containing Songs of the Affections, Convivial, Comic, Moral, Sentimental, Satirical, Patriotic, Historical, Military, Political, and Miscellaneous Songs. Edited and annotated by SAMUEL LOVER, author of "Handy Andy," "Rory O'More," &c., &c. Profusely illustrated with Engravings, designed by Phiz and Harrison Weir, and engraved by Dalziel. 12mo, pp. 360. New York : Dick & Fitzgerald. 1860.

Little need be added to the title-page, which we have copied in full, with the exception that the book is not "*profusely illustrated*," as we understand these words. It can hardly be said to exaggerate the multifarious variety of

the contents, which embrace almost every Irish song of any recognised merit we remember to have ever heard or seen. Portraits, plain in execution, but in general truthful, are given of most of the authors, so far as they are known. Another interesting feature in the present edition is the biographical, historical, topographical, and critical notes, with which it is copiously interspersed. In short, it must be admitted, that no other volume extant does such ample justice to the minstrelsy of Erin, ancient and modern, alternating as every page is with the characteristic "smiles and tears."

The Evil Eye; or The Black Spectre. A Romance. By WILLIAM CARLETON, author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," "Valentine McClutchy," "Rody the Rover," &c., &c. 12mo. pp. 504. Boston : Patrick Donahoe. 1860.

No other writer has delineated Irish character so truthfully as Carleton, or has so happily embodied in agreeable, interesting stories the most poetical and beautiful legends of that imaginative people. In England and Scotland, as well as in Ireland, his novels have continued to enjoy a popularity for nearly a quarter of a century, which, far from diminishing at the present day, when he is falling "into the sere and yellow leaf," has so much increased within the last two years, as to rival that of the best similar writers of our time.

There is no superstition more deeply rooted in the mind of the Irish peasant than his belief in what is called the "evil eye," the history and characteristics of which it is the chief object of the present volume to illustrate. The author interweaves with the narrative incidents which give a more correct impression of the social condition of the people, their habits, customs, and modes of thought—especially of those terrible resentments which lead to the assassination of landlords, who either seek to exact from them more rent than they are able to pay, or undermine the virtue of their wives and daughters. Although the story is ingeniously constructed, and the spirit of the narrative well sustained throughout, it is the incidents of this kind, combined with episodes of love and jealousy, which impart to the work its chief attraction and value ; at least for the American reader, desirous of learning the truth from one who, above all others, may be most implicitly relied upon. Thus, in the second chapter, there is a description of a murderer's wake—the wake of one who has been hanged for killing the seducer of his daughter. The picture is powerfully drawn, and of a character to make a deep and lasting impression. The scene presented at the cabin of the murderer, when his corpse was brought home on the evening after the sentence of the law had been duly executed, is thus graphically and faithfully described :

"The house was nearly filled with grave and aged people, whose conversation was low, and impressed with solemnity, that originated from the painful and melancholy spirit of the event that had that morning taken place. A deal table was set lengthwise on the floor ; on this were candles, pipes, and plates of cut tobacco. In the usual cases of death among the poor, the bed on which the corpse is stretched is festooned with white sheets, borrowed for the occasion from the wealthier neighbors. Here, however, there was nothing of the kind. The associations connected with murder were too appalling and terrible to place the rites required, either for the wake or funeral of the murderer, within the ordinary claims of humanity for these offices of civility to which we have alluded. In this instance none of the neighbors would lend sheets for what they considered

an unholy purpose ; the bed, therefore, on which the body lay had nothing to ornament it. A plain drugged quilt was his only covering, but he did not feel the want of a better.

"It was not the first time I had ever seen a corpse ; but it was the first time I had ever seen that of a murderer. I looked upon it with an impression which it is difficult, if not impossible, to describe. I felt my nerves tingle, and my heart palpitate. To a young man, fresh, and filled with the light-hearted humanity of youth, approximation to such an object as then lay before me is a singular trial of feeling, and a painful test of moral courage. The sight, however, and the reflections connected with it, rendered a long contemplation of it impossible, and, besides, I had other objects to engage my attention. I now began to observe the friends and immediate connections of the deceased. In all, there were only seven or eight women, including his wife. There were four boys and no daughters ; for, alas ! I forgot to inform the reader that his fallen daughter was his only one ; a fact which, notwithstanding his guilt, must surely stir up the elements of our humanity in mitigation of his madness.

"This house of mourning was, indeed, a strange, a solemn, and a peculiar one. The women sat near the bed upon stools, and such other seats as they had prepared. The wife and his two sisters were rocking themselves to and fro, as is the custom when manifesting profound sorrow in Irish wakehouses ; the other women talked to each other in a low tone, amounting almost to a whisper. Their conduct was marked, in fact, by a grave and mysterious monotony ; but after a little reflection, it soon became painfully intelligible. Here was shame, as well as guilt and sorrow—here was shame endeavoring to restrain sorrow ; and hence the silence, and the struggle between them which it occasioned. The wife from time to time turned her heavy eyes upon the countenance of the corpse ; and after the first sensations of awe had departed from me, I ventured to look upon it with a purpose of discovering in its features the lineaments of guilt. Owing to the nature of his death, that collapse which causes the flesh to shrink almost immediately after the spirit has departed, was not visible here. The face was rather full and livid, but the expression was not such as penitence or a conviction of crime could be supposed to have left behind it. On the contrary, the whole countenance had somewhat of a placid look, and the general contour was unquestionably that of affection and benevolence."—pp. 19, 20, 21.

While the wife of the dead man is wailing in all the bitterness of combined grief and shame, the daughter, who was the ill-fated cause of all, enters, when a scene ensues which is as heartrending as it is possible for words to describe. We are sorry that our limited space precludes us from transcribing it, possessing, as it does, a deep and melancholy interest for all who sympathise with the victims of oppression and wrong. Of another character is the bonfire scene, in the fifth chapter ; the story of the "banshee," in the fifteenth ; and the description of the original Tory and mode of swearing, in the seventeenth. But for these, we can only refer to the book itself, and we do so in full confidence that the whole will be read with avidity.

Uriel Acosta; A Tragedy in Five Acts. By KARL GUTZKOW. Translated from the German by M. M. 16mo., pp. 103. New York : M. Ellinger & Co. 1860.

It is not often that a five act tragedy is readable ; and a still greater rarity is to find it both readable and thoughtful. We have, however, both these qualities in "Uriel Acosta," which possesses the additional novelty of being essentially Jewish. The principal characters are Manasseh Vanderstraten, a rich merchant of Amsterdam, (in which city the scene is laid, the time being 1640) Judith, his daughter ; Ben Jochai, betrothed to Judith ; De Silva, a physician, her uncle ; Uriel Acosta, her lover ; and several rabbis, relatives, servants, &c., &c. The plot is simple, though of a character to awaken a lively curiosity almost at the outset. But for all, except Israelites, it is the sentiments which possess most interest. There are few who are not curious to

know the feelings of the true sons of Abraham under the influence of love, friendship, ambition, patriotism, and religion ; and in no work that we have seen do they find more eloquent and truthful expression than in *Uriel*. If the author himself be a Jew, certain it is that he is far superior to bigotry and narrow-mindedness—so far, indeed, that there is scarcely one of his characters to whom one does not feel prompted to say, as Antonio does to Shylock, but in a much more truthful sense :

“ Hie thee, gentle Jew.
The Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows kind.”

Jochai, after a long absence, is thus addressed by the uncle of his betrothed :—

“ How you have changed
Since your departure, sixteen years ago !
The foreign sun has quickly ripened you.
Upon this very spot, before these books,
I pressed the parting kiss upon a youth’s
Unfurrowed brow. But now, indeed ! a man
I see return ! Still more : deep cares I read
Upon your forehead. Has your second home,
Stepmother-like, with ill-concealed regret,
Received the richest son and heir of Holland ?

JOCHAL.

‘Tis Amsterdam the same that once I left.
Her spirit, young and free, hath gained in strength—
Recovered fast from woes by Spain inflicted,
Through her success in commerce and in trade.
And yet, in all this variegated busy life,
Tho’ proud of her self-conquered liberty,
She has preserved for us, the sons of Judah,
Her wonted love and toleration kind.”—pp. 7, 8.

The jealousy of Jochai, on learning that Acosta has been paying attentions to Judith in his absence—attentions, too, which he knows have been well received—is finely portrayed, and the cause is as finely sought to be explained away by the lady’s uncle :—

“ Judith’s coldness is
No proof of love for Uriel Acosta.
In silence I beheld this whole affair
Mature.—A youthful thinker, first to Law
Devoted earnestly, he went to travel, and
Is held at once, wherever he appears,
A brilliant mind, tho’ no philosopher.
Not *what*, but *how* he writes, I do esteem.
Oporto’s heav’ly sounds are still upon
His lips, with sweetness striking on your ears ;
As tho’ but yesterday on Tajo’s banks
He plucked from sunny vines the sweetest grapes;
He writes indeed ! the purest Portuguese.
And yet his heart feels not for Judah’s sons,
For Mamreth’s Therebinths he hath no thought,
He never saw the Lord within the bush,
And tho’ attached to brethren of his faith,
He never goes to Synagogue to pray.
Half Christian and half Jew, he moves in air,
And raises *Doubt* upon the throne of *Faith*.”—pp. 12, 13.

The conflict in the breast of Uriel, between love and manly duty, is described in one of his soliloquies with an eloquence and elevation of thought and sentiment not often surpassed :

" Dost truth appear the nobler part, or love ?
 Well many do I know who sacrifice
 Whate'er adorns their soul, the noblest grace
 Of heart, their country and their sacred faith,
 To sweep away whatever lies between
 The virgin kiss of rosy lips, as those
 Of Judith, and whate'er adorns themselves.
 I love her ; yet I must despise myself
 If, like a timid shepherd in a tale,
 Or like a whining lover on the stage,
 I'd languish now, and melt away like wax ?"—p. 57.

The closing scenes are imbued with genuine pathos, especially that in which the gentle and beautiful Judith is discovered in the presence of both her lovers to be dying from the effects of poison inhaled from withered flowers presented her by Uriel—who thus touchingly laments her fate, (and then unable to survive her, offers up his life as a sacrifice) :

" Manasseh ! statues love you, sarcophagi,
 The artist's hand affords you consolation !
 If your beloved child you should imbed
 Near yonder weeping willow,—grant me, too,
 I pray, a resting-place near by ! Nowhere
 I'll find a grave, with Christians not nor Jews !
 I am of those who die upon the road.
 Once, I do hope, they may perhaps observe
 That lonely tombstone, and exclaim : Here rest
 The ashes of a poor and weary pilgrim,
 Who moved towards the promised land of Truth !
 He saw it not ! But from above a cloud
 Descended, rosy, on his dying eye—
 That cloud was *Love*—

(*Pointing to Judith*).

See here, what love can do !
 And now I leave to you this world of error,
 Of doubt, of arrogance, and persecution !"—p. 163.

The translation is in general well and faithfully rendered, though here and there we meet with a redundancy of words where the original is most terse. Sometimes, also, the metaphors and similes lose much of their native force in their English dress ; but more than this we cannot say against the book. Upon the whole it is a performance highly creditable to all who have had a hand in it ; and we feel satisfied that no thoughtful reader, be he Jew, Gentile or Christian, can lay it aside without the consciousness that, in one form or other, he has derived profit from its perusal.

The Four Georges. Sketches of Manners, Morals, Court and Town Life. By W. M. THACKERAY, author of "Lectures on the English Humorists," "Vanity Fair," "The Virginians," &c., &c. With Illustrations, 12mo, pp. 241. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1860.

Many of our readers have heard, at least, one or two of Mr. Thackeray's Lectures on the Georges. None have done so without pleasure and profit.

however much they may have dissented from the dictum of the lecturer. The author of "Vanity Fair," can make much better use of his pen than of his tongue—indeed, it may be said of him, as Johnson said of Goldsmith, that he is an orator only in his chamber, although there can be no doubt of his brilliant conversational powers. But it is one thing to converse or argue in private, or even at a club room, and another, quite different, to mount the rostrum and address a public audience. Thackeray has not sufficient animation for this. His voice is, indeed, not without melody, but his intonation is monotonous, and his attitudes are anything but graceful; so that those who admire him most, and are best qualified to appreciate his genius as a humorist, must acknowledge that he does injustice to his own pieces in attempting to recite them in public. If he has larger audiences than any one else, however gifted as a public speaker, could command, it is only because all who have been delighted by his writings would like to hear the man speak to whom they owe so many days and nights of happiness. This is no more a reflection on Mr. Thackeray's genius, than it would be to say, what, doubtless, is true, that the great Shakespeare, inimitable and unapproachable as he was, seated at his desk, or in his library, with the magic pen in his hand, made but a poor figure on the stage, as the ghost in Hamlet.

Besides, a good deal has been added to the lectures on the Georges, since they were delivered before audiences; and the style has been rendered more terse and epigrammatic. But, had the author possessed the elocutionary powers of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, and that we all had heard him reciting these same sketches, we should still be unsatisfied if we had not an opportunity of perusing them at our leisure, or when in the mood to form an opinion of their merits. As already intimated, we may not assent to his views; for there are few authors of equal intelligence who has stronger prejudices or warmer predilections. Thus, for example, he makes a hero of the worst of the four Georges—that is George the Third, the bigot and tyrant, who was the cause of more bloodshed, and the cause of doing more injury, even to England, than the other three Georges put together. But if we cannot join Mr. Thackeray in his deep grief at the pitiable end of one who did all he could to strike down our ancestors in their efforts to free themselves from his yoke, but rather think that he deserved dying as he did, a raving maniac, deaf and blind, for all the outrages he committed against humanity, there is still sufficient in his book, nay, even in his lecture on George III., to render it worth while to peruse his "Four Georges." Indeed, there are few pages we turn to that do not contain something, which, if not such as we ought to treasure up in our memory, is, at least, of a character to quicken thought, to afford amusement, or inspire a pleasing melancholy. A brief extract, here and there, will show those of our readers, who have neither heard nor seen the lectures, the freedom with which he raises the curtain and exhibits royalty without its pageantry, tracing back the Hanoverian sovereigns of England to the petty German princes, from whom they are descended, taking occasion in doing so to give us an insight into the character of the latter, in order that we may be able to see how worthy the children are of the parents. Nor does he confine himself to kings and princes. Queens and princesses receive their full share of attention. Nor are their intrigues or their paramours forgotten. The story of Konigsmarck, the lover

of the Princess Sophia Dorothea, and the circumstances that led to his assassination, are in the author's happiest vein. The sketch commences thus characteristically :—

"The founder of the race was Hans Christof, a famous warrior and plunderer of the Thirty Years' War. One of Hans's sons, Otto, appeared as ambassador at the court of Louis XIV., and had to make a Swedish speech at his reception before the most Christian king. Otto was a famous dandy and warrior, but he forgot the speech, and what do you think he did? Far from being disconcerted, he recited a portion of the Swedish catechism to his most Christian majesty and his court, not one of whom understood his lingo, with the exception of his own suite, who had to keep their gravity as best they might." p. 41.

After some preliminary remarks explanatory of the position of England in having to go to Hanover to seek a ruler, the first of the Georges is introduced to us as follows :—

"When the crown did come to George Louis, he was in no hurry about putting it on. He waited at home for a while; took an affecting farewell of his dear Hanover and Herrenhausen, and set out in the most leisurely manner to ascend the throne of his ancestors," as he called it in his first speech to Parliament. He brought with him a compact body of Germans, whose society he loved, and whom he kept round the royal person. He had his faithful German chamberlains; his German secretaries; his negroes, captives of his bow and spear, in Turkish wars; his two ugly, elderly German favorites, Mesdames of Kielmangege and Schulenberg, whom he created respectively Countess of Darlington and Duchess of Kendal. The duchess was tall and lean of stature, and hence was irreverently nicknamed the Maypole. The countess was a large-sized noblewoman, and this elevated personage was denominated the elephant. Both of these ladies loved Hanover and its delights; clung round the linden-trees of the great Herrenhausen avenue, and at first would not quit the place. Schulenberg, in fact, could not come on account of her debts; but, finding the Maypole would not come, the elephant packed up her trunk and slipped out of Hanover, unwieldy as she was. On this the Maypole straightway put herself in motion, and followed her beloved George Louis. One seems to be speaking of Captain Macheath, and Polly, and Lucy. The king we had selected; the courtiers who came in his train; the English nobles who came to welcome him, and on many of whom the shrewd old cynic turned his back—I protest it is a wonderful satirical picture! I am a citizen waiting at Greenwich pier, say, and crying hurrah for King George, and yet I can scarcely keep my countenance and help laughing at the enormous absurdity of this event!"

"Here we are, all on our knees. Here is the Archbishop of Canterbury prostrating himself to the head of his church, with Kielmangege and Schulenberg, with their ruddied cheeks grinning behind the defender of the faith. Here is my Lord Duke of Marlborough kneeling too, the greatest warrior of all times; he who betrayed King William—betrayed King James II.—betrayed Queen Anne—betrayed England to the French, the elector to the Pretender, the Pretender to the elector; and here are my Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, the latter of whom has just tripped up the heels of the former, and, if a month's more time had been allowed him, would have had King James at Westminster. The great Whig gentlemen made their bows and conges with proper decorum and ceremony; but yonder keen old schemer knows the value of their loyalty. 'Loyalty,' he must think, 'as applied to me—it is absurd! There are fifty nearer heirs to the throne than I am. I am but an accident, and you fine Whig gentlemen take me for your own sake, not for mine. You Tories hate me; you archbishop, smirking on your knees, and prating about heaven, you know I don't care a fig for your Thirty-nine Articles, and can't understand a word of your stupid sermons. You, my Lords Balingbroke and Oxford—you know you were conspiring against me a month ago; and you, my Lord Duke of Marlborough—you would sell me, or any man else, if you found your advantage in it. Come, my good Melusina, come, my honest Sophia, let us go into my private room, and have some oysters and some Rhine wine, and some pipes afterward; let us make the best of our situation; let us take what we can get, and leave these bawling, brawling lying English to shout, and fight, and cheat in their own way!'" pp. 51-54.

Nor does our author find George II. more of an Englishman than George I. On the death of the latter, Walpole was the messenger deputed to inform the

next heir, in the usual way, that the throne was vacant. With information so important, the minister and courtier made no ceremony of entering the chamber where "the hope of England" was in bed, if not asleep :—

" He on the bed started up, and with many oaths, and a strong German accent, asked who was there, and who dared to disturb him ? "

" I am Sir Robert Walpole," said the messenger. The awakened sleeper hated Sir Robert Walpole. " I have the honor to announce to your majesty that your royal father, King George I., died at Osnaburg, on Saturday last, the 10th instant."

" *Dat is one big lie!*" roared out his sacred majesty, King George II.; but Sir Robert Walpole stated the fact, and from that day until three-and-thirty years after, George, the second of the name, ruled over England.

" How the king made away with his father's will under the astonished nose of the Archbishop of Canterbury ; how he was a choleric little sovereign ; how he shook his fist in the face of his father's courtiers ; how he kicked his coat and wig about in his rages, and called everybody thief, liar, rascal, with whom he differed, you will read in all the history books ; and how he speedily and shrewdly reconciled himself with the bold minister, whom he had hated during his father's life, and by whom he was served during fifteen years of his own, with admirable prudence, fidelity, and success."—pp. 72-73.

What Mr. Thackeray tells us about George III. is not very interesting, because every body knows that he was not the great sovereign or good man our author would have us believe he was. But fortunately we are not left beholding to the estimate given of the king, who, if he had no element of greatness in himself, had those among his subjects who are never to be forgotten. This distinction the author himself does not forget to make. Referring to the literary magnates he says :—

" How small the grandees and the men of pleasure look beside them ! how contemptible the story of the George III. court squabbles are beside the recorded talk of dear old Johnson ! What is the grandest entertainment at Windsor compared to a night at the club over its modest cups, with Percy, and Langton, and Goldsmith, and poor Boozey at the table ? I declare I think, of all the polite men of that age, Joshua Reynolds was the finest gentleman. And they were good, as well as witty and wise, those dear old friends of the past. Their minds were not debauched by excess, or effeminate with luxury. They toiled their noble day's labor ; they rested, and took their kindly pleasure ; they cheered their holiday meetings with generous wit and hearty interchange of thought ; they were no prudes, but no blush need follow their conversation ; they were merry, but no riot came out of their cups. Ah ! I would have liked a night at the Turk's Head even though bad news had arrived from the colonies, and Doctor Johnson was growling against the rebels ; to have sat with him and Goldy, and to have heard Burke, the finest talker in the world ; and to have had Garrick flashing in with a story from his theatre—I like, I say, to think of that society ; and not merely how pleasant and how wise, but how *good* they were. I think it was on going home one night from the club that Edmund Burke—his noble soul full of great thoughts, be sure, for they never left him ; his heart full of gentleness—was accosted by a poor wandering woman, to whom he spoke words of kinliness ; and, moved by the tears of this Magdalen—perhaps having caused them by the good words he spoke to her—he took her home to the house of his wife and children, and never left her until he had found the means of restoring her to honesty and labor."—pp. 138-140.

One more extract and we are done. It is from that part of the sketch of George IV. which has reference to the unfortunate Queen Caroline. Passing over the account of Lord Malmesbury's mission to Brunswick to conduct the princess to England, and some incidental circumstances by no means without interest, we come to the serious part of her history, in which, if Mr. Thackeray errs, it is on the side of humanity :—

" What a history follows ! Arrived in London, the bridegroom hastened eagerly to receive his

bride. When she was first presented to him, Lord Malmesbury says she very properly attempted to kneel. "He raised her gracefully enough, embraced her, and, turning round to me, said :

" 'Harris, I am not well; pray get me a glass of brandy.'

" 'I said, 'Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?'

"Upon which, much out of humor, he said, with an oath : 'No; I will go to the Queen.'

"What could be expected from a wedding which had such a beginning—from such a bridegroom and such a bride? I am not going to carry you through the scandal of that story, or follow the poor princess through all her vagaries; her balls and her dances, her travels to Jerusalem and Naples, her jigs, and her junketings, and her tears. As I read her trial in history, I vote she is not guilty. I don't say it is an impartial verdict; but as one reads her story, the heart bleeds for the kindly, generous, outraged creature. If wrong there be, let it lie at his door who wickedly thrust her from it. Spite of her follies, the great, hearty people of England loved, and protected, and pitied her. 'God bless you! we will bring your husband back to you,' said a mechanic, one day, as she told Lady Charlotte Bury, with tears streaming down her cheeks. They could not bring that husband back; they could not cleanse that selfish heart. Was hers the only one he had wounded? Steeped in selfishness, impotent for faithful attachment and manly, enduring love, had it not survived remorse—was it not accustomed to desertion?

"Malmesbury gives us the beginning of the marriage story; how the prince reeled into chapel to be married; how he hiccoughed out his vows of fidelity—you know how he kept them; how he pursued the woman whom he had married; to what a state he brought her; with what blows he struck her; with what malignity he pursued her; what his treatment of his daughter, and what his own life. *He* the first gentleman of Europe! There is no stronger satire on the proud English society of that day than that they admired George."—pp. 223-227.

In short, a more sparkling, entertaining work of its kind and size has not appeared in the English language since the publication of Walpole's letters. It exhibits, in bold relief, all the characteristics of the author's genius; if, indeed, the faculty of making us feel amused at the weaknesses and follies of our neighbors, be worthy of so noble a name—the noblest we can bestow on the powers to which we owe the "Iliad," the "Aeneid," "Paradise Lost," "Hamlet," and the "Divina Comedia." No doubt if one-tenth of those who are said to possess genius in our time, merely because they write a novel or a poem, that happens to have a large sale, then Thackeray must be acknowledged to possess a high order of it; but the *if* makes a great difference. All the works of our satirist lack unity and finish—scarcely any of them have a beginning, a middle, and an end. Those regarded as his most successful portraiture are but fragments. Nor do the Lectures in the present volume form an exception. Not one of the Four Georges is whole, or anything better than an unfinished caricature. A sneer here, a scoff there, then a scrap of buffoonery, followed by a sort of prose elegy, or hymn of praise, where praise is least deserved, are not the materials for a true portrait. This was not the way Fielding, Richardson, Goldsmith, Smollett, Sterne, and Scott drew their pictures, or any of them; nor is it the way Dickens draws his; otherwise we should not remember so many of the men and women of each. If Macaulay makes a hero of William III. it is not by laughing at him in one page, and whining in sympathy with him in the next, he does so. Such as he conceives him to be, he exhibits him to us on the canvass, so that we can observe or criticise every trait of his character; nay, almost every feature of his countenance; while in the hands of Mr. Thackeray, there is not one of the Georges who can be said to be anybody. At the same time, as already observed, all will read what Mr. Thackeray writes, and none will read it without profit.

Handbook of Universal Literature, from the Best and Latest Authorities; Designed for Popular Reading, and as a Text Book for Schools and Colleges. By ANNA C. LYNCH BOTTA. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1860.

Although the best female authors disclaim any immunity at the hands of the critic, on account of their sex, we should much rather commend Madame Botta's book than say one word against it, could we only do the former conscientiously. That the lady is well educated, and that her reading has been extensive, we are very willing to believe. But these are very different things from writing, or even compiling, a work on universal literature, fit to be used as "a Text Book for Schools and Colleges." That before us is, indeed, not suitable for such a purpose; nor is it aught more so for "popular reading," for the simple reason that it is better to tell the people nothing about universal literature, or any particular literature, than to tell them what is not correct. And the latter is what is done in the present case; though, no doubt, the reverse is what is intended. In sooth we might have expected as much from the title page, where we are naively informed that the light about to be shed upon us from every corner of the earth, is "from the best and *latest* authorities," as if best and latest were synonymous. We naturally look to the list of these great authorities; and, sure enough, we do find those among them that are late—indeed, too late—somewhat in the sense of the boy that went to school when others were about coming home, just because he slept too long, and his mamma did not want him to get hard lessons, lest they might make him go wrong in the head.

The "Handbook of Universal Literature" bears the traces of at least three hands besides that which uses the scissors so extensively. We must not, therefore, speak of the style of the book, but of the styles, and verily some of them are unique in their way. It is the criticisms, however, that are most amusing. The Pythian goddess at Delphi was not more authoritative in her palmiest days than are the oracles of the "Handbook," especially when enlightening us on the characteristics and relative merits of languages. But let us assume that we only hear one voice; and then see what it tells us. Passing over preliminary remarks, most of which we are pleased to recognize as school-boy acquaintances, we come to those passages which are evidently new, if not original. Thus, for example, we are told that, "The Sanscrit, meaning *perfected*, is founded on a vast, logical system of grammar, whose equal cannot be found in any other language." (p. 24). That is, the Hindoos made the grammar first, and then the language to suit it! In the second or third sentence after, we have the additional information that, though inferior in variety and richness to the Greek and some other languages of the Indo-European family, it unites many qualities which belong separately to them, and the study of it is important in a historical and philological point of view." (p. 25). De grâce, madame, je vous prie de me laisser rire! In turning to the Greek, we learn that that is a "strong" language, and that "it must have attained great excellence at a very early period, for it existed in its essential perfection in the time of Homer," (p. 68)—just the same as the English existed in its essential perfection in the time of Chaucer. Of Latin we are told that it "had not the plastic property of the Greek, the faculty of transforming itself into every variety of form," &c.;

(p. 127) although no language in the world is freer in its construction or admits of a larger variety of transformations, without in the least altering the sense, than that of Cicero and Virgil.

But let us pass to another form of criticism. We turn over a few scores of pages at random, a dozen at a time, and come to Arabian poetry. There we are told that "the Arabians possess many heroic poems, composed for the purpose of celebrating the praises of distinguished men," &c. In the very next sentence it is stated that "their poetry is entirely lyrical and didactic." (p. 199.) Taking another stride, we reach French literature, where we are informed that Jean Jacques Rousseau "believed in a Supreme Being, a future state, and the excellence of virtue," &c. (p. 292.) "Under these circumstances he wrote his "Confessions," which he believed would prove his vindication before the world. The reader who may expect to find this book abounding with at least as much virtue as a man may possess without Christian principle, will find in it not a single feature of greatness; it is a proclamation of disagreeable faults," (his shameful amours), &c. This will be very valuable and very grammatical information for schools and colleges! That very moral and graceful writer, Paul de Kock, is compared to Dickens, though it is admitted that while "free from the extravagances of the school already described, this author is not very serupulous in relation to delicacy of expression, and greatly deficient in purity of sentiment," that is, is not greatly deficient, &c. But, moral or immoral, all writers have more or less grave faults, except our own—at least those of our own who are still in the flesh, and may be supposed to be "appreciative" in turn, when an opportunity offers. There are many of our neighbors thus lauded to the skies, whom, we confess, we had never heard of before. English, French, German and Italian authors are all very well in their way; but there is always something to prevent them from attaining that perfection which is possessed by hundreds of American authors, especially by those who are so fortunate as to include the author of "Universal Literature" in their list of friends. In short, there is hardly one who has written a Fourth of July oration, with or without rhyme or reason, who is not immortalized in the work before us. The praise, even when bestowed on those who are fairly entitled to it, is often amusing in its confusion. For example, we are told that Fitz-Greene Halleck has a "playful felicity of jest." (p. 539.) Richard H. Dana's verse "is sometimes abrupt, but never feeble," &c. ib. Of Longfellow's poems, it is said, in very questionable grammar, that "they are pervaded with an earnestness and beauty of sentiment, expressed in a finished, artistic form, which at once wins the ear and impresses the memory and heart." ib. It must be a pretty form, truly, which "at once wins the ear," &c. In a somewhat similar manner we are informed that "the poems of Mrs. Hemans breathe a singularly attractive tone of romantic and melancholy sweetness," &c. (p. 517). Moore is passable enough as a song writer, "but oftener ingenuous than poetical. His Eastern romances, in 'Lalla Rookh,' with all their occasional felicities, are not powerful poetical narratives. He was no where so successful as in his satirical effusions of comic rhyme," &c. (!) ib. The best of the British historians have faults, from which ours are entirely free. "The style of Robertson and Gibbon" (one style, it seems, does both) "is totally unlike that of Hume." (How remarkable!) "They want his seemingly unconscious ease," &c. (p. 508).

It is different, however, with an author of the name of Bottia, who, we are informed, "is among the first historians of the present age." (p. 245).

Who the fair author or compiler of all this nonsense is, we really do not know; but we can assure her that if she write a good book, and not a catch-penny, in the style of "Latin Without a Master, in Six Easy Lessons," which is as much a "Handbook of Universal Literature" as the last patent medicine is an infallible cure for all diseases that flesh is heir to, we shall be happy to speak of it as its merits deserve.

The King of the Mountains, from the French of Edmond About, author of "The Roman Question," "Germaine," &c. By Mary L. Booth. With an Introduction by Epes Sargent. Boston : J. E. Tilton & Co. 1861.

M. About has made more rapid strides towards fame, within the last two years, than any other living writer of his class. Nor had any one better prepared himself for the task of at once entertaining and instructing the reading public at home and abroad. Before attempting any elaborate work, he travelled through most of Europe ; and not as the majority of tourists do at the present day. In going from one city to another, whether in Greece, Italy, England, or Germany, he had a more earnest and laudable motive than merely to have it to say that he had seen this or that famous place, admired this or that *chef d'œuvre* of art. He took time, not only to obtain a correct impression of the external appearance of every city of any note he passed through, but also waited to observe what are the peculiarities of the inhabitants, if any such they have. Nor did he stop at this. He also took care to note the proportion of taxes they have to pay as compared to their neighbors of other cities of equal extent or importance. In short, he made use of figures as well as facts. By this means he became possessed of a large amount of that kind of knowledge which is really power, and which, when embodied in an agreeable book, is sure to attract attention and secure respect from one end of Europe to the other ; and need we add America ?

Hence it is that his *Questione Romaine* and *Grèce Contemporaine*, especially the latter, have created a veritable sensation among high and low—in the cabinets of the principal Powers of the world, as well as among the humblest of the people—even those who can afford no more elaborate or valuable literary works than the daily or weekly newspapers. Without having ever seen one of his productions, the fact that he had the faculty of agitating Europe, from the Tagus to the White Sea, and from the Orkney Islands to Sicily, as he has done in a small pamphlet, one might well take it for granted that what he writes is worth reading. Yet his political writings, full of thought and energy as they are, are dry and formal, compared to his novels, especially to his *Roi des Montaignes*, which, while we pen these remarks, is being read, simultaneously and with almost equal avidity in France, Germany, Italy, England and America. Considered as a work of art, the story, if such so strange a romance may be called, lacks unity. The parts do not rightly adhere to each other. Sometimes one limb, as it were, is twice, nay three times, as large as its fellow, and its periods of time are equally disproportioned to each other. Occasionally we meet with anachronisms, so glaring, that we are

[Dec.,

led to suspect that they form a portion of the machinery designed much more to amuse than instruct.

But it is the scenes and incidents, and the ease and truthfulness with which the characters are placed in relief before us, by the aid, here and there, of a brilliant episode, and not the narrative, which arrest and secure attention. Few, if any novelists, of any country, capable of placing on their canvass, side by side, portraits so essentially different as those of the Englishman, Mr. Baily, his sister, Mrs. Simons ; Herman Schultz, the German student ; and John Harris, the American, and "maternal uncle of William Lobster," not to mention the hero, his gracious Majesty Hadgi Stavros, King of the Mountains. As we have no copy of the original before us, we can only judge of the translation from internal evidence ; and this seems to us hardly to do justice to the author if, indeed, "The King of the Mountains" be not very different in style and *esprit* from his other writings. This remark applies more particularly to those idioms in which the French and English languages are so totally unlike each other. M. About's interrogatories are much more polite and delicate in any work of his that we have seen, than they are in the translation before us, in which they are more direct than is consistent with French courtesy. Nor are the ladies so gracefully dealt with as we should expect from a man of the author's well-known gallantry, and to whose female portraiture in *La Grèce Contemporaine* an eminent critic applies the lines :—

" Vous êtes belle, et votre soeur est belle :
 Entre vous deux tout choix serait bien doux ;
 L'amour est blond comme vous,
 Mais il aimait une brune comme elle."

We do not mean, however, that Miss Booth's translation is otherwise than sprightly and attractive, and imbued with a good deal of the characteristic vivacity of the French. Let the original be what it may, the English dress of "The King of the Mountains" is infinitely decenter and more creditable than that, for example, of most of the series issued in this city, some time since, under the high-sounding title of "The French Classics," in which, in many cases, a few mutilated extracts, execrably translated into bombastic English, are represented as "The Works" of this or that eminent author. This, indeed, is not high praise of the volume before us ; but we can conscientiously add that it will amply repay perusal. The Introduction, by Epes Sargent, is well written ; and will induce many to read the story who, without it, might feel discouraged before entering into the spirit of the plot.

Legends of the Madonna, as represented in the Fine Arts. By Mrs. JAMESON.
 Corrected and enlarged edition. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1860

THERE are but few, if any, of our readers who need any description of the characteristics of Mrs. Jameson's works ; since they are known and appreciated not only wherever the English language is spoken, but wherever there exists a taste for the beautiful and refining in art and literature combined ; for most of them have been translated into all the principal languages of Europe. It is sufficient to say, therefore, that this truly beautiful "blue and gold" American edition is an exact reprint of the last complete English edition.

EDUCATION.

1. *The Progressive Practical Arithmetic*, for Common Schools and Academies. By HORATIO N. ROBINSON, LL.D. 16mo., pp. 336.
2. *The Progressive Higher Arithmetic*, for Schools, Academies, and Mercantile Colleges, combining the Analytic and Synthetic Methods. By HORATIO N. ROBINSON, LL.D. 12mo., pp. 432.
3. *New Elementary Algebra*, containing the Rudiments of the Science, for Schools and Academies. By HORATIO N. ROBINSON, LL.D. 12mo., pp. 312.
4. *A Theoretical and Practical Treatise on Algebra*. Designed for Schools, Colleges, and Private Students. By HORATIO N. ROBINSON, LL.D. Twenty-eighth Edition. 12mo., pp. 360.
5. *An Elementary Class Book on Astronomy*, in which Mathematical Demonstrations are omitted. By H. N. ROBINSON, LL.D. 16mo., pp. 206.
6. *A Treatise on Astronomy, Descriptive, Theoretical, and Physical*. Designed for Schools, Academies, and Private Students. By H. N. ROBINSON, LL.D. 8vo., pp. 357.
7. *Elements of Geometry and Plane and Spherical Trigonometry*, with numerous Practical Problems. By H. N. ROBINSON, LL.D. 8vo., pp. 383.
8. *A Treatise on Surveying and Navigation*, uniting the Theoretical, Practical, and Educational of these subjects. By H. N. ROBINSON, LL.D. Fourth Edition. New York : Ivison, Phinney & Co. 1860.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON deserves well of his countrymen, for having produced a mathematical series, combining so many advantages, both for pupil and teacher, as this. Text-books, in general, of the present day, cost but little trouble. The majority of those who undertake to prepare them, seem to think that it is sufficient merely to transpose what they find in other similar works, often without adding as much as a definition of their own. In this latter omission, indeed, they do well in most cases ; for, judging from the manner in which they acquit themselves in other respects, if they did give definitions, they would be somewhat like the owl's description of its young to the eagle—that is, they would do more harm than good—mislead rather than guide.

It is remarkable, that while no people more highly appreciate the value of scientific discoveries and inventions than ourselves, there are none, at the same time, among the enlightened, who devote less attention to the study of mathematics. That there are exceptions to this, as a rule, far be it from us to deny. America can boast of as good living mathematicians as almost any other country. But the number is exceedingly few—fewer than almost any of the petty states of Germany—fewer than our little sister republic of Switzerland. This is for no lack of genius or intellectual activity on the part of our countrymen, but a certain aversion to close and continued study—a disposition to do everything in a hurry—which pervades all classes. Whether this is caused by the superficial character of our text-books, or whether compilers think it best to eschew what is difficult or profound, from a consciousness that it would be thrown aside for what is “easy,” it is not now our purpose to inquire ; though

we may remark, in passing, that the truth lies between the two extremes ; but probably nearest to that which throws the chief blame on the authors.

Be this as it may, Prof. Robinson has fully vindicated himself ; for in the series before us he has made provision for every variety of student, from the smatterer who thinks he ought to learn anything—at least as much as he wants of it—in three months, to him who is willing to devote nights and days for years, to the mastering of one science. It is not, however, our purpose to examine all on the present occasion ; such, indeed, would be impossible, since the whole series extends to no fewer than seventeen volumes, including "Keys" to the higher and more elaborate treatises, for the use of teachers. Nor would it be necessary for us to do so, had we even time and space to spare, partly because the books are well known already, being extensively used in all parts of the country, and partly because those who do not know them, but are capable of forming an opinion of their merits when they see them, do not need minute descriptions. All they require is the general plan and some notion of the manner in which it is carried out, in order to be able to form a pretty correct idea of the value of the *tout ensemble*.

It seems to us that in no part of his task has the author succeeded better than in that which is most generally neglected, namely, in rendering his system as much an instrument of mental discipline as possible. The great mistake is, with compilers of the present day, that if the student is capable of performing certain operations in arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, or mensuration, the object required is attained, the same as if he were serving his time to the least intellectual and most vulgar of the mechanic arts ; whereas, in point of fact this, as a general thing, is but a matter of secondary consideration. Nine out of every ten who study mathematics derive most profit from doing so by its effect in invigorating the faculties of the mind, just as those who practice gymnastics do so, not that they may be able to fight, leap, or jump, but in order that their whole muscular system may be made to attain as much elasticity as possible.

Robinson's "Progressive Intellectual Arithmetic" exhibits the most successful illustration we have seen of the inductive system ; and what is rarely the case in other similar works, most of its forms of analysis are original, the result of practical experience in teaching. Indeed, there is more that is useful in the Appendix alone, both for the ordinary purposes of life and for disposing the mind to analytical habits, than is to be found in many a whole work compiled in the usual crude, unmethodical way, apparently without any higher or more worthy object than the pecuniary profit it may bring. "The Progressive Higher Arithmetic" combines the analytic and synthetic methods—that is, it not only shows how certain operations are performed, but also the why and the wherefore—in other words, it contemplates causes as well as results, and presents an easy and philosophical gradation from beginning to end. "The New Elementary Algebra," is a carefully revised edition ; and is well calculated, from the clearness and simplicity of its definitions, and the variety of its illustrative examples, to render the science attractive to many who are too apt to be repelled by ordinary treatises. In turning to the "University Algebra" we find the problems more difficult, a greater variety of equations—more profound and elaborate processes ; but the gradation we have spoken of as per-

vading the whole series, is never lost sight of. The recurring and binomial equations, and the differential method of series, are more fully and satisfactorily illustrated in the volume before us, than in any other text book of equal size which has fallen into our hands since our schoolboy days.

Of the treatises on geometry, trigonometry, astronomy, surveying and navigation, we have not room to speak at any length on the present occasion. They are embraced in four volumes, each of which is complete in itself. All are illustrated with plates and diagrams, combine the theoretical with practical, and contain copious tables at the end. In the treatise on geometry, there is less of Euclid's system of demonstration than we could wish, because there is no better system of logic. It strikes us also that there is not sufficient variety of theorems and propositions, though more than in any other American work we have seen. These, however, are but slight faults—in the opinion of many no faults at all. They are not such, at all events, as to modify the opinion we have already expressed as to the intrinsic merits of the whole series, as a means of superinducing the more extensive cultivation of sciences, which can boast such students as Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, Ptolemy, Appollonius of Perga, Archimedes, Theon and his daughter Hypatia; and to which we owe such discoveries as those of Kepler, Galileo, Newton, Laplace and Copernicus.

1. *The First Reader of the School and Family Series.* By MARCUS WILSON, Author of "History of the United States," "Outlines of General History," &c., &c. 16mo. pp. 82.
2. *The Second Reader of the Family and School Series.* By MARCUS WILSON. 16mo. pp. 156.
3. *The Third Reader of the School and Family Series.* By MARCUS WILSON. 12mo. pp. 264.
4. *The Fourth Reader of the School and Family Series.* By MARCUS WILSON. 12mo. pp. 360.

New York: Harper & Brothers, 1860.

With the wonderful spread of education through all civilized lands, and the planting of innumerable schools and institutions of learning, the quality of the mental *pabulum* in the shape of class books, placed before the "rising generation," is now one of the paramount questions of our enlightened times; and its incalculable importance cannot for a moment be gainsaid. To write or compile a good text-book for the young, seems, on first consideration, no very difficult matter. But looking to the swarms of Spellers, Readers, Reciters, and Repertoires, which have for many years been issuing from the press, and which, aided by the powers of steam and all mechanical facilities, are still pouring in undiminished numbers to flood the world,—we see that the *tau na lo* has not yet been attained. The general dissatisfaction and ceaseless strugglings after a more perfect system than any yet existing, sufficiently evince the feeling and prove the conviction that we are still groping in the science of education.

But in truth, there is nothing more difficult than the successful construction of these same text-books. It requires, for its perfect accomplishment, qualifications of the rarest order. Wit, humor, learning, genius, high purpose,

scholastic experience, separate or combined, cannot do it. Wisdom is at fault, and earnest desire has, in a thousand instances, acknowledged itself foiled and baffled in the vain attempt.

Let us try to ascertain what are the qualities indispensable for the production of as perfect a text-book as we can reasonably hope to secure. Sound and varied learning in the first place, as the substratum of all other qualifications; a lively knowledge of *human nature, and, above all*, the infant mind; sympathy with it in all its feelings and emotions; respect and tenderness for its helplessness and immaturity (a feeling too often overlooked, or, if entertained, then *overdone*, by the most scientific educators); the faculty of narrowing down a giant intellect to the capacity of a child; power of expressing interesting facts in simple language, without sinking into childish twaddle; stores of anecdote; power to deduce from each of them a valuable and striking moral; a pure and lofty morality; a healthy Christianity, without sectarianism or bigotry; refined taste, both in prose and verse; clearness in definition and explanation; and, above all, that *geniality*—God-given as much as the gift of genius—which enters at once and takes possession of the hearts of children, causing them to feel, young as they are, that in communing with the author through his written words, they are conversing with a father and a friend.

In the "Series" now before us most, if not all, of the characteristics we have alluded to are to be found. We confess that never before, since our schoolboy days, had we paid so much attention to "Readers," as we have to these four volumes. This, however, has been more accidental than intentional. We took them up merely with the view of glancing at them in a brief paragraph, designed as a general reply to many inquiries from different parts of the country as to their peculiar merits and value. The First and Second Readers we passed over at first sight, with no stronger impression in their favor than that they are well illustrated. It was not until we took up the "Third Reader" that we began to comprehend the plan of the whole, and feel impressed with its excellence. The first lessons are of the simplest kind. There is a regular and easy gradation throughout the whole series. According as the pupil makes proficiency the lessons become more difficult, but, at the same time, more attractive, and better calculated to show that it is worth while to study in order to learn things at once so useful and curious.

The illustrations, which in too many school-books are given merely as embellishments, are here made to act as valuable auxiliaries to the text and the teacher. Every one of the multifarious subjects introduced, whether in prose or verse, from the first to the last volume, that can be said to have any light shed upon it by the pictorial art, is appropriately and truthfully illustrated. The importance of this is most apparent in the chapters on physiology, zoology, botany, the mechanic arts, &c. Thus, in zoology, the different varieties of each species are, as it were, placed side by side, so that the pupil has an opportunity of comparing one with another, as in the case of the monkey tribe of South America, at page 101 of the Third Reader; that of the animals of the seal kind, at page 193; of those of the whale kind, at page 238, and of the shrew kind, at page 180, &c. Similar groups are given in ornithology, and in vegetable physiology, accompanied in most cases with a scale of inches; and all technical or difficult words, which necessarily occur in the text, are clearly and briefly defined at the end of each chapter.

The matter of the First and Second Readers is mostly original, with the exception of the poetry, which in every instance has been judiciously selected ; while in the Third and Fourth Readers we have extracts from the happiest efforts of the best European and American authors, in poetry and prose ; a large number of which have the additional charm of novelty for most pupils, since they are to be found in no other series. Always taking a warm interest in the great cause of education, to the progress of which, by means of our common schools, the Republic owes so much of its power and greatness, it affords us sincere pleasure to indicate improvements which, like those in the present series, are so well calculated to facilitate and popularize the acquisition of knowledge.

1. *Sallustii Crispi Opera*: Adapted to the Hamiltonian System by a literal and analytical translation, by JAMES HAMILTON. Edited by JAMES CLARK. 12mo, pp. 309.
2. *The Works of P. Virgilius Muro*, with the original text reduced to the natural order of construction, and an interlinear translation. By LEVI HART and V. R. OSBORN. 12mo, pp. 903.
3. *The Iliad of Homer*, with an interlinear translation, for the use of Schools and Private Learners, on the Hamiltonian System, as improved by Thomas Clark. Philadelphia : Charles Desilver. 1860.

The adage is no less true than trite, that "There is no royal road to learning." Those who would eat of the almond of classical lore must take the trouble of breaking its shell. Were we to believe the editor, or rather the publisher of this series, there would no longer be any need for classical dictionaries ; even grammars would be superfluities. All any one, wishing to become a Greek and Latin scholar, would have to do is simply to arm himself with these "Interlinear Translations" and peruse them at his leisure. A few months occupied in this way, would be better than years, according to the old system. Lest anybody might doubt this, each volume has a number of "testimonials" prefixed to it, which consist of garbled extracts purporting to be the opinions of Milton, Locke, Erasmus, &c., in favor of the "Interlinean" plan, as the best ever imagined. To fortify these, "opinions of the press" are given at the end, which consist of bombastic eulogies by persons who, in nine cases out of ten, evidently know nothing of what they are in such raptures in speaking about.

The truth is, that no one ever became a classical scholar by means of interlinear translations. One might spend years at this series, and be still utterly ignorant of the genius, or even the construction, of both Latin or Greek. Assuming that he could read a little of each language when arranged as in his "Interlinears," it would be only by vote. And what are Greek and Latin studied for? Is it simply in order to be able to understand what Cicero, Virgil, Demosthenes and Homer have said and sung? If this were the object two-thirds even of the students of our best universities could learn more from translations than from the originals, for those who can enter into the spirit of the latter are but few indeed. It is as a source of culture the classics are studies ; as

a means of invigorating the mind and strengthening the reflective faculties. That they may be made available for these purposes, or in fact for any of the purposes of scholarship, the conjugations and declensions must be studied and impressed on the memory.

It is a more interesting and instructive exercise to conjugate one Greek or Latin verb, especially the former, through all its moods and tenses, than to read whole books by means of an interlinear translation. Who that depends on the latter, knows anything of derivation? The English writer or speaker who has studied the learned languages through the medium of the dictionary and the grammar, with or without the aid of a teacher, can, in most cases, refer at once to the Greek or Latin roots, from which so large a proportion of our words are derived; whereas the interlinear translator cannot tell the derivative from its primitive. In short, there is a greater difference between the two systems than there is between learning music by ear and learning it by note; and supposing some "enterprising publisher" gave us a parcel of "testimonials," to the effect that Mozart, Handel, Verdi, etc., thought scales and notes superfluous; that we could learn faster and better by note, who that knows anything of music, would be so credulous as to believe him?

The tendency of interlinear translations is to encourage indolence—that is, to do harm rather than good; whereas, the tendency of the grammatical, or analytical system is to discover other systems—nay, other sciences—such, for example, as that of comparative philology, to which modern civilization is so much indebted; showing, as it does, the close relationship which subsists between the principal languages of the world, and consequently between the different races to whom they belong. But the series before us are not even correctly printed; neither the English nor the Latin is correct. This any intelligent person can see for himself; and, should the fact be denied, we are ready to prove it at any time, by numerous examples, taken almost at random.

It will be observed, that we are told on the title page of Virgil, that "the original text is reduced to the *natural order of construction*." Now, what would we say to the Italian or Frenchman who would transpose the English text of Shakespeare or Milton to what, according to his notion, is "the natural order of construction?" Yet this is precisely what is done to Virgil and Homer; nor do the prose writers, the historians, or the orators, fare anything better. Thus, for example, we turn to that passage in the fourth book of the *Aeneid*, in which Dido makes her passionate appeal to *Aeneas*, imploring him not to leave her, and which is given in the text, as follows:

"Per ego has lacrymas dextramque tuam te
(Quando aliud mihi jam misere nihil ipsa reliqui),
Per connubia nostra, per incepitos hymenaeos," etc.

—v. 314, *et seq.*

The same stands thus in the interlinear translation:

Ego oro te per has lachrymas, que tuam dextram (quando ipsa reliqua
"I beseech thee by these tears, and thy right hand (since I have left
jam nihil aliud mihi misere) per nostra connubia per Hymenaeos
now nothing else to me miserable) by our wedlock, by our conjugal loves
inceptos.
just begun."

This is as much the "natural order of construction" in Virgil, as if the soliloquy of Hamlet were altered so as to read, " That is the question, not to be, or to be ; to suffer, whether in the mind 'tis nobler," &c. But Homer is treated still worse, if possible. We quote from the text a portion of the threat of Agamemnon to Chryses, in the first book :

*Mή σε, γέρον, ποιῆσιν ἔγω παρά τηνσι κιχείω,
ἢ νῦν δηθύνοντ', ἢ ὑστερον, αὖτις λόντα,
μή νύ τοι οὐ χραΐσμη δικῆπτρον καὶ στεμνὰ θεοῖο:*

which is thus made "natural" in the interlinear translation :

<i>Κιχείω-λγω̄ μή</i>	<i>σε,</i>	<i>σέρων παρά,</i>
" May-I-find	not (may I not find)	thee, Old-man, near (the)
<i>ποιῆσιν τηνσι</i>	<i>ἢ νῦν δηθύνοντα,</i>	<i>ἢ λόντα αὖτις</i>
hollow ships,	either now delaying,	or coming again
<i>ὑστερον,</i>	<i>μή νύ δικῆπτρον,</i>	<i>καὶ στέμνα θεοῖο</i>
hereafter,	lest indeed (the) sceptre,	and fillet 'of (the) 'god
<i>οὐ χραΐσμη τοι.</i>	may not profit you.	

p. 11

This is English, or rather Philadelphia Greek, the style of Mr. Thomas Clark ; not the style of Homer. In short, the whole system is the veriest quackery ; and we take it for granted that no respectable teacher would permit his pupils to have anything to do with it.

A Grammar of the English Language, for the use of Schools. By W. H. WELLS, M. A., Superintendent of Public Schools, Chicago, and late Principal of the State Normal School, Westfield, Mass. Two hundred and twenty-fifth thousand. 12mo, pp. 220. New York : Ivison, Phinney & Co. 1860.

THE extraordinary number of editions of this little work, as stated on the title page, has attracted our attention ; and we have examined it with no slight curiosity in order to be able to form an opinion for our own satisfaction, as to whether it deserves a popularity which would seem to be almost universal. We confess that we undertook the examination, with no disposition to be indulgent to the author ; but the result is, that we only wish that all our grammars were so concise, yet comprehensive ; so graphic and clear in their definitions ; and so systematically and admirably arranged throughout.

THEOLOGY.

The Benefit of Christ's Death ; or, the Glorious Riches of God's Free Grace, which every True Believer receives by Jesus Christ, and Him Crucified. Originally written in Italian, and now reprinted from an ancient English Translation, with an introduction. By REV. JOHN AYER, M.A., Minister of St. John's Chapel, Hampstead. 16mo., pp. 160. Boston : Gould & Lincoln, 1860.

PROBABLY NO theological work of the same size has been more read than this little volume, which was written so far back as the beginning of the sixteenth century. The author was an Italian, as the title implies—a native of Veroli, in the Campagna di Roma ; and numbered among his friends the most eminent men of his time, including the most liberal of the dignitaries of the

Church, such as Cardinals Sadolet, Pole, etc. But, being a man who did not hesitate to give free expression to whatever opinions he happened to entertain, it seems that his most powerful friends were unable to shield him from persecution, until finally he was committed to the flames as a heretic. It would appear, however, that his fate was more the result of personal enmity on the part of Otho Melius Cotta, than of his alleged heresy. In one of his own letters, the following passage occurs : "Cotta asserts, that if I am allowed to live, there will not be a vestige of religion left in the city. Why? because, being asked one day, what was the first ground on which men should rest their salvation ? I replied, 'Christ!' Being asked what was the second, I replied, 'Christ!' and being asked what was the third, I replied, Christ! "

Had he been a daring and noisy fanatic, his death at this period, when the old religion seemed threatened on all sides, would be little more than might have been expected : but there is no proof, so far as we can see, that he was any such character. On the contrary, his letters written to his wife and sons, while under sentence of death, are remarkably temperate in their tone ; containing not a word of reproach, even against the Inquisition that condemned him. This seems, indeed, to establish the fact, that he was the victim of private malice, most probably superinduced by jealousy for his superior talents. At all events, we prefer taking this view of the case, rather than making it an occasion of casting odium on a church, which, whatever have been its errors, has never ceased to be an instrument of civilization, and the friend of peace and good will among men, without regard to differences of races, languages or political institutions.

Protestantism has its dark spots as well as Catholicism ; if the former has fewer than the latter, let us be thankful for it ; but deal charitably with errors which, however reprehensible when they were committed, cannot now be remedied. Assuming that it was solely on account of his religious views, Paleario was burned, the outrage against humanity and the liberty of conscience was no worse than such similar acts on the part of the founders of our own religion, as, for example, the burning of the unfortunate Servetus, one of the most learned men of his time, before a slow fire, under the sanction of Calvin and other leaders of the Reformation. True, no attempt is made in the volume before us to give any coloring to the circumstances of the author's persecution and death, further than the facts of history seem fully to justify. The Greek and Latin extracts given in the Appendix, from the early fathers of the Church, form a strong recommendation of the book, by themselves, to the student of mediæval history, as well as of theology.

Lessons on the Liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America. By a CHURCHMAN.

בָּנָי טַעֲרֵינוּ בְּתוֹרָה הַעֲתָה
בְּתַחְלָה חֹזֶק לֹא בְּרוּכָה שְׁמָךְ

Ps. c. 4.

Boston : E. P. Dutton & Company.

We have had the pleasure of examining some proof sheets of this work ; and have been agreeably surprised at the amount of information, historical and biographical, as well as religious, which it contains. From a careful

perusal of some forty pages, we feel satisfied that there is no worthy member of the Episcopal Church who takes any lively interest in its history, or in its doctrines, rites, and ceremonies, who will not welcome the "Lessons" as a desideratum. We are pleased to see the subject treated, in all its bearings, by one whose learning and scholarship are evidently of the highest order; and who, at the same time, is not above rendering into plain English such Hebrew, Greek, or Latin words as are necessarily introduced into the text, for the purpose of indicating the derivation of many words used in the Liturgy; such as, Epact, Golden Number, Rubric, Calender, etc. Indeed, the wonder is, on reflection, that such a work had not been compiled long since—that is, one suited for persons of ordinary intelligence as well as for the liberally educated—for the Sunday-school pupil as well as for the teacher. Apart from its value as a brief, but comprehensive and lucid commentary on the Book of Common Prayer, it claims the attention of parents and teachers for the taste for the study of history and biography, which its excellent foot notes are so well calculated to create. As a specimen of this feature of the work, we transcribe the following annotations :

"Charles I., son of James I., reigned 1625 to 1649; some leading events were, his marriage with Henrietta of France, 1625; death of Lord Bacon, 1626; Duke of Buckingham assassinated, 1628; Hampden's Trial, 1637; Strafford beheaded, 1641; commencement of the Civil War, 1642—battles therein, Worcester, September 13, 1642; Edge Hill fight, October 23, 1642; Newbury (Lord Falkland killed), 1643; Marston Moor, July 3, 1644; Newbury (second battle), October 10, 1644; Naseby, June 14, 1644; King Charles executed, January 30, 1649.

"Archbishop Laud born at Reading, 1573, educated at St. John's College; in 1628, succeeded Buckingham as Prime Minister; beheaded January 10, 1645."

In short, did the work come to us from the other side of the Atlantic, so happily does it combine multifarious knowledge with simplicity of language and illustration, that we should hardly hesitate to attribute it to Archbishop Whately, as almost the only man we know to possess all the necessary qualifications for such a *vade mecum*.

1. *The Pentateuch. Translated from the Vulgate, and Diligently Compared with the Original Text, being a Revised Edition of the Douay Version, with Notes Critical and Explanatory.* By FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK, Archbishop of Baltimore. 8vo pp. 559.
2. *The Historical Books of the Old Testament. Translated from the Latin Vulgate, Diligently Compared with the Original Text, being a Revised Edition of the Douay Version, with Notes Critical and Explanatory.* By FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK, Archbishop of Baltimore. 8vo. pp. 897. Baltimore: Kelly, Hedian & Piet. 1860.

Whatever controversialists may think of the fidelity, or want of fidelity, of these translations, it cannot be denied that they evince profound research, extensive erudition, and accurate scholarship. As a Latinist, much was to have been expected from Archbishop Kenrick, whose writings, in the language of Virgil and Cicero, have secured for him the esteem of the learned of Europe as well as America; but from even a cursory glance at the two portly volumes before us, we find sufficient evidence that he is scarcely less familiar with the languages of Moses and Solomon, and of Homer and Demosthenes. Had he

merely presented us his versions of certain parts of the Bible, it would hardly have come within our province to take any notice of his labors, since there is no lack of theological journals, that make a specialty of exposing any defects, or praising any merits, that such may be said to possess, according as they are in the interest of one sect or another.

It is his notes that we value most. Regarded in a philological point of view alone, they would claim the earnest attention of every student of languages who has sense enough to comprehend that knowledge loses none of its intrinsic worth for being placed within his reach by one whose theological opinions are different from his own. Thus it was that the Greeks and Romans, who had no faith in Christianity, were very glad to study the learned commentaries of the early Fathers of the Church, because they saw that they possessed a value altogether independently of the religious principles which they embodied and inculcated. It is in a similar spirit that the enlightened of all nations, whether Protestants, Catholics, or Mahomedans, have for nearly two thousand years made the Pagan writers of Greece and Rome their chief study as an instrument of intellectual culture and mental developement.

It is but fair to remember, also, that it is nothing new for dignitaries of the Catholic Church to render good service to the cause of classical learning. Not to speak of such men as Cardinals Richelieu, Ximenes and Wolsey, it was the monks, in the recesses of their cloisters, who, for centuries of darkness and lawlessness, preserved the sacred fire of genius, and saved from the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun those priceless treasures of literature, in poetry, oratory, history, and criticism, which are the delight of all ages. In addition to the large amount of philological erudition contained in the copious notes of Archbishop Kenrick, his introductions to most of the books in both volumes will be read with thoughtfulness and profit by all who take an interest in the history of the Bible; although, of course, it is to Catholics they are chiefly, if not exclusively, addressed; and we may add, that the latter may well appreciate the labors so learnedly, ably, and liberally performed for them. The publishers have done their part in a manner highly creditable to the rapid progress in the typographic art made within the last few years in "The City of Monuments."

BIOGRAPHY.

The United Irishmen: Their Lives and Times. With several additional Memoirs and Authentic Documents, heretofore unpublished; the whole matter newly arranged and revised. By RICHARD R. MADDEN, F. R. C. S., England; M. R. I. A. Author of "Travels in the East," "Memoirs of the Countess of Blessington," etc., etc. First, second, and third series. London: Charles Dolman. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co. 1860.

THERE are none who take any interest in the struggles of Ireland for nearly eight centuries to free herself from the yoke of England, to whose library these three, well printed, large octavos will not prove an attractive addition. Not that the narrative embraces so long a period, but light is shed on it in a much more agreeable way—by extracts from eloquent speeches, from equally eloquent private letters, and from the works of various writers of eminence,

both foreign and native. But did they contain nothing save what relates to the period indicated by their title, every intelligent person who has paid any attention to Irish affairs, is aware that it affords abundant materials for a voluminous work—one much more voluminous than this is yet; although we see that a fourth volume, or fourth series, has just been issued. These, indeed, are not the first “Lives and Times of the United Irishmen,” that have been published. Several works, bearing that title, have appeared in all the principal languages of Europe; nor are they altogether unknown in this country. But it remained for Dr. Madden to produce one combining all that is authentic and interesting in all the others, and embracing a large amount of important multifarious matter never before made public. For this he has had opportunities possessed by none of those who have gone before him in the same field. In the first place, it is no longer such a crime in the eyes of England, as it used to be, to tell the truth in regard to English domination in Ireland, especially in regard to events so long past as those to which these volumes chiefly relate. Information, the publication of which would have involved a prosecution for sedition less than twenty years ago, is now freely granted, even by functionaries of the government.

In his dedication of the first series to Lord Brougham, the author expresses his thanks to the venerable ex-Chancellor for an introduction which he gave him to an eminent French historian, accompanied with the request that he “might be allowed access to the archives of the public departments in Paris, with the view to the use of documents that might have any bearing on his intended work.” It is almost needless to say that a good deal that is interesting and important has been found in this way, by one who, like Dr. Madden, would go, with almost Boswellian enthusiasm, fifty miles in search of a single fact of any moment, and who is sufficiently learned to be able to avail himself of accessible information, no matter in which of the principal languages of Europe it is to be found. This, indeed, was necessary, since United Irishmen had to take shelter in every state of the Continent that allowed them to do so, not to mention the number that sought an asylum in our own land. Nor did the author forget to come to America on the same patriotic mission. Here, too, he had no slight materials to obtain; for, need we say, that in America, as well as on the Continent of Europe, many of the fugitives attained high distinction; men whose descendants at the present day are among the best and most esteemed of our citizens, as they are in France, Spain, Portugal, Austria, and even in Russia.

In each volume, except the first, we have several memoirs, illustrated with fine portraits of those who took the most active part in the events which led to the banishment of so many, and which brought so many others to the gallows. The first volume embraces brief but comprehensive sketches of all the secret societies formed in Ireland, from the reign of Elizabeth to that of the United Irishmen, together with episodes relating to spies and informers, a class of persons always liberally encouraged by England—so liberally, that they had an interest in inventing charges of treason against innocent persons, if they had no more convenient means of securing a continuance of their pay. Of this class of functionaries, the famous, or rather infamous Edward Newell may be mentioned as a representative; and we have not only his full history

and character before us, illustrated by extracts from his own letters and sworn informations, but also a full sized portrait of him, standing in a thoughtful attitude, with his arms partly crossed. In one of his letters to his friend and employer, the Lord Lieutenant, this singular compound of impudence, baseness and villainy, uses the following language :

" My Lord—After having been so long an inmate of yours, at the castle, it would be the height of ingratitude in me to take leave, without returning my most sincere thanks for the many marks of attention and uncommon kindness conferred upon me ; and for the *fifty guineas* which I received on Saturday. I beg leave to give you a piece of the most important, and really the truest information you ever received from me, and that is, to *follow my example and decamp.*"

In a letter written to his Lordship's secretary, a few days after, he says :

" I think you will now be tired of the business of information, and I assure you you will shortly have no occasion for it. Think how disgraceful must appear such connections and support, when even spies and informers scorn and fly their association, and throw themselves on the forgiveness of their injured country, for *being awhile connected with such miscreants.*"—First Series—p. 579.

His narrative of baseness and treachery, given at length, in the Appendix to the first volume, closes thus :

" Having now submitted to the public, in my own illiterate stile, this production, the impartiality and truth of which my letters of correspondence (seized by Alderman Exshaw, and deposited in the Castle) will best show ; and, if this voluntary publication of my own infamy, and proclaiming to the world the conduct of a desperate and wicked junto, can, in any degree, make a restitution for the perjuries and crimes I have committed, my object is fully answered ; and, with every respect for that public, to which I have been so great a traitor, I subscribe myself, &c.—p. 580.

It is impossible to turn from this loathsome " narrative" to the fine engraving of the beautiful, queen-like wife of Theobald Wolfe Tone, in the same volume, with her two innocent children, one on each side of her, without mingled emotions of deep sympathy and indignation. The affectionate letters of her husband and children to this lady, would show, in the absence of all other evidence, that she was worthy of being the wife of one of whom Charles Kendal Bushe, a political opponent, one of the most eminent orators of his time, spoke as follows, in the Irish House of Commons, March 24, 1797 :—" The unhappy gentleman (T. W. Tone) now wastes on an American plantation the brightest talents that I ever knew a man to be gifted with. * * * I never shall speak or think of the unhappy gentleman to whom I allude with acrimony or severity. I knew him from early infancy, as the friend of my youth and companion of my studies ; and while I bear testimony to the greatness of his abilities, I shall also say of him, that he had a heart which nothing but *the accursed spirit of perverted politics could mislead or deprave* ; and I shall ever lament his fate, with compassion for his errors, admiration for his talents, and abhorrence for his political opinions."—Second Series, p. 618.

We have two faithful, well executed portraits of Wolfe Tone in the second volume—one representing him in his volunteer uniform, the other in a suit of black ; the latter being from a drawing by his wife, and the best that has been preserved. In the same volume we have memoirs and portraits of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Hamilton Rowan, Arthur O'Connor, &c. There is some-

thing singularly fascinating in the countenance of Lord Edward as represented by this portrait, which is generally acknowledged to have been a faithful likeness of him when he first identified himself with the United Irishmen. No one is more unlike that of a traitor, or one who would deserve to be hanged and quartered; for the predominant expression of his countenance is one of gentleness and benevolence. But the diminution of our space admonishes us that we must bring our observations to a sudden close; although the third volume is still more interesting than either of those we have thus hurriedly glanced at; containing as it does memoirs and portraits of Thomas Addis Emmet, Robert Emmet, William James McNeven, Michael Dwyer and James Hope. Those who have read the noble, manly and patriotic speech of Robert Emmet, when called upon to receive the sentence of death, (and who of our readers have not?) can hardly glance at his portrait, as given in this volume, and then at the Daguerreotype by Claudet, from a cast in plaster taken after he was executed in the same, without feeling deeply moved. The whole series are got up in superior, uniform style. While the volumes cannot be otherwise than interesting to all who admire brilliant talents, and sympathise with those whose patriotism and love of liberty bring them to an untimely grave, or compel them to spend the remainder of their lives in exile and poverty, we take it for granted that no one who owns any ties to old Erin, whether of kindred or birth, and has the means of buying, will fail to secure a copy of "The United Irishmen : Their Lives and Times."

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

1. *Famous Boys; and How they Became Great Men.* Dedicated to Youths and Young Men, as a Stimulus to Earnest Living. 16mo. pp. 300.
2. *The White Elephant; or, The Hunters of Ava, and the King of the Golden Foot.* By WILLIAM DALTON, author of "The War Tiger," "The Wolf Boy of China," &c. With Illustrations by Harrison Weir. 16mo. pp. 374.
3. *The War Tiger; or, Adventures and Wonderful Fortunes of the Young Sea Chief and his Lady Chou.* A Tale of the Conquest of China. By WILLIAM DALTON. 16mo. pp. 337.

New York : W. A. Townsend & Co. 1860.

In no other department of book-making has so much improvement been made, in recent years, as in that of books for the young. The time is within the recollection of us all, when a "juvenile" meant little more than a tissue of silly exaggerations, which even children of ordinary intelligence would throw aside, as "fit only for babies." In order to create in the youthful mind a taste for reading and the acquisition of knowledge, something more is necessary than coarse pictures and far-fetched witticisms. Boys or girls, as well as men, must find that a thing possesses some element of good before they take a liking to it, or are induced by it to try something else of a similar kind. It is by not paying due attention to this obvious fact that hundreds have been led to hate books of all kinds; for it must be remembered that boys and girls reason—nay, often do so more logically than their parents. Well, such are presented with books, which they are told contain a great many fine, good, and valuable

things. They proceed to search for the hidden treasures ; and what do they find ? Why, nothing better or more, than they had learned before from the cookmaid or the coachman.

But books like those, at the head of our remarks, awaken curiosity at first sight ; and an important point is gained when this is done ; since curiosity always leads to inquiry, and what are all the discoveries in science and the arts, but the results of inquiries ? We are all more or less interested to know how persons, in circumstances similar to our own, became distinguished or great—we are equally interested in the habits, customs, and general characteristics of distant nations ; but we are too apt to forget that our sympathies were much more easily excited, in each case, in our boyhood, than they are now.

All this the authors of the volumes before us seem fully to understand. There is certainly much to be learned from "Famous Boys"—much that is encouraging—much of warning against indolence, and of example as an incentive to perseverance in well doing. Among the famous boys that became great men, and of whom biographies are given in the book under consideration, are Benjamin Franklin, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John Leyden, Robert Fulton, Humphry Davy, Thomas Chalmers, Stephen Girard, &c.

In the other two volumes, there is an amount of information on the social, political, moral and religious condition of China and British India, which gives a pretty correct insight into the characteristics both of the Chinese and Hindoos—quite enough, certainly, to awaken an interest in the histories of those nations. The author has in each volume, but especially in "The White Elephant," arrayed his facts in the garb of fiction ; and he has so well succeeded, that the stories would be well worth reading for their own sake, with their strange incidents and exciting adventures, altogether, independently of the amount of useful knowledge—historical, ethnological, geographical, religious and political, with which they are everywhere imbued. Each volume is appropriately illustrated—indeed, got up in every respect in a manner commensurate with the intrinsic value of the contents.

The Child's Home Story Book. By JANE STRICKLAND. With twenty-four illustrations by Adams. Square 2¹/mo., pp. 422. New York : James Miller. 1860.

NEXT to Miss Edgeworth, the author of this little volume is the most charming and successful female writer for the amusement and instruction of the young, whom the literature of England or America can boast of. And in the collection now before us, we have the best and most popular of her stories. Those who are not already familiar with them, will be able to form some idea of their character from the titles of a few, such as "The Idler Corrected," "The Consequences of Extravagance," "The Two Brothers; or, the History of Cain and Abel," "The Jealous Brothers; or, the History of Joseph," "The Twin Sisters," etc., etc. Each story inculcates a useful moral, and illustrates one or more of those proverbs of Solomon, which are particularly applicable to the young. The volume is got up in tasteful style, spiritedly illustrated, printed in large, clear type, and neatly and substantially bound.

Climbing the Mountains. By the Author of "The Mouse in the Pantry," and "The Little Sisters of Charity." 16mo. pp. 142. New York: F. D. Harriman. 1860.

Whoever is the author of this, might well have claimed it on the title-page. From the purity of its sentiments, the chasteness of its style, and, above all, the love for children which it evinces, we are inclined to attribute it to a mother of a family, whose pen had previously done good work for the cause of religion and education. Whether this be correct or not, we know of no book of its size which we would more unhesitatingly recommend to those parents and guardians who have not time themselves to choose suitable books for the holidays, than "Climbing the Mountains." It is printed in large clear type, embellished with handsome illustrations, and tastefully bound in muslin.

Chanticleer; A Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family. By CORNELIUS MATHEWS. New York: Brown, Loomis & Co. 1860.

THERE are few of our young friends but have at least heard of "Chanticleer." As a Thanksgiving story, it is undoubtedly the best that has been written, so far as we are aware. At all events, it is such as no intelligent child can read without profit. Its style is pure and simple; its thoughts are forcible and high-toned; and its moral lessons salutary and impressive. In short, it is a book that may be put into the hands of the young at any season, with the full confidence that, in one form or other, it will do good.

1. *The Missionary Sisters*, a Memorial of Mrs. Seraphina Haynes Everett, and Mrs. Harriet Martha Hamlin, late Missionaries of the A. B. C. T. M., at Constantinople. By Mrs. M. G. BENJAMIN. 12mo. pp. 335.
2. *The Morning Star*, History of Children's Missionary Vessel, and of the Marquesan and Micronesian Missions. By Mrs. JANE S. WARREN. 16mo. pp. 309.
3. *The Young Christian Merchant*, a Memoir of George W. Blake, late of Buenos Ayres, S. A. Compiled chiefly from his Journal and Letters, by his Sister. 16mo. pp. 296.
4. *The World's Birth Day*. A Book for the Young. By Professor L. GAUSSEN, Geneva, author of "It is Written," &c. 16mo. pp. 270.
5. *The Ruined Cities of the East*. By Rev. Dr. TWEEDIE. 16mo. pp. 193. Boston: American Tract Society, 1860.

There are many intelligent people who, without taking the trouble to examine the facts, are under the impression that the American Tract Society publish nothing but tracts, and of those who know they publish books, probably the majority regard the latter as exclusively theological. We confess we were under the latter impression ourselves, until very recently; but the volumes whose titles we place at the head of these remarks, would show by themselves a different state of things. Religious, indeed, each of them is; but none of them is the less interesting or instructive on this account. The letters of Mrs.

Everett and Mrs. Hamlin, in "The Missionary Sisters," would be read with profit and pleasure, by a large number, for the information they contain and the high moral tone which everywhere pervades them, altogether independently of the admirable lessons of Christian resignation and true piety which they teach, as only the female mind, and that in a high state of culture, is capable of. The biographer has done her part well, though without any pretension to literary merit, and apparently without any less noble ambition than "the luxury of doing good." A brief extract or two, from her concluding remarks, may be regarded as a just and discriminating tribute to the Sisters, both as women and missionaries.

"For those who have read through the preceding pages, a summary of character, will hardly be necessary. Yet it may not be unprofitable to consider briefly some of the more prominent traits which made these two Missionary Sisters so lovely and useful.

"It has been remarked that in natural temperament they were quiet dissimilar, and the reader will doubtless have noticed something of this dissimilarity in their letters. Mrs. Everett was of an ardent, impulsive nature, and very lively and social; Mrs. Hamlin serious, quiet, and reserved. But the same grace modified both these temperaments, and from each wrought out beautiful and consistent Christian characters. If Mrs. Everett's liveliness ever led her into lightness, as she intimates in some of her letters that it did, in her early years, the love of Christ, and a deep sympathy with him in his yearnings for the salvation of perishing souls, chastened that liveliness into a steady cheerfulness, which helped much to keep up her energies, and enable her to meet, with such unruffled sweetness, the varied and arduous duties of her missionary life. The same love for Christ and lost sinners, diverted Mrs. Hamlin's mind from all morbid tendencies, if it ever had any, and by keeping constantly before her a great object to pray, and labor, and hope for, made her also a cheerful as well as earnest Christian."

* * * * *

"There is another thing to be noticed, as showing how they accomplished so much,—their industry. It has been remarked by those who knew them most intimately, that they were never idle. Every little fragment of time was carefully gathered up by them; they seem to keep ever before them that they were to 'do with their might what their hands found to do.' And habits of system and order helped them to do all they did without hurry or confusion.

"Yet one other trait which was prominent in both, should not be overlooked,—their feminine delicacy, and nice sense of propriety. Their zeal for Christ, and desire for the salvation of the perishing, never led them to overstep the proper limits of their position. In their own sphere they exerted all their energies to do good, and point the lost sinner to the Cross; but the sweet womanly virtues of gentleness, meekness, and the most retiring modesty, were their crowning ornaments.—And in nothing is their example more worthy of imitation than in the fidelity and grace with which they discharged every domestic duty. They had not 'so learned Christ' as to believe that in following him they were to neglect their first and most sacred duties as wives and mothers, and heads of households, and it was in all the relations of home that their deep and earnest piety shone most beautifully."

It is pleasant thus to see a lady devoting her talents to the vindication of departed worth and self-sacrificing devotion among her own sex. The influence of such books cannot be otherwise than powerful for good.

Of a somewhat similar character, but containing more variety and more that will be interesting to the general reader, is the "Morning Star." The title of the book coincides with the name of a vessel built expressly for missionary purposes, and whose history is given in the volume, together with that of the Marquesan and Micronesian missions. This affords the author opportunities of relating many facts and anecdotes illustrative of the manners, customs, and religious and moral condition of many tribes, of whom we have scarcely any other knowledge than that afforded us by missionary enterprise, industry and

intelligence. The tiny work is written in a lively, graphic style, and has the additional advantage of some well executed pictorial illustrations of strange scenes and remarkable objects.

We have accounts equally interesting from other parts of the world, in the "Young Christian Merchant," and "The Ruined Cities of the East"—the former having reference to missionary labors in South America, especially in Buenos Ayres and Brazil—the latter, as the title implies, to the influence of time on cities once great and famous, but of which there is now scarcely a vestige left—such as Babylon, Nineveh, Ephesus, Palmyra, Tyre, and Persepolis. The colored plates representing the ruins are better executed and of more value than those often to be met with in expensive octavos. Yet, probably the most instructive of the five volumes is that entitled "The World's Birth Day," and in which the discoveries of science are ingeniously reconciled with the teachings of the Bible. This work is a translation from the French, in which language it has done much good throughout Europe. The author gives conjectural descriptions of the work done on each of the six days of the creation, with plates illustrative of different geological periods, including fossils of various kinds. Books of this kind are the best that could be put into the hands of young persons during the approaching holidays.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Forest Hymn. By WILLIAM CYLLEN BRYANT. Illustrated from original drawings, by John A. Howe. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 1860.

We can truly say that neither in Europe nor America has it ever been our privilege to examine or read a more exquisite gift book than this. Whether we regard the engravings, the typography, the paper, or the binding, we are equally forced to admit that it is a model of elegance and taste—such as its publishers may well be proud of. We are not of those who think that a good poem is always enhanced in value, or rendered more pleasing to the fancy by means of pictorial illustrations; on the contrary, we hold that such happens but rarely. But in the present instance the artist has caught the very spirit, grace and delicacy of the poet with all the felicity of a kindred genius; and each of the thirty-two illustrations is as finely finished as it is expressive and truthful. As to the "Hymn" itself, there is hardly a nobler sacred lyric in our language. Nothing in modern poetry is calculated to inspire a more elevated conception of the Deity than the passage beginning thus:

"Let me at least
Here in the shadow of this ancient wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy if it find
Acceptance in His ear."

"Father, thy hand
Hath raised these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof."

The illustrations to each of these stanzas are singularly appropriate. The tone of subdued but hopeful melancholy pervading the following passage, has,

for us, an inexpressible charm, which is heightened in no slight degree by the pencil of the artist :

" The century living crow,
Whose birth was in these tops, grew old and died,
Among their branches, till at last they stood
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker.

" These dim vaults,
These winding aisles
Of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings
The boast of our vain race, to change the form
Of thy fair works."

But we must not forestall the pleasure which is in store for those who may not have yet seen "A Forest Hymn," by extending our quotations. Suffice it to add that, in our opinion, a more happy combination of poetry and art will not adorn either a European or American centre table during the forthcoming festive season.

A New Method for the Pianoforte. By NATHAN RICHARDSON, author of "The Modern School," &c. pp. 239. Boston : Oliver Ditson & Co.

A METHOD for the piano, containing all the instructions and exercises necessary to the acquisition of a tolerable mastery of the instrument, has long been a desideratum. To meet this want, we have methods by Beyer, Bertini, Cramer, Czerney, Hummel, Hunten, Knorr, Muller, &c.; none of which are entirely satisfactory, although each possesses some peculiar merit. An instruction book for the piano, in order to meet the wants of teachers and pupils, must possess certain characteristics, e. g.: 1st. A sufficient number of mechanical exercises, including the scales in every key, both major and minor, and in all movements. 2d. Studies to aid in the mastery of particular difficulties such as octaves, arpeggios, staccato, legato, singing tone, &c. 3d. There should be interspersed with these a number of extracts from different authors, to serve as amusements, studies in style, and for cultivating a correct taste. 4th. The book ought to contain complete, though concise directions, in regard to the manner of practising each exercise, study, or amusement. And finally, the whole ought to be arranged in a progressive order, from the very simplest exercise for beginners, to the extremely difficult studies, or exercises at the close.

In the *Modern School*, (published in 1853,) Mr. Richardson, then just returned from several years' study under the best masters in Europe, attempted to solve the problem. The "fundamental conception" was excellent; but the execution was faulty, from a lack, on the part of the author, of an extensive teaching experience, without which no one can write a good elementary book in any branch of knowledge. In the words of Mr. Richardson, the method was unsatisfactory in relation to "the difficult progressions and management of many important features in a course of piano tuition, a skilful treatment of which is indispensable to the pupils' rapid progress." Even the

mechanical exercises were not well arranged. The scales in double thirds and sixths were introduced very near the beginning of the book, and their difficulty either discouraged the enthusiastic tyro, or they were too often omitted entirely, thereby depriving the pupil of their very important aid in the developement of the muscles of the hand and wrist. The compositions interspersed as examples of the styles of different authors, although tastefully and artistically selected, were too difficult for their place in the book. Indeed, Mr. Richardson seems to have lost sight of the apostolic remark concerning "milk for babes." In the new method he has embodied the results of several years' study of the short comingas as well as of the excellencies of the Modern School. A set of plates, showing the position of the hand while in the act of performing different passages, takes the place of the anatomical plates in the *Modern School*, and is a decided improvement. The elements are quite full and satisfactory. The practical part of the book may be classified as follows:—1. Five finger exercises. 2. A complete library of scales. 3. Studies from Bertini, Cramer, Czerny, &c. 4. Amusements.

These are interspersed in just about the right proportions, and the progressive character of the work is well preserved. Of the necessity of the finger exercises and scales nothing need be said. We are glad to find the book so full in this respect. A study, properly so called, is a composition written expressly to aid in the acquisition of the mastery of some particular *effect* or *difficulty*, and the musical effect is made to depend upon the perfect rendering of this difficulty. In Europe much greater prominence is given to studies than in this country. (Indeed, Bertini's method is almost entirely made up of *studies*, and this is the good point of the work while the drawback is, they are all original, and hence the great uniformity of style.) In this book there is a very good selection of these, numbering twenty-seven, besides some fifteen which are called "amusements," but which properly belong on this head. The "amusements" are numerous and of almost every grade of difficulty. The sources whence these are taken are not indicated; but we are able to identify the following: chorus from Norma (17)—a barcarolle (18)—hunting chorus in "der Freischütz" (29)—waltz (*Dernière pensée* de Carl Maria Von Weber) Reissiger (31)—*andante* from Clementi (35)—chorus from I Puritani (40)—cantabile by Schulhoff (45)—Mazurka by Schulhoff (46)—songs without words by Mendelssohn (48 and 49)—nocturne by Dregeschoek (51) and a grand finale that looks as if Liszt might have "had a hand in it."

There are some *morceaux* in this work that will prove grateful "show pieces" for amateur players. We may mention amusements 45, 46, 48 and 51; all good, sensible music. There have been two editions published, one having European and the other American fingerings, so that all may be suited in this respect. We have at length an instruction book for the Piano, that is *complete* without being too *voluminous*: interesting, but not superficial; thorough but not tedious. If pupils have common sense and perseverance, this book is just the thing for them. If teachers are laborious and painstaking, they will find the "New Method" a valuable auxiliary to their labor, while if they are lazy and careless, by all means they should set their pupils at work in the "New Method," in assurance that with it the pupil must make *some progress*.

[Dec.,

We believe, however, that by far the most important field for usefulness for a book like this, is in the country ; since the city teachers, with their ready access to the music stores, can select such studies, exercises or pieces as are adapted to the wants of their pupils, and the method they may use is of less consequence, while its defects may be so readily remedied. In the country, on the other hand, the teacher, far removed from music stores, is at the mercy of the dealers, who often inflict on him quantities of unsaleable trash. Parents object to an additional bill for music, or the teacher is not competent to select properly, so it happens that scholars in general buy but one "instruction book" and no "studies," and it is therefore important that they be furnished at the outset with a really complete "method" for the instrument. We therefore confidently recommend this book to our country friends, both teachers and pupils, who will here find a complete library of "materials," for piano playing, and a good assortment of some thirty amusements.

Amor Patriae; or The Disruption and Fall of these States. A Tragedy in Five Acts. St. Louis : George Knapp & Co. 1860.

Five act tragedies of the present day we generally throw aside—seldom venturing beyond the title page. But there is something even in the external appearance of that before us which is prepossessing. Perhaps it is the name of the printers, Messrs. George Knapp & Co., which we recognize as that of the publishers of the *St. Louis Republican*, one of the best, most respectable and most widely circulated daily journals in America. At all events so good and conservative a name led us to hesitate before coming to the conclusion that the title, somewhat strange as it sounds, is an indication of any want of patriotism in the contents. In this we were not mistaken. Although "Amor Patriae" has only reached us within a few days—so late, indeed, that we can do little more on the present occasion than refer to it—we see that it had been published before the recent Presidential election. This would be of slight importance were it not that it has reference mainly, if not exclusively, to the danger to the Union arising from the so-called "irrepressible conflict" between the North and South. Its *dramatis personae* alone would show this, as may be seen from the following characters : Tusestan—a Senator. Populus, President of America. Arostas—British Ambassador. Aspy—his Secretary. Sectellon—Turbullus—Falston—Vice-President and Senators—Amicus—Freebold—Citizens. Severa, wife of Tusestan, *afterwards Queen of America*, &c., &c.

Our space, at this advanced hour, will only admit of one extract, which we take from the opening of the first act. But even this will give a pretty correct idea of the tone and spirit of the whole, which in many passages will be found remarkably prophetic :

Arostas—(British Ambassador.) " America,
Instead of greeted, be once more accursed !
I scarce could 'bide to spy thy hated shores—
Had they been conscious of the dreadful doom
I've laid upon the land they border in,
They would have heaved their surges mountain high
To bear the ship that bore me down the deep :

But unresisting they admitted me;
 For I approached
 Devoid of warlike demonstration.
 Had I with me a hostile army brought,
 Or thundering cannon-throated navy anchored,
 They quick had snuffed big with frothy rage
 To swallow 't up, and yet with much less cause;
 For, peaceful, I am with more mischief fraught
 Than half a million soldiers could evoke,
 Or England's puissant navy could spit forth—
 Into this country's body I shall pour
 A venom that has not its antidote;
 Corrupting, it shall roll through all its veins
 Like quicksilver; for no less it is;
Silver and gold shall from my fingers drop
Like water through a sieve; the diff'rence this,
 My fount is inexhaustible.
 America, kind England's ingrat' st child,
 Our day of direst retribution dawns!
 Cast up the sum of thy transgressions, sins,
 That, when the days of punishment are come,
 Thou canst make thy account. Whilst now thou threat'st
 To self-inflict due chastisement upon thee,
 There's one beyond thy ken with better cause
 Will wreak it on thee."

[Enter Aspy.]

" Come thou hither, sir!

Since we abide upon this hated ground,
 I spy in the abatement of thy love
 To where 'tis due.

Aspy. " Not 'gainst thyself, my lord.
 Next to my God, I love none so devout.

Aros. " Were it my person, I could brook it well.

Aspy. " The everlasting God forbid that I
 Should verify the fable of the snake.

Aros. " Thou speakest fair; but I mean England, Aspy.

Aspy. " Fair England, sovereign queen of all this world,
 That sitt'st defiant on thy ocean throne,
Thy back securely upon Scotland leaned,
 Thy feet on Ireland resting as thy stool,
 Did I not love thee, all that's great on earth
 I needs must hate."

To this we can only add, that although our country passes through many troubles, caused by the unhappy dissensions alluded to; coming for a while under the rule of a king, or rather of a queen, the people finally triumph, and the curtain falls at the close of the fifth act, while a citizen exultingly exclaims:

" Now tyranny is dead; long live our new Republic!"

Old Mackinaw; or, The Fortress of the Lakes and its Surroundings. By Rev.
 W. P. STRICKLAND. 12mo. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son. 1860.

There is an agreeable variety in this work, which will recommend it to different classes of readers, whose tastes are the most dissimilar. Some of the

scenic descriptions are highly picturesque and poetical ; and there is every reason to believe, from internal evidence, that they are true to nature. We refer more particularly to those of the country surrounding the Lakes, where so many bloody frays have taken place between the Indians and whites, that every little hill is pointed to as a scene of blood and outrage. The author takes occasion to interweave with his sketches some highly romantic legends, illustrative of the habits of various tribes, during a period extending back far anterior to the discovery of America by the European or Caucasian race.

But probably the most interesting part of the book is that which describes the hardships and dangers so manfully undergone by the Jesuit Missionaries in their efforts to win over the Indians from their savage state—especially from the influence of their demoralizing Pagan rites and ceremonies, to an appreciation more or less sincere, earnest and enduring of the benign and elevating principles of Christianity. These sketches alternate with exciting episodes, which in turn divide the author's attention with plain facts such as illustrate the state of the fisheries, the value of the neighboring mines, &c.,—the whole being illustrated with spirited engravings. In short we have rarely derived so much profit and pleasure from so unpretending a work.

1. *The Adventuress; or, The Baddington Peerage.* Being the Lives of their Lordships. A story of the Best and Worst Society. By GEORGE AUGUSTA SALA, author of "A Journey Due North," "Gaslight and Daylight," "Inside London," &c., &c.
2. *The Young Captain; or, The Flames of Moscow.* Translated from the French of Alexander Dumas. By HENRY L. WILLIAMS, JR.
New York : F. A. Brady.

The authors of both these works are well known and highly popular—especially Dumas, who, need we say, has been read in almost every language, Asiatic as well as European, which is possessed of a literature. The popularity of Sala is more limited ; but he attracted no slight attention some two or three years since, as one of the most entertaining, if not one of the most brilliant, of the contributors to Dickens's "Household Words." His "Journey Due North," is one of the best specimens we know of those off-hand sketches of travel, which are always readable, because they combine the useful and instructive with the agreeable. But the work before us is of a different kind. It is, undoubtedly, a very clever novel. Few stories that we have recently examined, has a more skilfully constructed plot, or one better calculated to beguile the time and attention of the lover of fiction. Indeed the greatest fault this last story of Dumas' has, is that it is somewhat too exciting. There is a fascination about it which it is difficult to overcome, though it is hardly so true to nature as Mr. Sala's tale, which contrasts the pomp, luxury, hypocrisy, and revelry of the rich, with the industrious and frugal habits of the poor, with a degree of success seldom equalled, and surpassed only by writers like Dickens. The two works are printed in cheap form, so as to place them within the reach of those who, it is to be hoped, are growing tired of the sort of *pabulum* which forms the staple of the "sensation" weeklies.

Christian Songs, Translations, and Other Poems. By the Rev. GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D. "The Service of Song." 16mo. pp. 157. Philadelphia : Smith, English & Co. 1860.

We have only time to take a hasty glance at this little volume. Had it been one of an ordinary kind, the lateness of its arrival on our desk would have excluded it from any attention in our present number. But in turning over its pages, we have found several "gems from many lands," such as "The Mourning for Bion," "The Golden Verses of Pythagoras," "The Bard of O'Connor," "The Swedish Cecelia's Farewell," &c. But among the sacred pieces, more particularly denominated "Christian Songs," there are several effusions of remarkable sweetness and pathos ; such, for example, as "A Poet's Last Song," with which we have to conclude our brief notice :

"MAKE me a grave in the pines of the mountain,
The pines which I loved in the days that are past !
There let the stream as it falls from the fountain,
Mingle its hymn with the moan of the blast :
Free on my turf, when the spring is returning,
Leave thou the bird of the desert to breed ;
There, where the red beam of summer is burning,
Oft let the herd of the wilderness feed.

"Fleeting and few were the joys which I tasted,
Fool'd by the teachings of error so long ;
Noble and high were the gifts which I wasted,
Heedless of all but my mood and my song ;
Worthless and mean were my strain and my story—
The feast and the wine-cup, the sword and the fray—
Faith with its grandeur, and Truth with its glory,
Shed not their light on my life or my lay.

"Son of my God, who wast laid in the manger,
Mark my repentance, and pity my doom—
Thou who wast tried by temptation and danger,
Thou that hast vanquish'd the cross and the tomb !
Vengeful and loud when the trumpet is ringing,
Sounding the dirge of the field and the sea,
Grant me a place, where the ransom'd are singing
Anthems which speak of Redemption and Thee."

—pp. 88, 89.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Jack Tier ; or, the Florida Reef. By James Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings, by F. O. C. Darley. 12mo. pp. 511. New York : W. A. Townsend & Co. 1860.

Colton's School Atlas, Designed to Accompany Colton's American School Geography. Containing upwards of one hundred Steel Plates, Maps, Profiles and Plans, on 37 large sheets, drawn on a new and uniform system of Scales. By G. Woodworth Colton. 4to. Ivison, Phinney & Co. 1860.

A Course of Six Lectures, on the Various Forces of Matter and Relations to each other. By Michael Faraday, D.C.L., F.R.S., Fullerian Professor of Chemistry, Royal Institution. Delivered before a Juvenile Auditory, at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, during the Christmas Holidays of 1859-60. Edited by William Crookes, F.C.S. With numerous Illustrations. 12mo. pp. 198. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1860.

Bible Stories in Verse, for the Little Ones at Home. By Anna M. Hyde. With Illustrations designed by Frazer, and engraved by Hoffman. Small 4to. pp. 84. Philadelphia : James Challen & Son.

The Lost Hunter ; a Tale of Early Times. By John T. Adams. 12mo. pp. 462. New York : Michael Doolady. 1860.

Over the Cliffs. By Charlotte Chanter. 12mo. pp. 400. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

The Young Cottager. An Authentic Narrative. By the Rev. Leigh Richmond, Rector of Turvey, Bedfordshire. 18mo. pp. 90. Boston : American Tract Society.

Brief Biographies. By Samuel Smiles, author of "Self Help," and "Life of George Stephenson." With Steel Portraits. 12mo. pp. 517. Boston : Ticknor & Fields.

Camille ; or, the Camelia-Lady ("La Dame aux Camelias"). The only True, Complete and Original Translation, from which have been adapted for the Stage, the Drama of "Camille," and the Opera of "La Traviata." A literal Translation from the French of Alexandre Dumas, the Younger. 12mo. pp. 249. Philadelphia : T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1860.

The Works of Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, and Lord High Chancellor of England. Collected and edited by James Spedding, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge ; Robert Leslie Ellis, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge ; and Douglas Denon Heath, Barrister-at-Law, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Volume XII., being Volume II. of the Literary and Professional Works. 12mo. pp. 454. Brown & Taggard.

The Glaciers of the Alps. Being a Narrative of Excursions and Ascents, an Account of the Origin and Phenomena of Glaciers, and an Exposition of the Physical Principles to which they are related. By John Tyndall, F.R.S., Member of the Royal Societies of Science of Holland and Gottingen; of the Scientific Societies of Halle, Marburg, and Zurich; of the Societe Philomathique of Paris; of the Natural History and Physical Society of Geneva; of the Physical Society of Berlin; Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and in the Government School of Mines. With Illustrations. 12mo. pp. 446. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

The Odes of Horace. Translated into English Verse. With Life and Notes. By Theodore Martin. Blue and Gold. 32mo. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

The Convert of Massachusetts. 18mo. pp. 172. New York : Rev. T. D. Harriman.

Adelmar the Templar. A Tale of the Crusades. By Abbe H****. Translated from the French. 18mo. pp. 72. Baltimore : Kelly, Hedian & Piet. 1860.

Isle of the Dead ; or, the Keeper of the Lazaretto. A Tale of the Yellow Fever. Translated from the French of Emille Souvestre. 18mo. pp. 76. Baltimore : Kelly, Hedian & Piet. 1860.

Hortense ; or, Pride Corrected. Translated from the French. 18mo. pp. 65. Baltimore : Kelly, Hedian & Piet.

Hide and Seek. A Novel. By WILKIE COLLINS, author of "The Woman in White," "The Dead Secret," &c., &c. New York : Dick & Fitzgerald. 1860,

Jerusalem And Its Environs ; or, The Holy City as it Was and Is. By the Rev. W. K. Tweedie, D.D., author of "Rivers and Lakes of the Bible," "Seed Time and Harvest," "The Early Choice," &c., &c. With Illustrations. pp. 224. Boston : American Tract Society. 1860.

'Etiquette, and the Usages of Society. Containing the most approved rules for Correct Deportment in Fashionable Life; together with Hints to Gentlemen and Ladies on Irregular and Vulgar Habits; also, the Etiquette of Love and Courtship, Marriage Etiquette, &c. By Henry P. Willis. pp. 64. New York : Dick & Fitzgerald. 1860.

Life and Correspondence of John A. Quitman, Major-General, U. S. A., and Governor of the State of Mississippi. By J. F. H. Claiborne. In 2 vols. pp. 400. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1850.

Evan Harrington ; or, He Would Be a Gentleman. By George Meredith. pp. 491. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1860.

The Bible Hour ; or, Scripture Lessons for the Little Ones at Home. By the

Author of "Our Pastor's Visits," "The Christian Year Book," &c. With Illustrations. pp. 260. Boston : American Tract Society. 1860.

Faithful Forever. By Coventry Patmore, author of "The Angel in the House." Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

The Heroes of Europe. By Henry G. Hewlett. With Fine Illustrations. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

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